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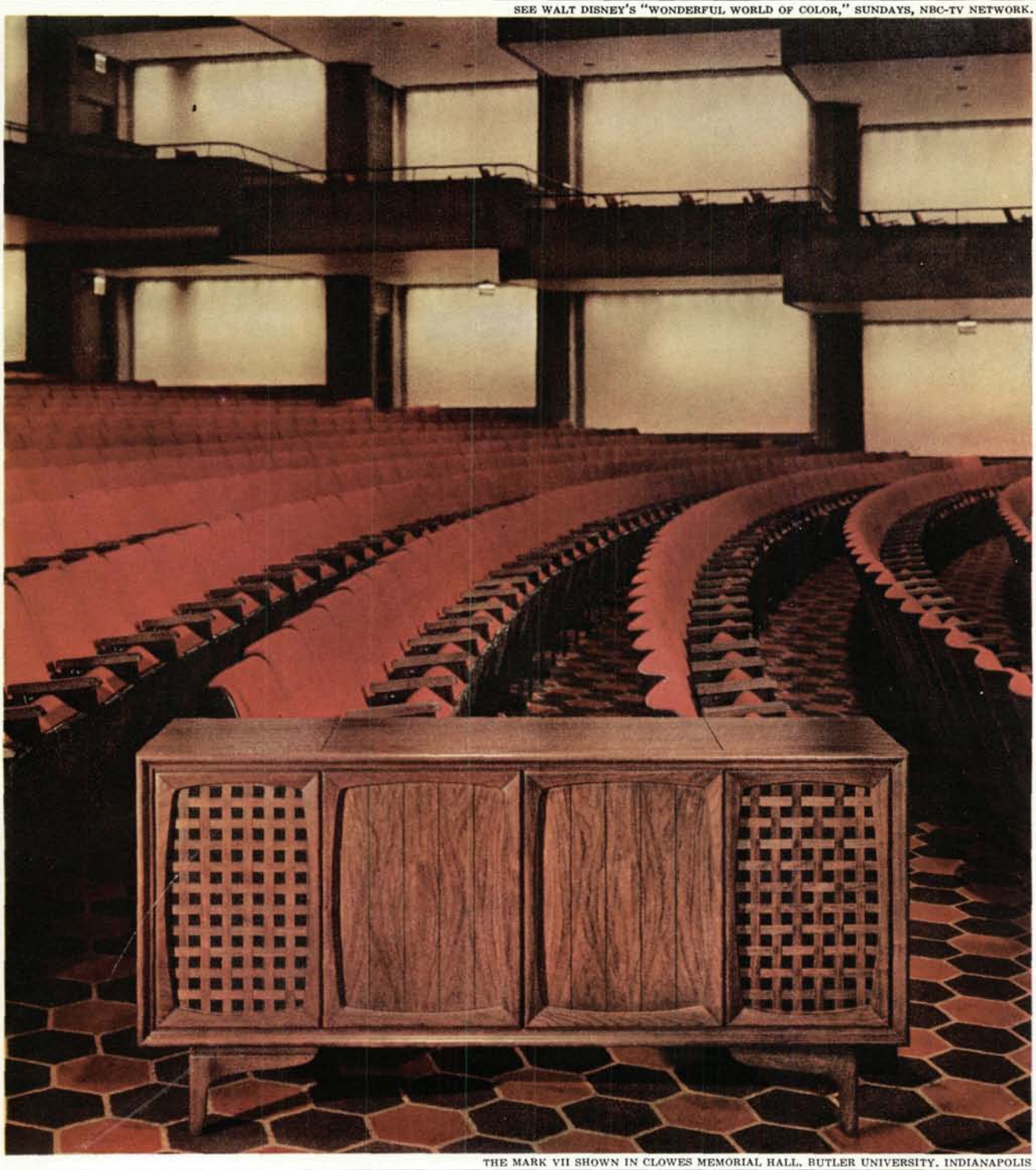

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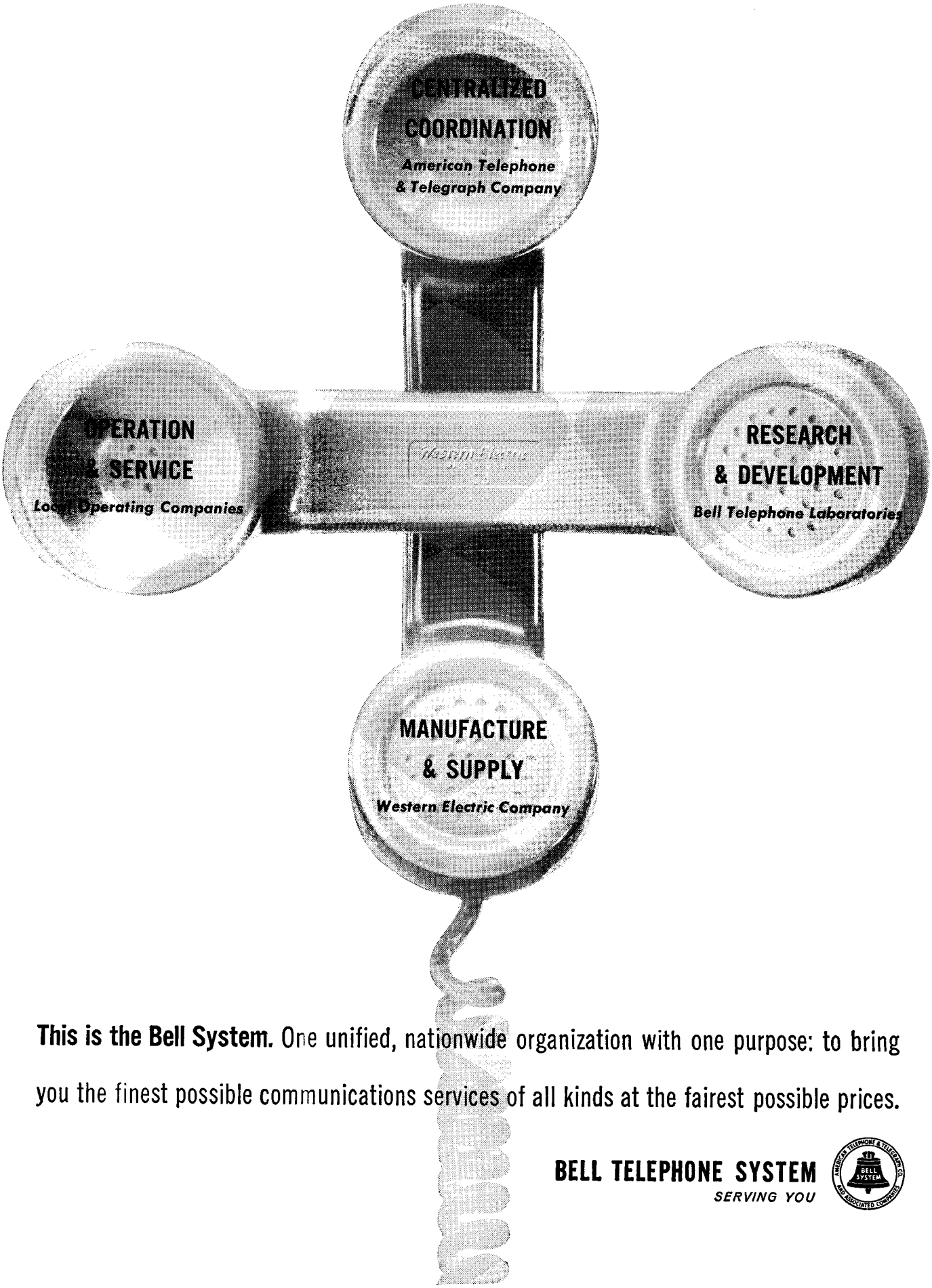

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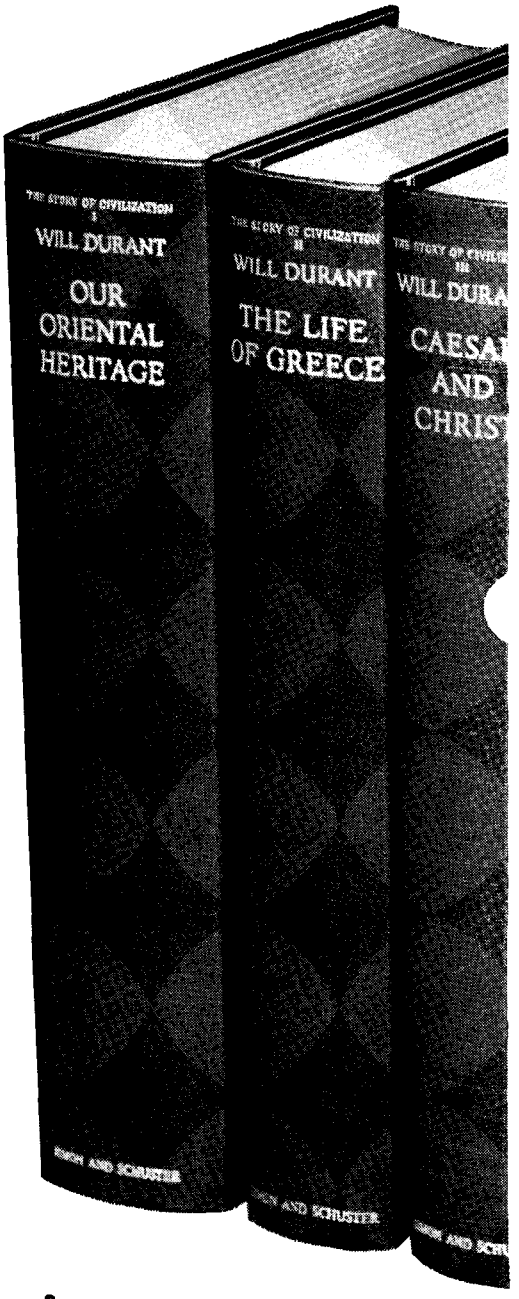

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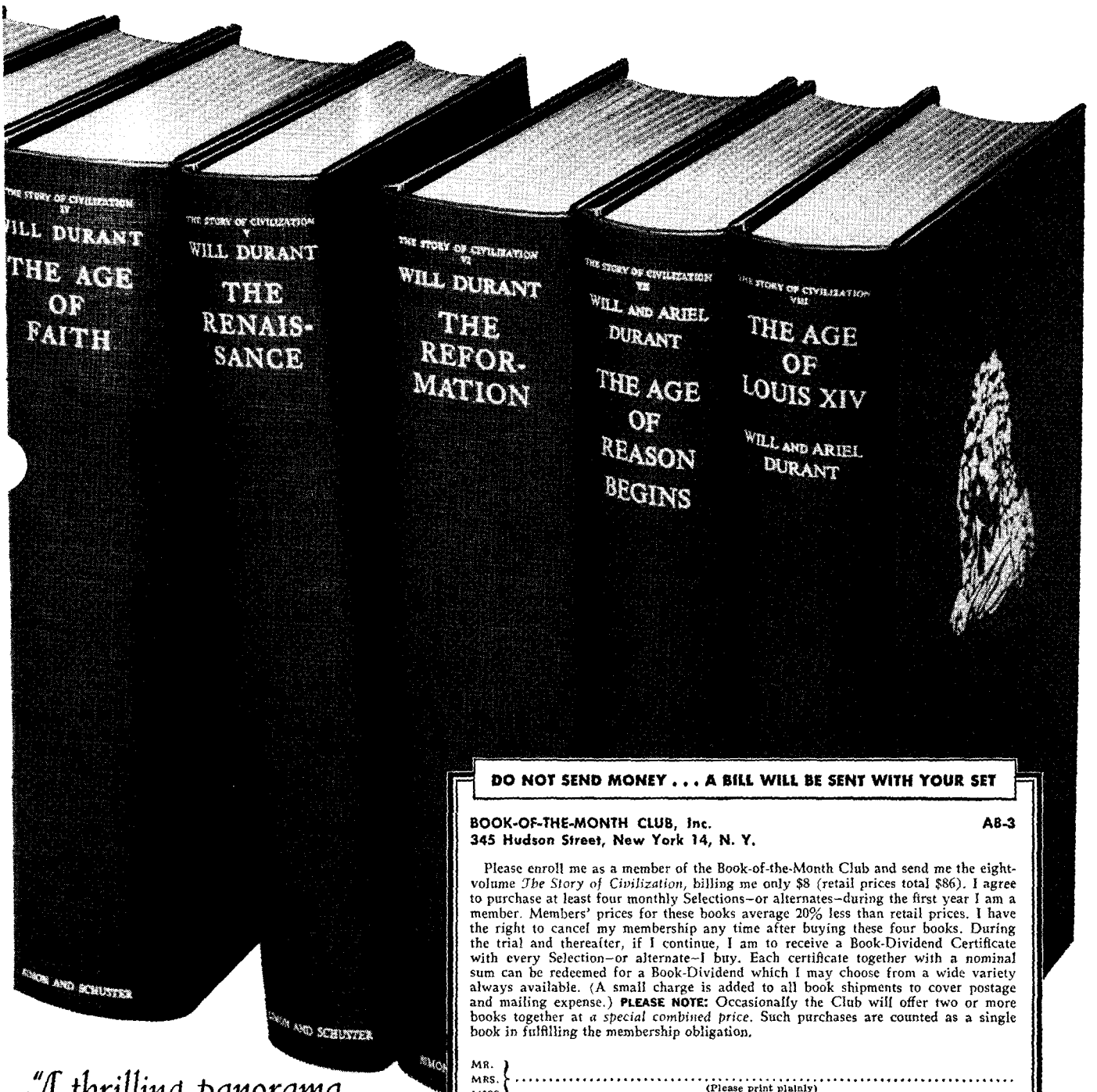

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The Atlantic Report on the World Today

WASHINGTON

President Johnson became aware almost immediately after taking office that with the presidential election less than a year away, his honeymoon with Congress would be short. He knew that if he was to win approval of his basic legislative program he would be required to fight for it with all possible speed. Urgency was the overriding element in the State of the Union message, which, while couched in nonpartisan phrases, was a strongly political document. Republicans and Democrats recognized it at once as the Johnson platform for election.

Despite the President's appeal to Democrats to put country above party in 1964, Republicans saw the address as a major challenge. In throwing down the challenge, the President himself helped bring about the end of the political honeymoon. However deftly he spoke, it was apparent that he was stealing much of the opposition's thunder with his war on the budget and that he was offering his own party a positive program with his war on poverty. The message showed how completely the statesman and the politician are merged in Mr. Johnson's personality.

In a recent discussion of the Johnson and Kennedy personalities, Professor J. Frank Dobie, the admirable Texas storyteller and writer, remarked to a visitor that he believed President Kennedy was always more concerned with the ultimate objectives and with long-term ends than with means. President Johnson, on the other hand, Dobie said, is more interested in means. Once a program is fashioned, Johnson is totally committed to the task of implementing it. He never neglects a single detail. Victory becomes a necessity for him.

The furious drive the President has made to win congressional approval of the tax and civil rights bills reveals him as a master organizer and field commander. He believes, rightly, that energy and stamina are essential ingredients of success. He inherited a program that he wants to put into effect, and he leaves nothing to chance. His patience with opponents, as he constantly demands forward movement, can be exceedingly short, at times perhaps dangerously short.

The face of poverty

All of his driving energy is needed to achieve the aims of his war on poverty, a program which had its inception in his predecessor's mind but which was not fully developed by November 22. With the President's full support, we may hope that at last some tangible new steps may be taken to remove a blight no country as rich and productive as ours should tolerate. The pockets of unemployment in the nation and the depressingly high rate of early school-dropouts have made a mockery of our claims to an affluent society.

A visitor to the President's own home state is shocked by the blemishes side by side with enormous wealth. He is reminded of Margaret Bourke-White's book of photographs entitled *You Have Seen Their Faces*. The faces were those of the poverty-stricken of thirty years ago. But the question always was, Have you seen their faces? Too often we have taken them for granted and hardly noticed.

These blemishes, in whatever state they are found, would be understandable in a poor country. They are "intolerable," as the President said, in America. Nearly three decades ago he saw what rural electrification could do for Texas farm life and what the National Youth Administration could do for Texas youth. Now he believes that something new can be done to rid the land of paralyzing and degrading poverty. Fortunately, he is the kind of person who can shock the nation

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1

If I don't miss my guess, I'd say George has the makings of a top lawyer.

I see him more as the scientific type—an engineer or physicist.

2

I say lawyer because he always seems to prevail, no matter how forcefully I make a point.

Yet look at the way he works with his hands.

3

I think we're both jumping the gun in predicting his career.

Well, he is only 3. It's possible his interests may still change.

4

But he definitely is college material.

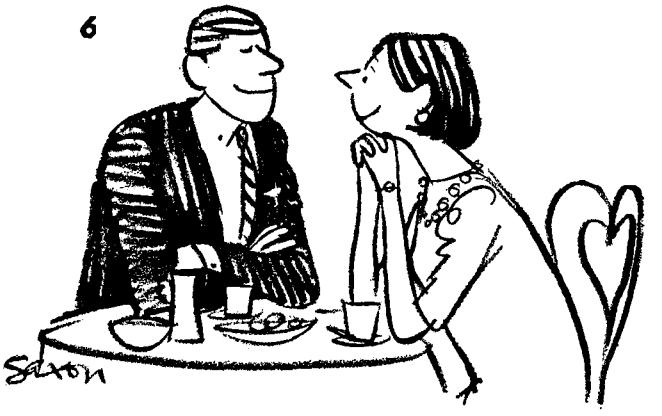
No doubt about that. The only problem is—where are we going to get the money to put him through college?

5

Oh, we'll have the money, all right.

John, do you have a nest-egg you're keeping secret from me?

6



No, but I have something just as good—Equitable's College Policy. It guarantees money will be there to help pay for George's education. Pays double the benefits if I'm not there. And by getting the policy now, we can afford it easily, because we can spread the premiums over a long period of years.

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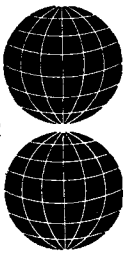

into a clearer awareness of the problem and drive it toward a program of action.

Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz and others who helped formulate the President's proposals are fully aware of the Herculean size of the task. Most discouraging to Wirtz is the problem of the nation's untrained and undertrained youth. In 1963, while unemployment among adults declined to about 3.1 percent of the labor force, unemployment among those under twenty years of age rocketed from 12 to 17 percent; "a most disheartening rate," Wirtz said.

The President's decision to use the facilities of the Selective Service System as one means of attacking the problem is characteristic. It was a tool at hand and he grabbed it. In the past, the Selective Service examined registrants only as it prepared to induct them. The President ordered the Selective Service to examine those not in school as promptly as possible after they register at age eighteen. He wants to find out at an early stage which of the registrants are unacceptable for mental or physical reasons so that they may be referred to the proper community or federal agencies for rehabilitation or retraining assistance. In the past, the Selective Service did not tell a registrant why he was rejected. The President said the youth should be told and should be given guidance in seeking training or health services.

The presidential succession

While Washington observers generally applaud the President's all-out campaign to whip Congress into action, and recognize the necessity for vigorous executive action, there is concern over the furious pace he follows. Many persons, remembering his heart attack, wish that he would pace himself a little better. They continue to be deeply anxious about the issue of presidential succession, even though Johnson brushed the subject aside and refused to take a hand in developing a more sensible succession law. In view of the suffering the nation has already experienced, it would be a disaster if it lost another President. It would be a double disaster if it lost one at a critical point in the re-election process or before there is a new Vice President. That is why the President should pay attention to the advice of the Secret Service and of his doctors.

It is also the reason why Congress should not further delay rewriting the presidential-succession law. Congress has the power to repeal or amend the 1947 act, which places the Speaker of the House and the president pro tempore of the Senate next in line after the Vice President. There is widespread agreement among students of the problem that the 1947 act should be repealed or amended to place the Secretary of State and other Cabinet members in line of succession as they were before 1947. This is legislative action that is urgently needed.

But there is a larger problem, and it requires a constitutional amendment. As former Vice President Nixon has sensibly argued, the country needs a Vice President at all times. Every Broadway actor and corporation president has an understudy. Certainly the President of the United States should have one. At the moment, Mr. Johnson believes that it would be unwise for him, except in a grave emergency, to leave the United States, because there is no Vice President to act for him in his absence.

Nixon has studied the succession problem as intensively as anyone, and he believes that when a Vice President succeeds to the presidency, he should be empowered to convene the electoral college within a month of his succession to elect a new Vice President. The electoral college would elect as the new Vice President the man the new President sponsored, Nixon believes, just as party conventions normally accept the vice presidential candidate that the presidential nominee proposes. No one has any doubt that the Democratic National Convention meeting in Atlantic City this summer will nominate the vice presidential candidate Mr. Johnson proposes. But the electoral college owes allegiance to no one, and it is composed of unknowns.

A somewhat different proposal, and one that may engender less objection than Nixon's, has been made by Democratic Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana. He believes that when a Vice President becomes a President, he should be empowered to nominate a Vice President, subject to confirmation by vote of the House and Senate. Even if Congress were dominated by the opposite party, it is unlikely, according to Bayh, that it would reject the new President's nominee unless there were overpowering objections to him.

Since both the Nixon and Bayh proposals are intended to give the new President virtual power to name a new Vice President, subject only to some recognized forms and restraints, it would seem better to give the power of confirmation to the Senate alone. It is accustomed to the responsibility of confirming Cabinet and other nomina-

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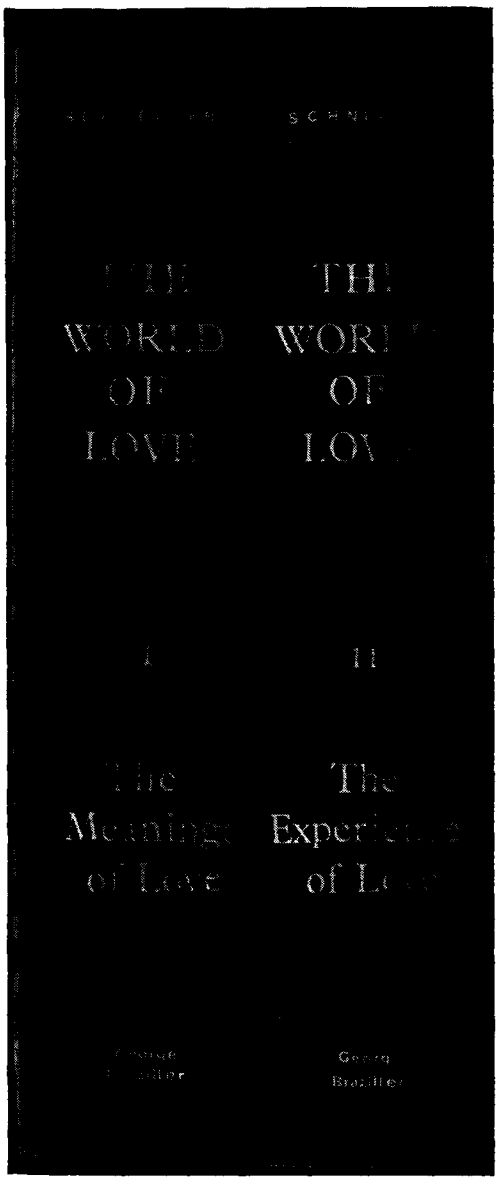

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One of the mysteries of the financial world is why stocks and bonds are called *securities*. The word *security* (from the Latin for "without care") implies absolute safety, and in truth no investment is absolutely safe under any and all conditions.

Investing is fraught with risk, just as life is. There are, of course, ways of avoiding needless risk by choosing carefully before investing and checking conscientiously after investing to see that your investments continue to meet your needs.

And there is something else worth keeping in mind when you consider investing in common stocks. We'd like to state it in very broad terms — terms that are unlikely but not impossible — to make our point. When you invest in securities on a cash basis, you *may*, with wisdom and good fortune, *gain* more than 100% — or less, of course. Or you may *lose* as much as 100% of your investment — though no more than 100%.

You should consider both potential reward and possible risk when you invest. Be sure to give both their due before you back your judgment with your money.

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Report on Washington

tions. It knows that it should permit the President latitude in these matters. The House, on the other hand, is a larger and less responsible body, more given to factionalism and petty feuds. In an emergency, it would take longer to win confirmation in two houses than in one. It would be better to place the power of confirmation in the Senate, where it has always been.

Another proposal calls for the election every four years of two Vice Presidents: an executive Vice President, who would have executive responsibilities, and a legislative Vice President, who would preside over the Senate and perform legislative duties for the President. The problem here would be in making the jobs attractive enough and powerful enough to appeal to the leading men of a party.

Since all these proposals require a constitutional amendment and cannot apply to the present situation, it is important that debate on them start at once if we are to be prepared for a future emergency. It is a pity that the President's powerful leadership is absent in the fight.

Johnson's running mate?

The newspapers have been filled with speculative stories regarding the President's choice of a running mate in the 1964 campaign. It is safe to say that he has not made up his mind and that he will not do so until the last possible moment. While he has encouraged boomlets for various persons, including Peace Corps Director R. Sargent Shriver, the President is a wise enough politician not to act in haste on this matter.

There are cynics who believe that the President's praise of Shriver is no more than an effort to block the possible candidacy of Robert F. Kennedy, the Attorney General, or the favorite candidate of the Northern liberals, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota. Whatever the President's motive, the game is going to be a fascinating one down to the wire.

If one were choosing a Vice President on the basis of service to Democratic liberalism, Humphrey would almost certainly win the award. If one were awarding an administrator for his ability to choose able associates, Robert Kennedy would be a front-runner. He presides with energy over a well-run, well-staffed, and well-organized department. Though no one would claim that he has exceptional legal ability, he has chosen competent people, delegated power to them, and listened attentively to their advice.

The outstanding members of the team are Nicholas deB. Katzenbach, who succeeded Byron R. White as Deputy Attorney General; Archibald Cox, the able Solicitor General; Burke Marshall, who has performed superbly in the most difficult assignment as Assistant Attorney General in charge of the civil rights division; Louis B. Oberdorfer, whose responsibilities have been much broader than his title of Assistant Attorney General in charge of the tax division would indicate; and Herbert John Miller, Jr., a Republican, who is Assistant Attorney General in charge of the criminal division.

The late President, both in the Senate and in the White House, was unusually gifted in his ability to select able assistants. President Johnson is being observed closely to see how well he succeeds in retaining and attracting able people.

Mood of the Capital

There is every confidence that Congress will pass a civil rights bill this year, but there is full realization in the White House and on Capitol Hill that the struggle will be a long and a bitter one. The President's ability to reach an amicable solution will be put to the highest test.

Whatever action is taken to reconcile views or to compromise issues will be subject to the most violent disagreement and to the charge of false motives. The country as well as Congress and the President will be on trial.

Foreign aid also will provoke a long and ugly fight again, but no other issue can tear the country apart or arouse such deep emotions as civil rights. Except for this continuing crisis, Washington would face the year's problems, including the election, with surprising hope.

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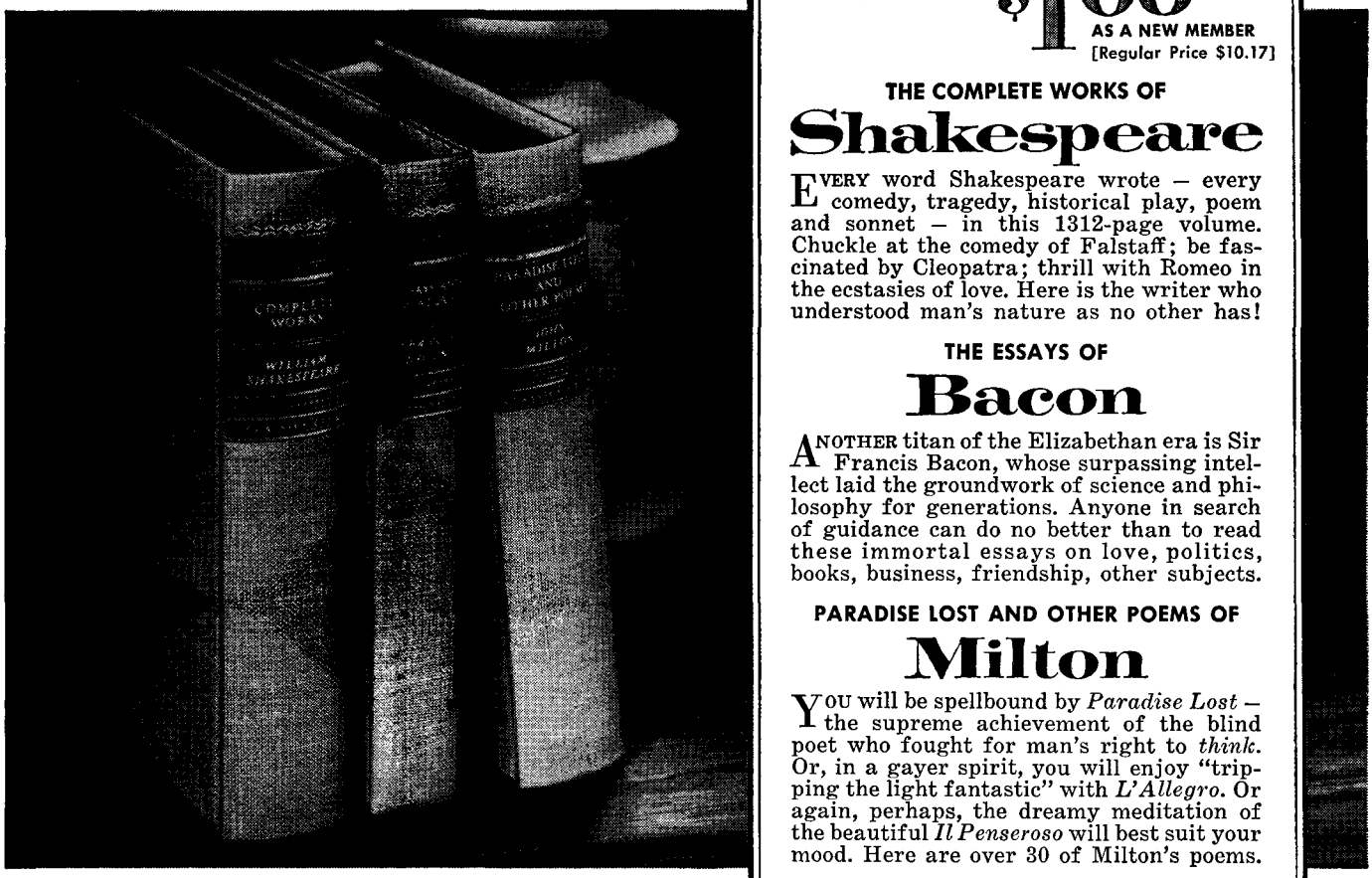

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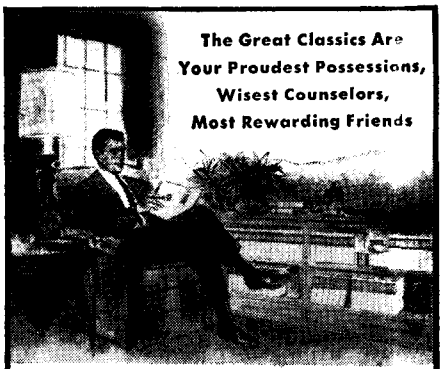

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In the twelfth year of revolution Gamal Abdel Nasser can claim measurable gains within Egypt and continued personal prestige in the non-Western world. Within the Arab world he remains unrivaled as a pacesetter for change. Among other heads of neutralist states he has gained in stature. Therefore, it matters more than it did twelve years ago where Abdel Nasser intends to lead his revolution and in what company.

None of the stereotypes of classic revolution or of development economics quite fits the evolving socialist, cooperative, democratic state in Egypt. There is to be no dictatorship of the proletariat and no open class warfare. Nor is it likely that Egypt will be ready for the magic moment of economic takeoff within Abdel Nasser's lifetime.

There has, however, been a consistent, bloodless, and complete shift of power out of the hands of the extraordinarily rapacious merchant and landed pasha of the past. The hopes of the Egyptian peasant and laborer have been aroused. And the people have been promised that they will not be sacrificed to a doctrinal theory of eventual progress. During the past decade they have seen new schools open in their villages, along with the arrival of clean, piped water. Their death rate has dropped as rural health services have been extended. It is possible for them to eat better, and more of them have shoes. Recently some village clinics have included pills for birth control among their prescriptions.

Revolution by democratic methods

In Cairo it has been decided that another try must be made to build a constitutional base for the revolution. A single political party, the Arab Socialist Union, has signed up as new members some five million voters in good revolutionary standing. From these, 1500 representatives have been elected to the National Assembly, sitting for the first time this spring. Of the elected representatives 25 percent are farmers, 20 percent are workers, 15 percent are from the professions. They have been chosen in local elections in 175 districts set up on the basis of population and geography. It is their duty to debate and vote on national issues, including the budget. They may question ministers on the floor, and public ventilation of domestic problems will be encouraged. The government obviously regards this as a necessary stage in building a welfare state which will not break down when its present leadership is gone.

Similarly, there has been a distinct effort to decentralize government in the twenty-five provinces, or governorates, giving the local governors the status of vice presidents and making them responsible for local planning, budgets, production, and welfare. In this respect, the regime has broken new ground in the Middle East, where strongly centralized bureaucracies dominate government.

Gamal Abdel Nasser has written pointedly on this theme. "Administration commits a grievous error," he says in the 1962 draft of the National Charter, "if it imagines its huge machinery to be an end in itself." Further on in this revealing document he writes of the need for a scientific approach to government.

Nasser's pragmatic attitude toward development explains the mixed and unorthodox character of Arab socialism in Egypt today. It is eclectic, full of borrowings from Sweden, from Portugal, from Poland, and particularly from Tito's Yugoslavia. Thus all but 20 percent of business is now in government hands to ensure conformity to national planning and complete Egyptianization. Yet almost all agricultural land is in private hands.

Private ownership of land

The land reform itself has not been radical. The 1961 limit of 100 acres to a family has forced large landowners to sell or relinquish about 700,000 acres. (In time they are to receive compensation in the form of government bonds.) These acres have been distributed to peasant owners in small plots of three to five acres. Even so, less than 200,000 families have received land. Another important reform set a ceiling on land rents and required that they run for several years. This measure has reduced the tenant farmer's tradi-

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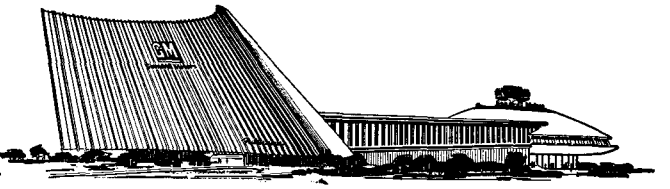

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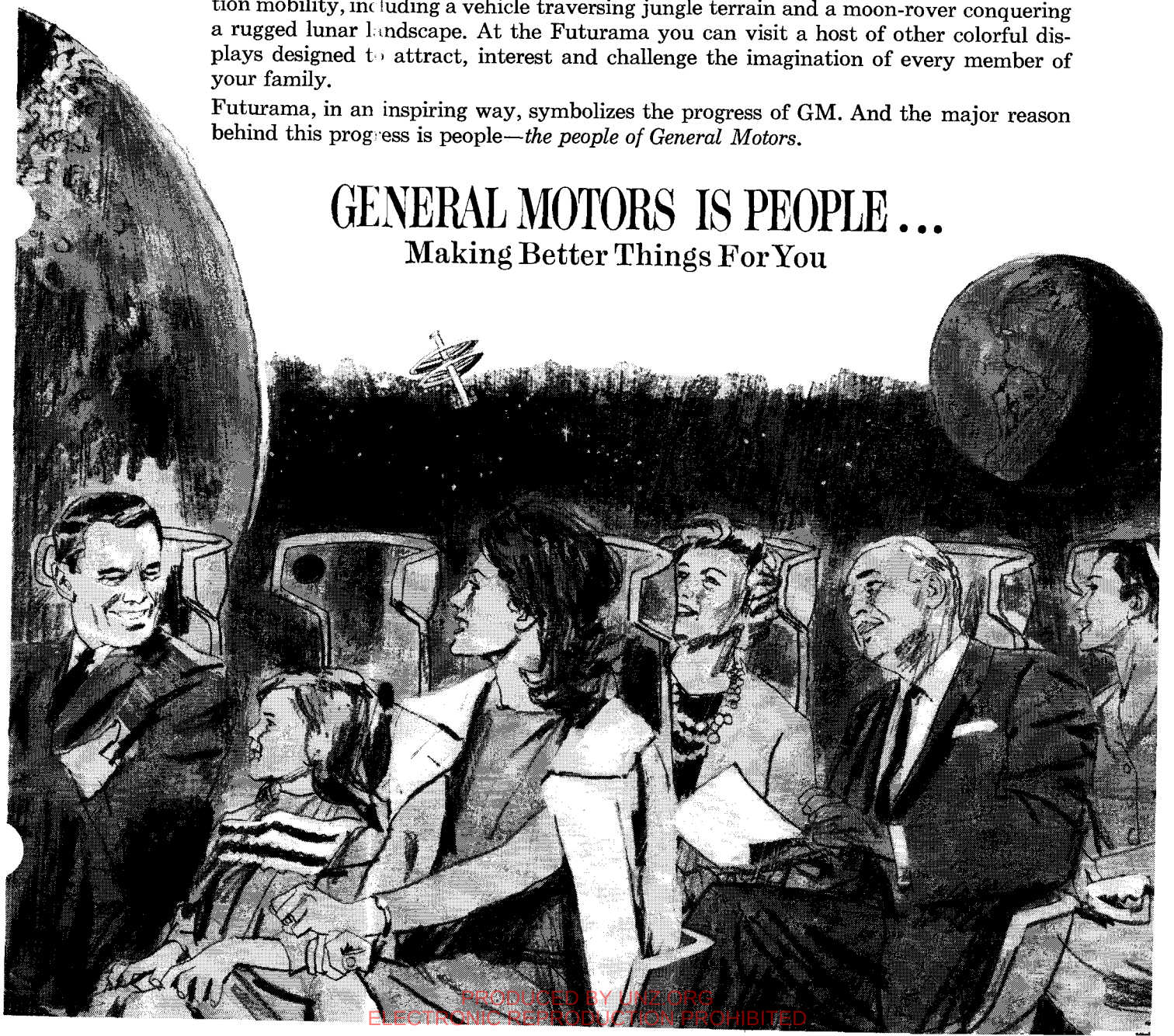

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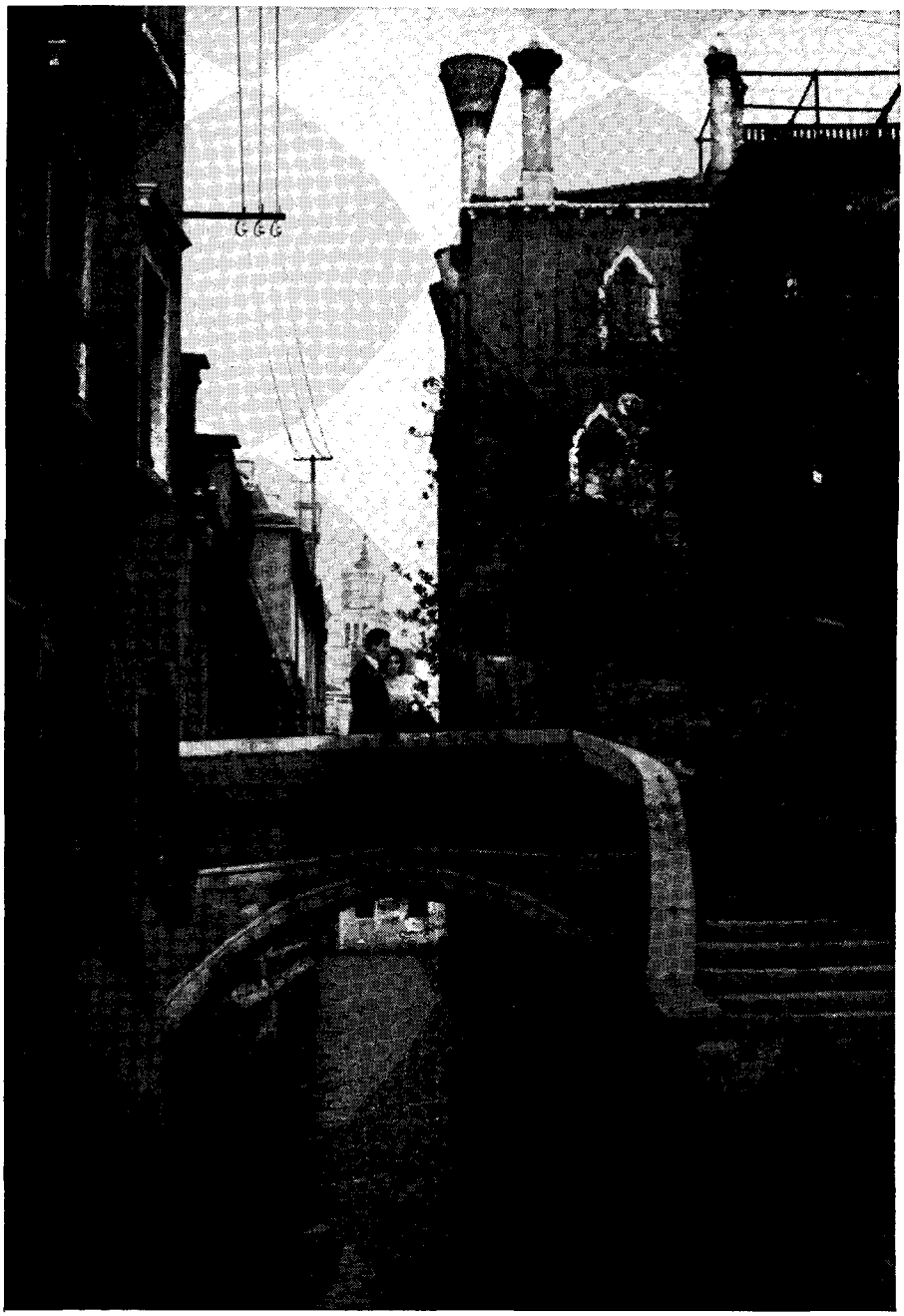
tional sense of hopeless indebtedness and given him a stake in the new order. Both the new owners and the tenants have been marshaled into some 3800 rural cooperatives, which provide the necessary credits, seeds, and services to make individual operation possible. The object here is the necessary one of maintaining production.

The significant aspect of Egypt's land reform is its insistence on private ownership, not on sentimental grounds, but out of conviction that ownership and security are powerful incentives to production. This conviction has proved to be right. Yields in reform areas have increased. Peasant incomes have risen as much as 50 percent. It will not be surprising if the regime eventually tries to extend its reforms further.

There are agriculturalists who believe that even with its present high birthrate, Egypt could grow its own food. These experts point to inefficient methods of scattering seed, lack of adequate cultivation, and oversoaking of the soil, all of which limit crops. The Egyptian farmer today still employs traditional methods and clings to traditional attitudes toward irrigation. He cannot know that scientific methods requiring less use of precious Nile water would work better. There is evidently a lag here inconsistent with the government's insistence on scientific methods.

The drive for industry

In industry the drive for production and self-sufficiency is taking advantage of modern and Western methods to an extent unprecedented in the Middle East. A National Planning Institute is responsible for economic development. It is manned by Western-trained professionals and consults specialists around the world. A National Institute of Management Development gives specific training to industry executives. It employs a case method based on the teaching in American business administration centers, but adapted to Egyptian industries. Middle-management courses are also under way, along with time-and-motion studies to promote efficiency



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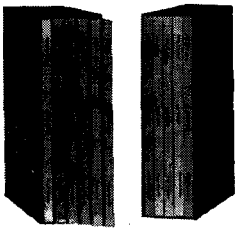

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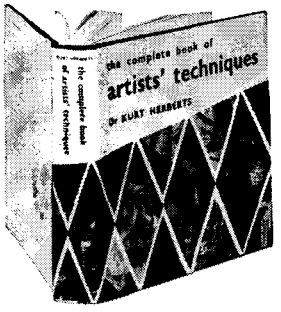

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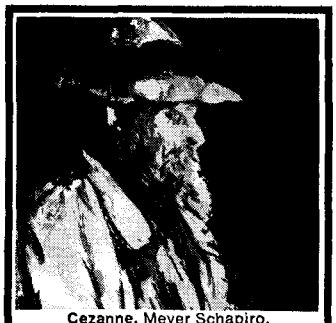

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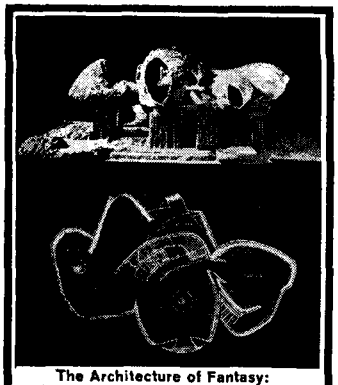

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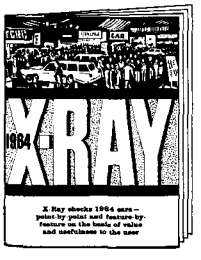

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Report on Egypt

in manufacturing. Further down the educational ladder, some 100,000 young Egyptians attend vocational schools.

In its drive to catch up, Egypt has the great advantage of professionally trained engineers, economists, bankers, and senior managers who are dedicated to rebuilding the country on modern lines. These men, many of them graduates of European and American universities, provide the indispensable technical manpower which has made the economic revolution possible. In this sense Egypt is a "have" country, in contrast to the oil-rich desert states which remain backward for lack of technical manpower.

For decades, since Evelyn Baring, first Earl of Cromer, Egyptians have known how to operate their vital and intricate system of canal irrigation. More recently they have easily learned the management of railways and of the Suez Canal, and advanced textile and petroleum technology. In the last four years, under the forced draft of revolution and nationalization, they have achieved an increase in gross national product of 23 percent. In terms of human benefits, in spite of an increase of population of about 700,000 a year, economic development has kept 2 to 3 percent ahead of population growth.

Family planning

Of all the twentieth-century experiments being tried in Egypt the most potentially significant is its drive for family planning. Here President Nasser has mustered the support of Muslim religious leaders who have publicly sanctioned birth control. The great problem is in rural Egypt, where a large family is a matter of prestige and a means of ensuring farm labor. Rural unemployment is so widespread now that more and more young men migrate to Alexandria, Cairo, and Aswan to join the industrial labor pool.

This trend toward urbanization, plus free education all the way through university years, is expected to lower the birthrate. As education for girls also becomes the rule for the first time, an inevitable change in status for women is occurring. This is a conscious part of the plans for the welfare state. It is symbolized by the inclusion of a woman in the government as Minister of Social Affairs.

If Egypt can make family planning fashionable for modernists in Asia, it will have helped a whole region toward development. Educated Arabs who know their people best have pointed out that Islam is, after all, rational, equalitarian, and positive in outlook. For this reason it is at least possible that Arab nationalism can evolve a pattern of modernization within the framework of its own beliefs.

The need for capital

Meanwhile, Egypt is obliged to rely on imports of grain to feed its 28 million people. About half of the wheat consumed in the country comes from American surplus sold for Egyptian pounds. This arrangement is the least controversial aspect of the present U.S. foreign aid to Egypt.

Other current forms of U.S. assistance include grants and loans for a number of purposes: the hiring of management consultants, agricultural-extension education, the erection of a power plant by Westinghouse, communications development, and the purchase of American diesel engines. An investment-guarantee agreement between the U.S. government and Cairo was signed in 1963, indicating the regime's interest in attracting foreign investors; and Egypt has joined GATT.

By strengthening its trading links with the Western powers, Egypt seems to be freeing itself from overdependence on the Soviet bloc. Even so, some 40 percent of Egyptian cotton goes to the bloc; and Russian loans to Egypt include allocations of hard currency as well as credits for the High Dam at Aswan and for military equipment. Western loans have come from West Germany, Italy, and from private U. S. banks. The latter, however, lend at commercial rates on a short-term basis.

Involvement with the neighbors

Even with credit from this variety of sources, Egypt is hard-pressed. In its effort to achieve a great deal in a short time it has confiscated wealth,

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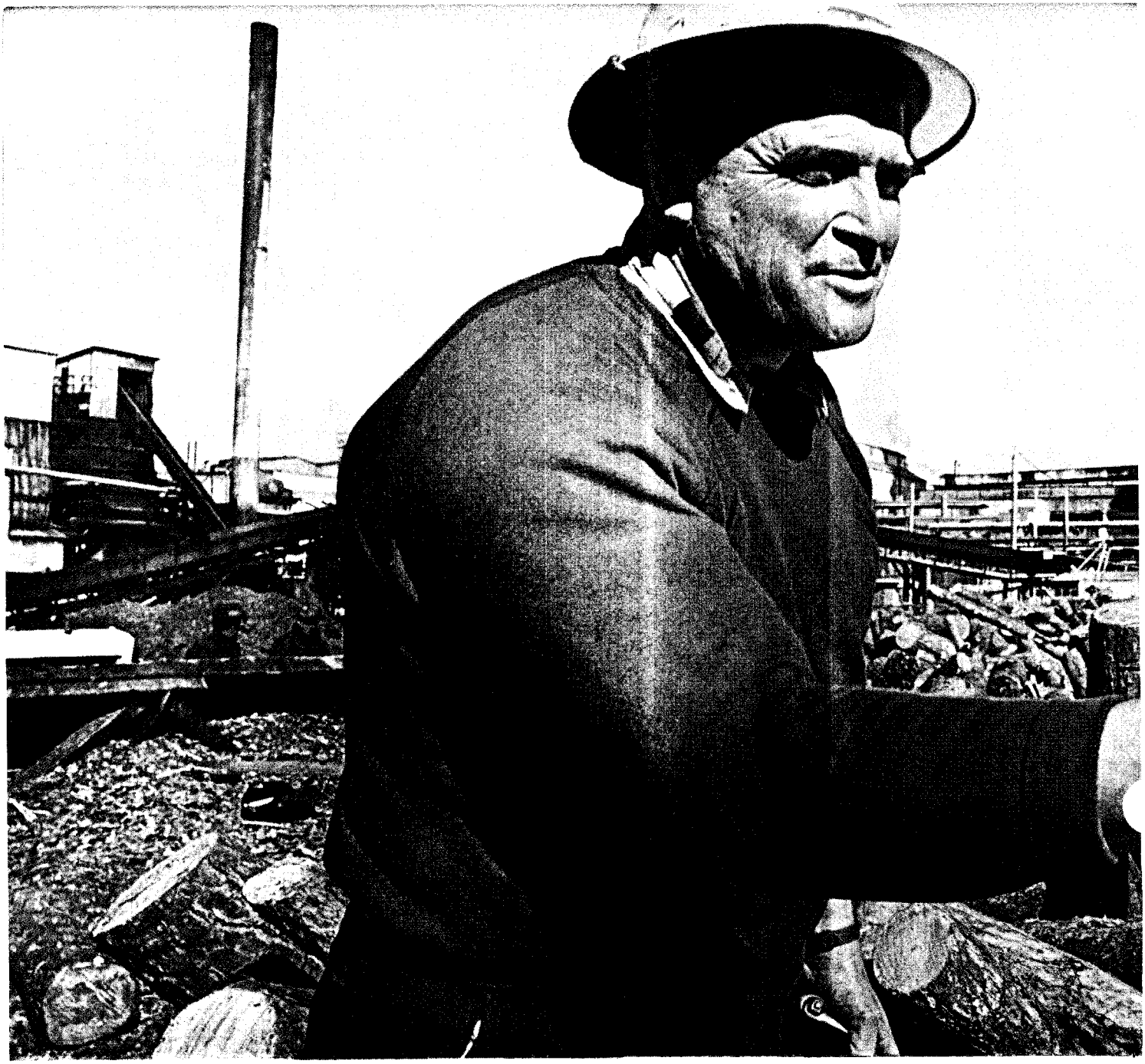

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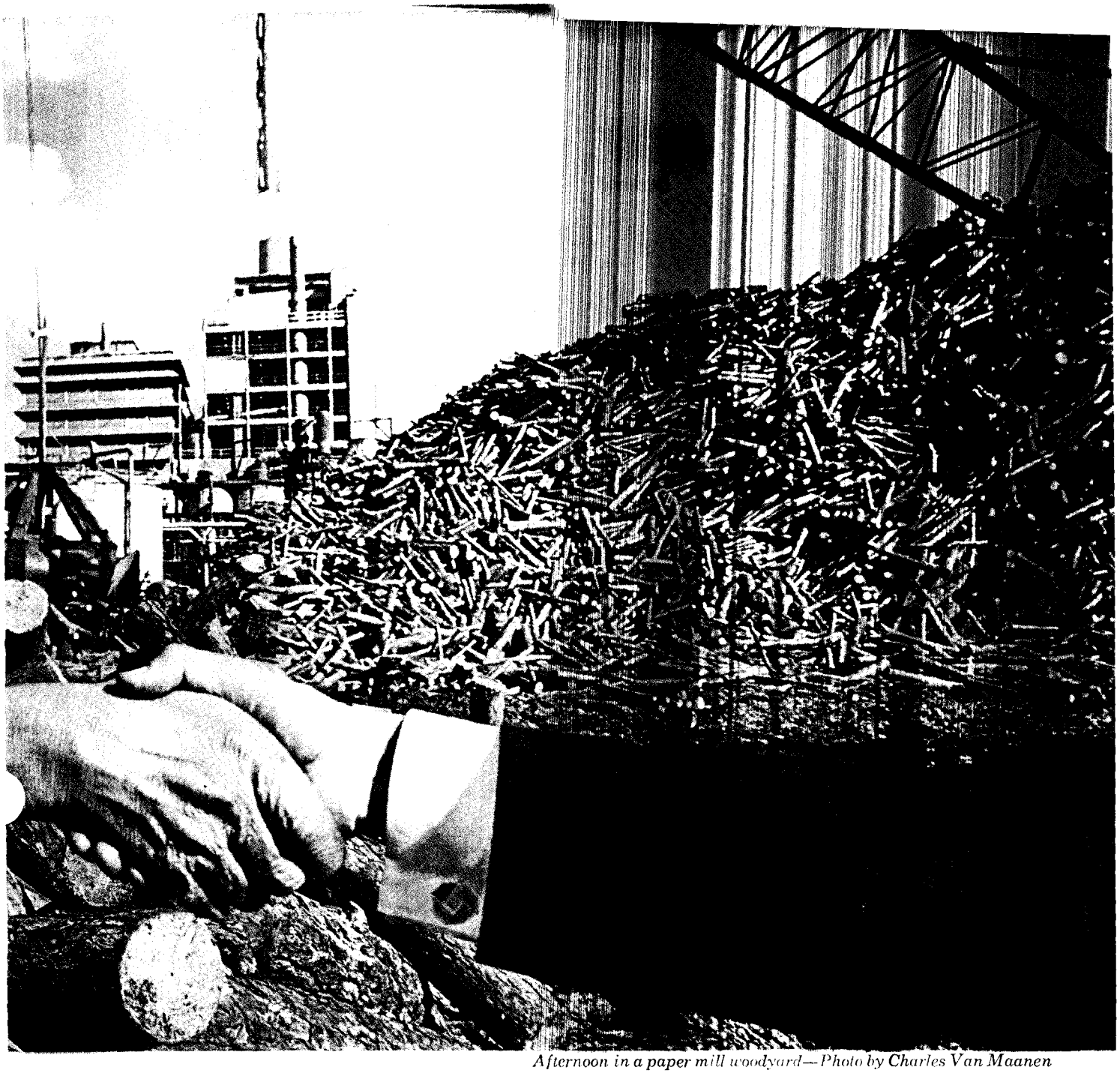

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raised taxes, and enforced austerity to a degree unheard of in the Arab world. This year it is striving to raise a budget of a billion Egyptian pounds, of which a third is for capital investment. It is a question whether such a scale is possible, particularly in view of the financially costly political ventures being pursued by Abdel Nasser in Yemen and Algeria.

One fourth of the Egyptian army has been in Yemen for over a year attempting to sustain a republican revolt against the incredibly backward old order. By any kind of reckoning Egypt has spent millions it did not have, to support this operation. It has been evident for months that this has been costing Cairo more than can possibly be gained in the Yemeni political morass; and that what is needed is a face-saving means of withdrawal from a country light-years removed from Egypt in outlook, aims, and capability. The difficult task of devising such a means of withdrawal has fallen, as usual, to the United Nations, whose representative continues to shuttle between Saudi Arabia, Yemen, and Egypt.

In addition to the problem in Yemen, Abdel Nasser has felt obliged by Arab socialist brotherhood to send arms and troops to aid Algeria in its border quarrel with Morocco. Fortunately this is a more sophisticated quarrel, in which President Nasser need not assume great responsibility, having demonstrated his loyalty to republican Ben Bella as opposed to Morocco's King Hassan.

The bitter issue of water

On the perennial Palestine quarrel, however, Abdel Nasser is obliged to play a more risky role. This year's most bitter issue between Arabs and Israelis concerns the latter's plan to withdraw Jordan River water to irrigate the Negev desert, which Israel plans to populate with future immigrants. The canals and pipelines for this withdrawal of water from Lake Tiberias within Israeli boundaries await only the final pumping installations, which will lift lake water to a point where it can flow southward some 150 miles by gravity.

Egypt's role in this long dispute has been consistently cautious. In 1955 it sponsored an Arab technical study which reduced Israel's proposed share of water but still recognized its riparian rights. Egypt has also refused to endorse desperate Arab schemes to divert Jordan headwaters in Syria and Lebanon. As a downstream user of the Nile, Egypt can scarcely encourage tampering with headwaters anywhere.

This spring, with Arab disunity more than normally exacerbated and rival socialists in Syria threatening to take reckless and hopeless military action against Israel over the river issue, Gamal Abdel Nasser has made one more daring gesture of leadership. The last thing Egypt can face today is war with Israel. The other Arab states are even more helpless against Israel. But their leaders are less restrained than the veterans in Cairo. By inviting the thirteen heads of Arab states to Cairo in January, and by insisting on a concerted nonviolent response to Israel's water plan, Abdel Nasser has proved again his talent for leadership.

Neutrality between East and West

In international affairs Abdel Nasser remains firmly nonaligned. The recent, somewhat unexpected visit of Chinese Premier Chou En-lai was not heralded or carried off as a political triumph. The Chinese seem, in fact, not to have succeeded in winning the Egyptians over to their projected Afro-Asian conference, a second "Bandung" which would exclude the U.S.S.R.

An alternative meeting of nonaligned states, urged by Prime Minister Nehru and Marshal Tito, seems scheduled for Cairo later this year. Egypt's immediate support of the partial test-ban treaty in 1963 indicates support for the detente between East and West rather than for Chinese atomic ambitions.

In North Africa Abdel Nasser is concerned lest Sino-Soviet rivalry upset the neutrals or force them into fixed positions. He is unhappy also over Cuba's meddling in Algeria. If the nonaligned leaders do meet in Cairo this year, they will have new issues to ponder. Egypt's aim is to maintain the pivotal role which geography and neutralism have given her.

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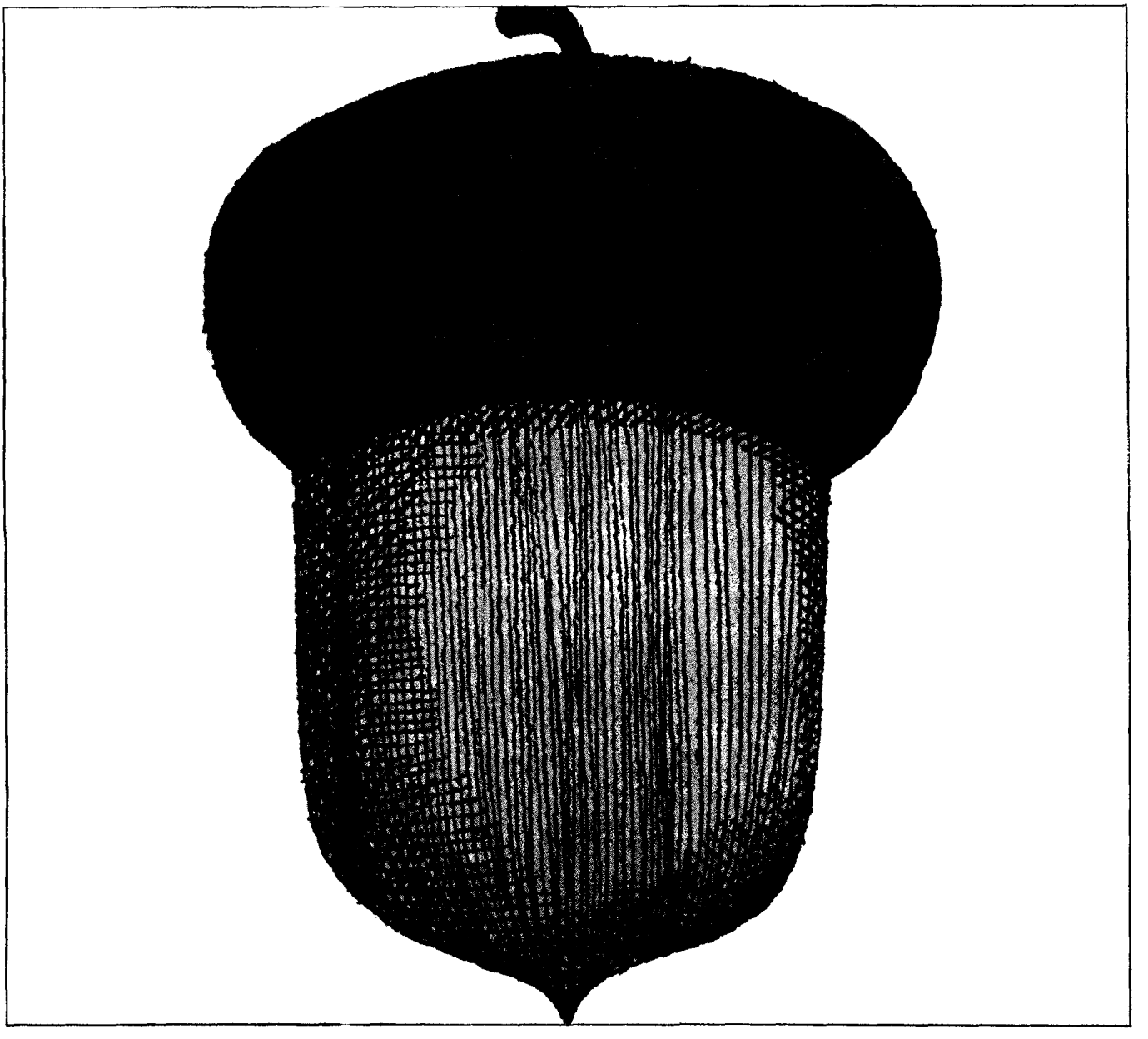

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The Atlantic Report SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

THE first chairman (1946 to 1950) of the Atomic Energy Commission, David E. Lilienthal, startled the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy last spring by declaring that he would not care to live in the vicinity of an atom-fired electric power plant. The present chairman, Dr. Glenn Seaborg, Nobel-Prize-winning chemist, told a press-gathering a few months ago, "I would live next door to the atom. I would not fear having my family residence within the vicinity of a modern power reactor built and operated under our [AEC's] regulations and controls."

Mr. Lilienthal's apprehensions, which he has expounded in addresses, magazine articles, and a book, are shared by many members of the general public. Dr. Seaborg's confident statement reflects the belief of the AEC and the electric utility industry that nuclear power plants are so safe that consideration can be given to building them where they would be most useful: close to the great urban centers of population.

These conflicting attitudes have clashed on both coasts. In California, plans to build atomic plants in the general vicinity of Los Angeles and San Francisco have raised storms of controversy, still unsettled. In New York, a proposal by Consolidated Edison for a million-kilowatt atomic power plant right in the middle of the city led to vigorous protests from community groups and leaders. Eventually Consolidated Edison withdrew its request for an AEC license to build the plant, ostensibly because its engineers had found that it would cost less to import electricity 1100 miles, from a huge hydroelectric project in Labrador.

Consolidated Edison's retreat — if it is one — is only a lull in the battle. Atomic power plants, experts say, are beginning to compete in cost with conventional generating stations in areas remote from fossil fuel sources. About a dozen large reactors are already feeding electricity into American power systems, with some half dozen under way. More atomic power plants will undoubtedly be proposed. The Atomic Energy Commission must approve detailed plans for any proposed reactor and must license it before it can operate. The question of safety has a direct bearing on where these plants are to be located and sometimes on whether they will be built at all.

How much danger?

Certainly there are risks to running an atomic plant, but the fear probably most widely held is largely imaginary. The experts agree that the chances of an atomic plant's blowing up like an atomic bomb are virtually nonexistent. The core of an atomic bomb is composed almost entirely of fissionable fuel carefully kept divided until the bomb is triggered. Then the mechanism slams the fuel together to create a mass of great density and sufficient size to start an uncontrolled chain reaction practically instantly. In contrast, the core of a power reactor contains fuel only partly fissionable (usually about 2 percent) and barely enough in quantity to maintain a slow reaction.

"It is inconceivable to me that any reactor designed presently for power or research use will behave like an atomic bomb," says Professor Theos Thompson, director of M.I.T.'s nuclear reactor. "Where then does the hazard exist . . . ? It exists in these fission products which remain stored within the reactor core. . . . The safety aims of the designer and the AEC are directed for the most part to insuring that these fission products do not escape from their normal position within the core."

Several different kinds of reactors are used for power production, but the safety problems are common to all. The reactor core consists of a great number of long cylindrical rods of nuclear fuel — usually a form of uranium — arranged in precise patterns that permit a chain reaction to take place. Splitting atoms in the fuel release subatomic particles that hit and split other atoms, the process continuing on a self-sustaining basis. In this fission process some of the fuel is transformed into energy in the form of heat. The rods are "clad" in metal sheathing that contains the fission products but allows the heat to escape into a cooling material — usually water in the power

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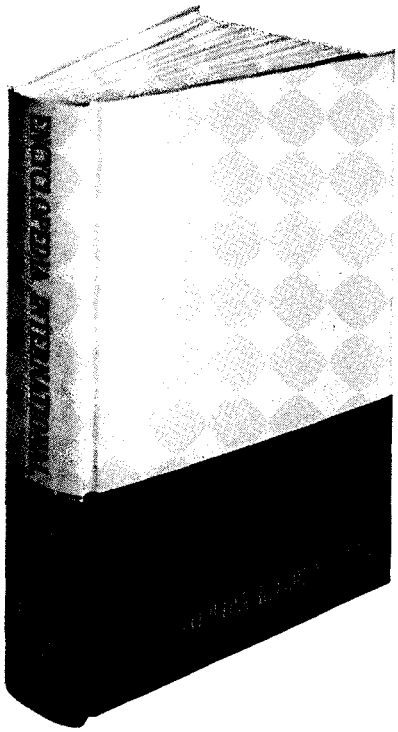

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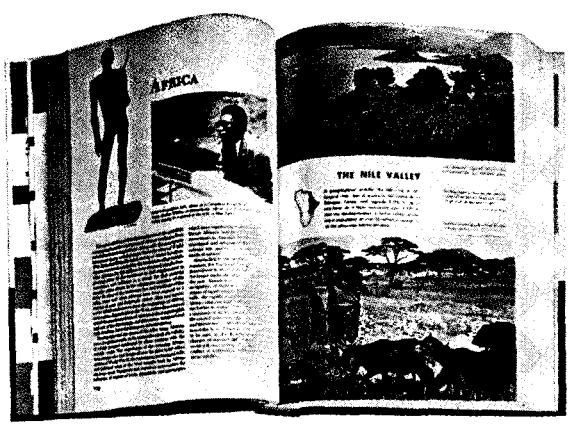

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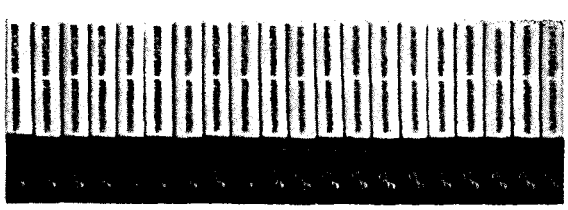

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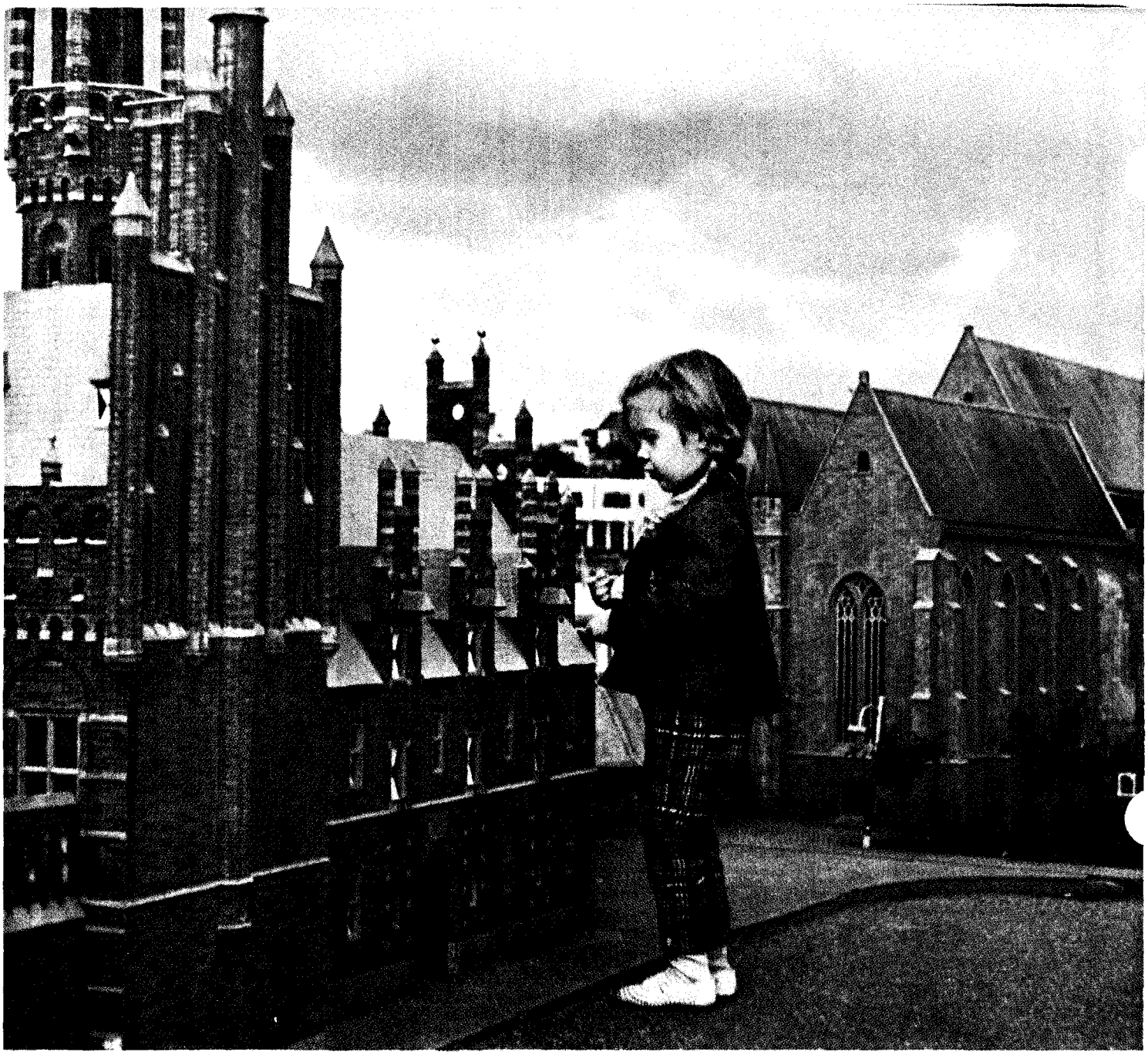

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reactors in which the rods are immersed. This coolant not only serves to keep the rods from overheating (which might crack open the metal sheaths and allow the radioactive materials to escape) but also moderates the subatomic particles so that they move at the right speed. In a power reactor, the heat absorbed by the coolant is what is used, directly or indirectly, to produce steam to drive a conventional turbine.

Tiny imperfections in the metal cladding may permit small amounts of radioactive materials to leak from the fuel rods into the coolant. Additional amounts form in the coolant or on the structure of the reactor and are taken up by the coolant.

The coolant itself circulates in a closed loop, so that it cannot contaminate anything, but from time to time the radioactive materials are removed from it by a purification process. Most of the solids and liquids are temporarily stored for later removal from the plant. A tiny residue of a few millionths of a gram a day is discharged to a waterway in a waste stream so faintly radioactive that it meets the AEC's standards for drinking water. Radioactive material in gaseous form, also removed by the purification process, averages a few hundred thousandths of a gram a day. This is released through a tall chimney on a controlled basis to assure atmospheric dispersion that meets the AEC regulations.

Public health experts say that the total amount of radioactivity discharged to the atmosphere from a water-cooled reactor is likely to be less than amounts normally contained in the stack gases of plants powered by fossil fuels.

Protection against accidents

A more serious concern is the possibility of accidental melting or destruction of the reactor core. One cause could be failure of the coolant system, and auxiliary cooling systems are built into the reactor to take over instantly should the primary system fail. Overheating could also be caused by an accidental increase in the chain-reaction rate — in the technician's language, a "nuclear excursion."

A built-in protection against this is the nature of uranium itself: an increase in the temperature of the fuel element results in a slowing down of the fission process, which tends to shut down the entire system automatically. Overheating makes the coolant water less dense, and this also tends to slow the fission process. Thus the system is by nature self-regulating. Should the "excursion" take place, however, despite these natural obstacles, control rods are propelled into the reactor automatically, placing barriers between the fuel elements and halting the fission process. Presumably there could be an accidental release of fission products within the core despite the safeguards. If the core greatly overheats at such a time, it could transform the coolant into high-pressure steam that would expand with explosive force. This force would be of an entirely different order of magnitude from even the smallest nuclear blast: the danger would not be in the explosion itself but in the radioactive products it might expel.

But if this should happen, there are a number of sturdy barriers between the core and the outer world. The first is the reactor vessel containing the core and the coolant, a heavy-walled steel vessel capable of retaining operating pressures. A second barrier is the reactor shielding, a concrete wall surrounding the pressure vessel to protect operating personnel. Outside of everything is a vapor container — in many plants a huge steel ball that engulfs the entire system and allows for any escaping steam to expand and lose its force.

The extent of this protective system is a major factor in AEC decisions on reactor locations. The commission's experts figure roughly that a 500,000-kilowatt atomic power plant with conventional protection should be no closer than 13.7 miles to a center of 25,000 people or more. The distance can be reduced as protection is increased.

Consolidated Edison planned elaborate extra safeguards for the New York plant. Instead of the ball-like vapor container, the outer barrier was to be a sandwich of two feet of porous concrete between two leakproof steel walls. The concrete filling was designed as a partial vacuum, its air pumped back inside the steel lining,

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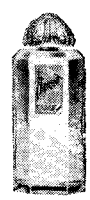

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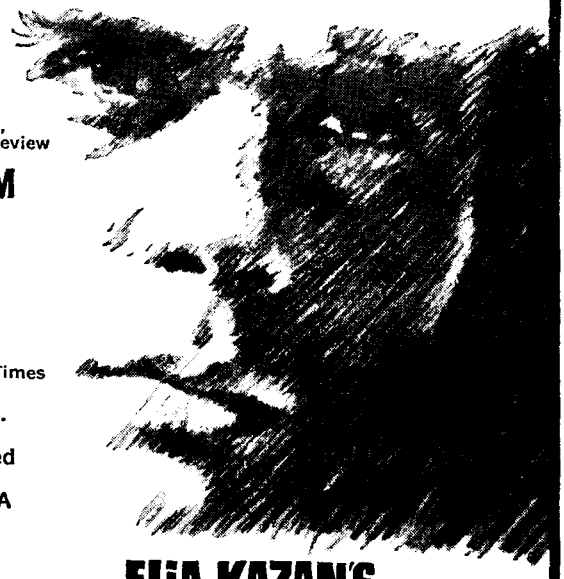

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so that anything that got past the inner steel wall could not pass the concrete. Outside this trap, the plans called for five and one half feet of crashproof concrete reinforced with two-inch steel bars. Whether the AEC would have regarded the extra safeguards as sufficient is not known.

The safety record

What has been the safety record of atomic plants to date? Professor Thompson points out that in the entire American atomic-energy program, there have been only five fatalities due to radiation or accidents involving reactors: two in early wartime experiments with fuel assemblies at Los Alamos, the other three at the AEC's test-reactor station in Idaho in January, 1961. In neither case was there any danger to the public.

The problem of reactor safety is under continuing AEC study. Special projects try to find out what happens when an "excursion" takes place. An AEC safety expert said recently that the Idaho test reactors had undergone two thousand induced excursions and in every case the reactor had shut down. Another project is investigating the results of core "melt down" following failure of the coolant system.

There has been criticism of the AEC for allowing power reactors to be built before these tests are completed. One answer is that these programs are designed to find out if some safety regulations are overcautious: the experts feel that they have leaned over backward to be on the safe side and may be requiring unnecessary costly design features. Twentieth-century life, say the backers of atomic power, in essence, is a matter of calculated risks. We accept an unknown amount of health and property damage resulting from air pollution by internal-combustion-engine fumes and the burning of fossil fuels. In contrast, the life expectancy of a man living next to an atomic plant is estimated to be shortened by about six hours.

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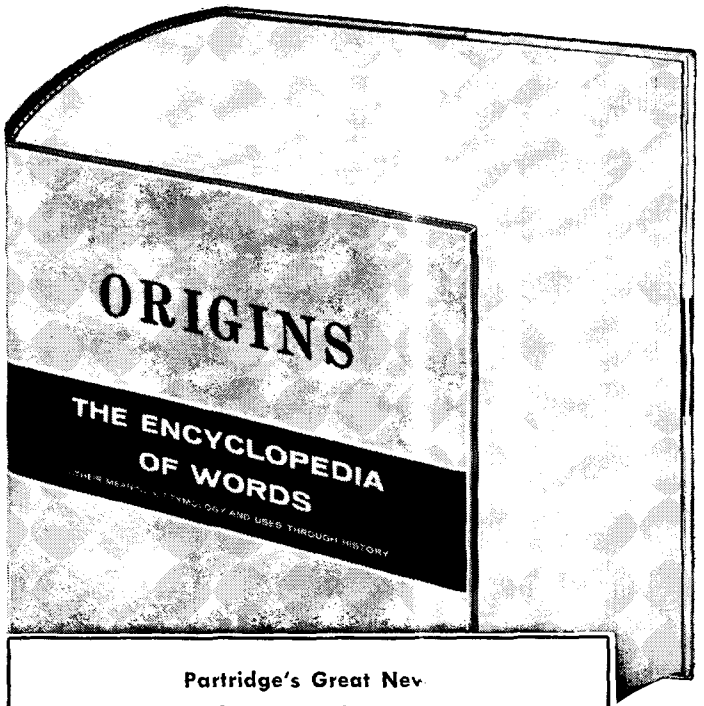

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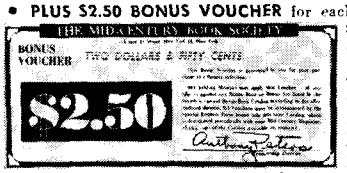

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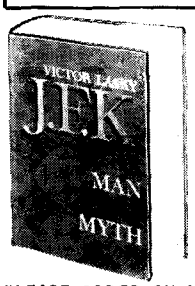

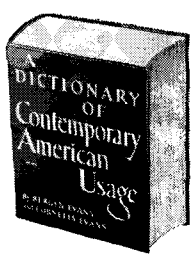

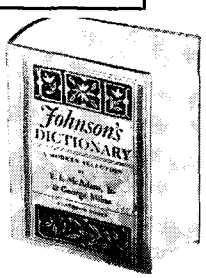

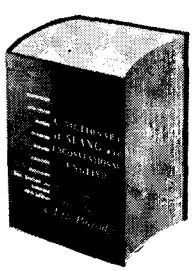

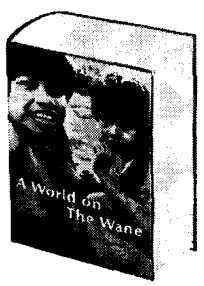

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PROGRESS REPORT TO U.S. INDUSTRY FROM THE COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO

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"The happiest years of my life"

(Pablo Casals talks about his 6 years in the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico)

AT THE AGE of 80, Pablo Casals decided to make his home in Puerto Rico.

Here is what he said at the time—on his first visit to this sunny Commonwealth in the Caribbean:

> *"The first time I was aware I was alive, I heard the sound of the sea. Before, I would have said that the most beautiful sea was the one I had in front of my house in Spain. But I must confess that the sea I am looking at now is even more beautiful. The natural thing that occurs to me is to make Puerto Rico my home and do for this country everything within my power."*

Pablo Casals has done exactly that. Now—at 86—this world-famous cellist, conductor and composer is one of the Commonwealth's most energetic residents.

The Casals Festival, organized in 1957, has become an annual event in Puerto Rico.

The presence of Pablo Casals on the island led to the formation of the Puerto Rico Symphony Orchestra. He also helped establish the Commonwealth Conservatory of Music.

A man at peace with himself

Here's how Pablo Casals speaks of his six years in Puerto Rico.

"They have been the happiest years of my life. Living in this house by the sea, I am at peace. I devote myself to my work. The routine of my days is both pleasurable and constant. I get up at 7 o'clock in the morning for a walk on the beach. Walking on the beach, I look at the sea and sky and I am renewed in my feeling of awe and joy over the wonder of nature.

> *"Here in Puerto Rico, I sense a freedom of spirit, a respect for the dignity of man."*

What of the future? Pablo Casals answers without hesitating. "I shall stay here in Puerto Rico and make music, which is my life."

This is one of a series of reports to U. S. industry on the economic and cultural development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: Write for "Puerto Rico '63," a report on productivity, profits and special incentives. The address: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 103G, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y. 10019.

◀ **Pablo Casals** takes his regular morning stroll on the beach in front of his house in Puerto Rico. Photo by Tom Hollyman.

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of ribbon city is suggested as a substitute for Britain's much criticized railroads. This radical proposal comes from a successful aircraft designer, Frederick G. Miles, head of his own group of engineering companies, writing in the British weekly *The New Scientist*.

Miles would use the existing tracks to transport materials to build his system on a top-heavy, many-layered ramp on stilts, leaving the present railroad in operation until the replacement is complete. A mobile factory astride the rails would mix and pour concrete, raise the molds, and roll down the tracks, leaving a trail of freshly built ramp behind it, under which trains could run on the old tracks as long as they were needed. On the first ramp above the ground, freight would be carried in automated wheeled trains at 150 mph, propelled by a linear induction motor. The train would pull itself along the rails with a series of electromagnetic coils: in effect, train and rails would be the two elements of an electric motor that is stretched out horizontally instead of being arranged for rotary motion. The ramp would widen at intervals to support factory buildings, with tunnel connections for cargo loading.

Passenger trains, also propelled by linear induction motors, would operate on a separate level, floating on air cushions, with neither wheels nor tracks. (A metal strip along the "floatway" would provide the fixed element of the induction motor.) With high acceleration and a speed of 300 mph, a five-mile trip would take about 90 seconds.

The next layer would be a high-speed motor road, and higher still, a pedestrian level. Superstructures spaced at intervals above the layered roadways would be designed for apartments, recreation, shops, and offices. Miles says that his system would not only run trains faster but would give the railroads extra profits from rental of air rights to overhead structures. Locating the factories on top of the freight line would cut use of highway trucks, while ribbon suburbs built along the tracks would enable suburbanites to get into town and city centers in minutes.

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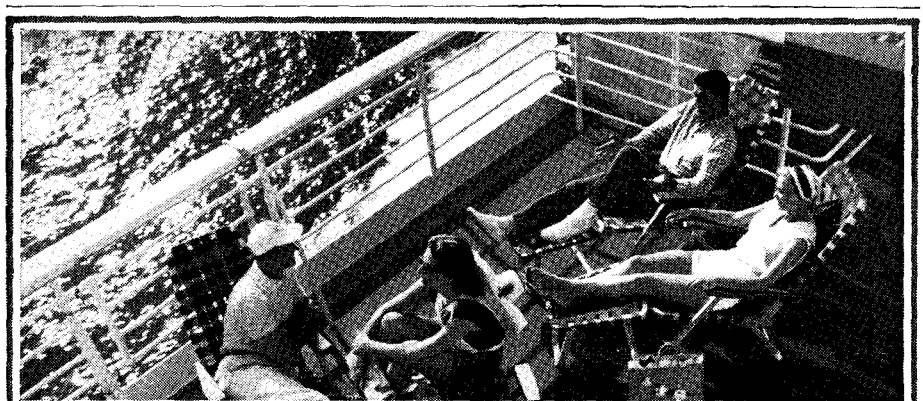

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To Take Away the Lollipops of Self Delusion

A related point, and one which I don't believe I've heard discussed among us enough, is that while our competitors in mass communications are mostly in an all-out popularity contest, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING feels called upon fairly frequently to chide some portion of the public, or take away some comforting belief in magic, or directly alienate some sizable group of the misguided.

Television I suppose, would present the outstanding contrast: Almost all of its offering is predicated upon a least-common-denominator approach, and whenever by inadvertence or the rashness of some momentarily unfettered creative individual it offends even the tiniest fringe group, the entire industry conspires to maintain it could only have been a misunderstanding—or a mistake which will be rectified instantly. Newspapers, by and large, have lost the individuality of attitude which made some of them great and most of them distinguishable from each other. In the same way, many magazines—including the two others in what advertisers insist upon referring to as "our field"—have mostly embarked upon efforts to please and please and please.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, on the other hand, has for at least fifty years considered it part of its own mission to rub readers' noses in reality; to take away the lollipops and crutches of self-delusion; to attack, not the man-eating shark or sin itself, with everyone clucking empty pieties together, but the mighty and plausible and significantly damaging beliefs and agencies and persons—those with facilities to hit back, or adherents who can retaliate against us.

This means that in some regards ours is a harder row to hoe; we feel it is also a better one.

The above is an excerpt from an internal memorandum dated March 19, 19[illegible], from Editor Wade Nichols to the editorial and advertising staffs of Good Housekeeping. Its purpose was to restate the basic editorial platform of the magazine. Good Housekeeping feels it provides an insight, possibly of public interest, into the magazine's continuing editorial policies and functions as interpreted by its editor.

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The Atlantic Report BRAZIL

In 1960, demonstrations by Francisco Julião's Peasant Leagues throughout Brazil's impoverished Northeast sent thunderclaps in quick succession through the rest of Brazil, Latin America, and the United States. If something else besides the Cuban revolution was needed to provide the impetus which transforms concern into action (as later embodied by the Alliance for Progress), the leagues of this diminutive lawyer-novelist met the requirement. Now, four years later, the danger has never materialized, having been grossly exaggerated by the Brazilian and American press, which overreacted to the first public outcries of a peasantry that had endured misery in silence for generations.

There are two principal reasons why the region's revolutionary potential did not develop. First, the initiative for a change in the power structure, characterized by totalitarian landlordism with its private police called *capangas*, has been seized by three nonrevolutionary groups. They are the Church-led rural syndicates, the state governments, heavily backed by U.S. foreign aid, and the Brazilian federal developmental authority, SUDENE. Second, Julião's movement failed to attract support from other groups on the extreme left and has been opposed by the Communist Party. Nonetheless, friend and foe alike credit Julião with awakening the nation to the plight of the peasants.

The Brazilian Northeast, called the *Nordeste*, is the most extensive and populated area in the Western hemisphere, with a yearly income level under $100 per inhabitant. *Nordestinos* number about 24 million in nine states covering a region about the size of Argentina. Most of the population live along the coast in the humid zone, not more than 100 miles from the Atlantic. Here may be found the great sugar plantations. In the semiarid interior, cotton and tobacco are grown, and there is some cattle raising. The economy of the Northeast is mainly agricultural.

Two thirds of the people live in the rural areas. Most are direct descendants of the slaves who were set free in 1888, when slavery was abolished in Brazil. Now, as salaried peasants or sharecroppers on the plantations, they labor under more subtle forms of servitude. Fewer than 2 percent of the landowners own 75 percent of the land. The productivity of the soil is about the lowest in the world. When this primitive hoe culture is combined with a scarcity of arable lands, devastating droughts, flash floods, a tyrannical landowning class, and a rocketing population growth, the rapid migration into the cities can be understood.

Starvation in the cities

Recife is Brazil's third largest city, having doubled in population to just under a million in the past fifteen years. Sixty percent of its inhabitants live in slums; only 27 percent of its streets are paved in any way; four out of five city dwellers have no sewerage facilities; and the entire city has only twelve thousand telephones. Yet every week, hundreds of rural migrants join the already vast numbers in Recife's slums.

Half of the babies in the slums die before their first birthday. Unemployment is a way of life. Hunting diseased water crabs and begging are the primary available vocations to get the money necessary to pay unscrupulous landlords, who connived a perpetual lease from the federal government, the original owner of the lands along the rivers. Other coastal cities of the Northeast — Fortaleza, Salvador, Natal, São Luis, Maceió, and João Pessoa — serve as dumping grounds for this humanity, a product of voiceless neglect.

For some *nordestino* peasants, the cities are only a way station in a traditional trek to the more prosperous and industrialized regions of the Center and South, particularly in and around São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. For decades *nordestinos* have supplied the Center and South with their cheap labor. Furthermore, *nordestinos* built Brasília in the wilderness of the great central plain.

Exploitation by the prosperous

More important in explaining the stagnancy of the Northeast is the continuing transfer of capital from the area to São Paulo and vicinity. One

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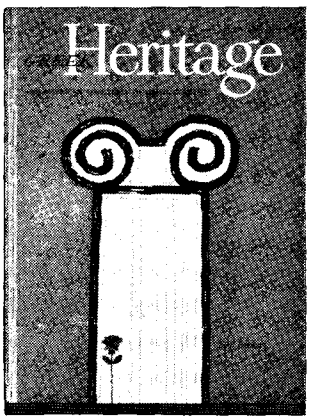

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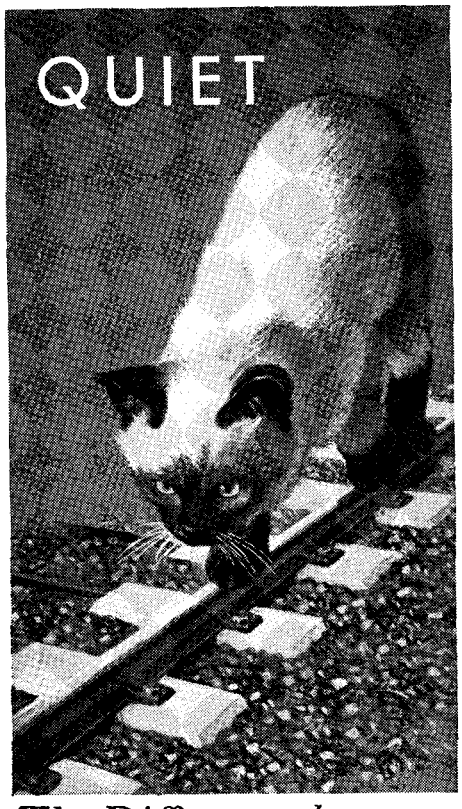

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magnet has been the greater return on investments there. Another is that the Northeast sells to the Center and South primarily commercial agricultural products in exchange for edible foodstuffs, manufactured goods, and imported consumables. In this domestic trade between regions, the Northeast runs a persistent deficit and is victimized by the impact of import and exchange controls favoring the Center and South.

A regressive tax structure, plus an almost complete lack of interest in the Northeast investment by the São Paulo millionaires, adds fuel to the resentment of *nordestinos* against what they believe is exploitation by a more advanced area of their country. Foreign investment is fairly inconsequential. Disparities in growth between the two areas are constantly increasing.

The flow of money has not been wholly one way, however. Federal relief funds earmarked for victims of the droughts and for drought safeguards have been substantial in post-war years. But the developmental impact of these funds has been vitiated by the politicians and wealthy *nordestinos* who have managed to enrich themselves either by directly siphoning off the monies or by constructing useless dams and other public works in order to increase the value of the land for speculation purposes.

Hope for economic development

It was the great drought of 1958, coupled with the first peasant stirrings under Julião, that brought the winds of mild change to the Northeast. President Kubitschek was draining his country's treasury in a frantic effort to construct the new capital, Brasília, when Brazil's leading economist, Celso Furtado, presented him with an economic and humanitarian analysis showing why the Northeast was badly in need of a federal developmental authority. A realist as well as a scholar, Furtado did not hesitate to utilize the "menace of Julião" as an additional motivating factor. The outcome of his efforts was the creation of the Superintendency for the Development of the Northeast, known as SUDENE. Headed by Furtado, SUDENE has obtained nearly 5 percent of annual federal expenditures each year.

Furtado started slowly. SUDENE was launched with a small staff of idealistic young Brazilian engineers, agronomists, and economists, fresh from the universities. It was operating in an intensely hostile environment of suspicious landowners, whose long cooperation with corrupt federal and state officials had rarely recognized the law or tolerated public officials dedicated to mass welfare.

In his strategy for economic development, Furtado acknowledges three forces necessary for action: danger, as embodied in Julião; idealism and expertise, to be provided by SUDENE; and the profit motive, which he hopes will induce São Paulo's industrialists to build factories in the Northeast. Thus far, the strategy is mired in difficulties. Julião, now a federal deputy, no longer inspires much fear in anybody. Lacking funds, having failed to develop a corps of dedicated organizers, and confronted with illiterate, poverty-wracked peasants fearful of incurring landowner wrath, he has declined in importance as a power factor in the Northeast.

Rural syndicates, led by a group of young Catholic priests, presently outnumber his loosely knit leagues. These syndicates appeal to the peasant on the principle that "if you ask for less, you end up with more." Their goal is not revolutionary; it is simply to secure minimum wages and other benefits for their members. The effectiveness of the Church-led unions in controlling peasant unrest has even begun to attract financial support from the Brazilian Institute for Democratic Action (IBAD), which has been described as the "Brazilian John Birch Society."

The profit motive, garnished by strong tax and other incentives, has brought very little Brazilian capital into the region. The low purchasing power of the Northeast market and the lack of skilled labor and readily available investment opportunities are persistent deterrents.

SUDENE itself has been having problems, both with some state governors jealous of this federal intrusion and with the substantial U.S.

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foreign aid program under the Alliance for Progress. By an agreement signed between the two countries in April of 1962, the United States undertook to contribute $131 million over a two-year period for extending transport and electric-power services; improving educational and health facilities, water supplies, and housing; expanding the productivity and area of agricultural lands; surveying existing resources; and stimulating private initiative in manufacturing.

Misunderstandings, differences in policies and timing, and complications arising out of relationships between the U.S. mission in Recife and the state governors have severely hampered the cooperation between the American Agency for International Development and SUDENE, which has responsibility for implementing U.S. aid.

But SUDENE's biggest difficulties are what Furtado terms "notorious structural vices" that impede the reconstruction of the agricultural economy and block the "intense rhythm of growth with a minimum of social tension," which he envisions as an essential combination. Basic to all SUDENE's complaints is the absence of agrarian reform, without which development is impossible. Agrarian reform, in the view of many leading Brazilian experts, must bring about a fairer distribution of land and its earnings, but they stress that other results which will flow from such a reform — for example, increased agricultural production and the achievement of first-class citizenship by the peasantry — are just as important. But land-reform legislation has been mired in the gentry-dominated federal Congress for many months, and few think that any bill that passes will carry much strength.

This state of affairs is contributing to an evolving approach by SUDENE to nourish change in the countryside by providing the technical assistance and rural credit needed for organizing the peasants into cooperatives. The long-range expectation is for these cooperatives to become sufficiently prosperous so that they can ensure the enforcement of laws guaranteeing a minimum wage and other rights to rural workers and can buy or lease land from large-plantation owners. One two-year-old cooperative supported by SUDENE recently leased a sugarcane plantation of twelve thousand acres.

The quest for orderly change

The quest for orderly change necessarily involves a decentralization and transfer of power along more democratic lines. But existing procedures and institutions, both governmental and private, may well prove ineffective to meet the growing demands of the reformers. Mass misery is not easily translatable into support for popular reforms. As a young professor at the University of Recife has observed: "The poverty here paralyzes the mind as well as the body."

This phenomenon has been driven home with great force by the evolution of the Arraes administration during the past fifteen months in the key state of Pernambuco. Miguel Arraes was elected governor in late 1962 by a left-of-center coalition ranging from orthodox Communists to moderate liberals. His background, campaign, and the advisers he chose indicated a thoroughgoing attack on all the social injustices, waste, and corruption that had long plagued the state.

Now in his second year in office, Arraes is operating as though his sole mission were to keep his balance politically for future election. He has not even moved against the exploitation of the slum dwellers a few blocks from the Governor's Palace. The explanation for this immobility is that Arraes has simply not succeeded in generating mass support. Without this support, he is bending before the pressures of the upper classes.

There has been some progress in the Northeast. Schools, roads, health facilities, and housing units have been built. A remarkably conceived literacy movement is under way. Federal funds are flowing in, and a corps of dedicated developers at SUDENE is growing. But the question is whether a sufficient ground swell of pressures can bring about the necessary reforms without setting off a violent eruption throughout this neglected region.

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A MESSAGE FOR PARENTS—ABOUT RESPONSIBILITY...

Our teen-age girls are not learning to eat right, and poor health is their penalty

TEEN-AGE GIRLS in the United States, a country noted for its great abundance of healthful foods, often damage their own health and deprive themselves of a full measure of the sparkle and vitality they want because they have not learned to eat right.

Surveys conducted by university nutritionists indicate clearly that the diets of teen-age girls tend to be low in calcium, vitamin A, and ascorbic acid (vitamin C). Many of these girls are low in intake of these essential nutrients because they, much too often like their parents, skip breakfast or try to start the day with too little nourishment.

Studies have been made to determine why these girls do not eat right. Many of them are simply ill-informed about what is happening to them in their adolescent years. They do not realize their young bodies are maturing and need food nutrients in adequate amounts to enjoy good health. They are sometimes excessively concerned about being overweight even though many of them are really undernourished.

EATING RIGHT HELPS INCREASE VITALITY

Many of these girls, as well as many of their older sisters and their mothers, lack the very vitality they want because they don't eat right. They ignore or don't realize the important role that diet plays in physical appearance, including skin and hair health. There is evidence, too, that poor nutritional habits in the teen years account for a significant part of the difficulties which young women experience in childbirth.

These girls tend to be deficient in the nutrients found primarily in milk and in citrus fruits and juices. Too many have picked up from their mothers, and perhaps their fathers, the completely erroneous idea that milk is "fattening." Because they skip breakfast, they often don't have the fruits or juices rich in ascorbic acid.

Teen-age girls are frequently quite volatile personalities and may be difficult to reason with. They dislike being treated like small children and being told to eat this or that. They are in training for maturity, and the parents who follow the policy of "Do as I *say*, not as I *do*" find it very difficult to encourage their children to adopt the kind of eating habits that will prove most beneficial for the younger members of the family.

NEED A FAMILY FOOD PLAN?

Preparing food for the family should not require the services of a computer, nor is a healthful diet one that is not also enjoyable. Following the Daily Food Guide which the nutrition scientists have developed is a sound, and easy, approach to keeping the entire family well fed. But, remember, its good sense applies to the adult members of the family as well as to the children. The Daily Food Guide suggests selecting foods from these four major groupings:

Milk and Dairy Foods: Teen-agers and children should have 3 to 4 glasses of milk each day (or its equivalent in such dairy foods as cheese and ice cream). Adults, for a balanced diet and to set a good example for other members of the family, should have at least 2 glasses of milk each day.

Milk is an important source of essential food nutrients. For an adult man, for example, 2 glasses of milk each day supply about 25% of daily protein needs; 71% of the calcium (required to keep bones strong even after growth stops and for other vital processes); 15% of the vitamin A (which helps to keep skin clear and smooth); 46% of the riboflavin (which also aids skin health and helps cells use oxygen); 10-12% of the thiamine (which helps prevent irritability and promotes normal digestion); 10-13% of the calories (which, despite any unhappy thoughts the term suggests, are needed to provide the body's energy).

Percentages of nutrient requirements for an adult woman are slightly higher in each case because the adult female has lower nutrient needs. The 4 glasses of milk recommended for teen-agers provide higher percentages of all these essential nutrients, but this amount of milk supplies only 25 to 28% of the total calorie needs of a teen-age girl. Remember, too, that the calories in milk are often called "armored calories" because they supply so many other essential food nutrients.

Meat, Fish, Poultry, Eggs: 2 or more servings each day from this group provide more protein, iron, thiamine, riboflavin, and niacin.

Vegetables and Fruits: 4 or more servings help assure adequate intake of vitamins and minerals. Selections should include a citrus fruit or vegetable rich in vitamin C and a dark-green or deep-yellow vegetable rich in vitamin A.

Breads and cereals: 4 or more servings each day from this group provide iron, B-vitamins, protein, and calories.

If you make the Daily Food Guide your family's plan for eating right, you'll do everyone a favor. Teen-age girls have many problems growing up in American society, but helping them learn to eat right is one way we can reduce the strains for them. The best way to help them learn to eat right is for parents to set a good example at the family table.

a message from dairy farmer members of
american dairy association
20 N. Wacker Drive
Chicago, Ill. 60606

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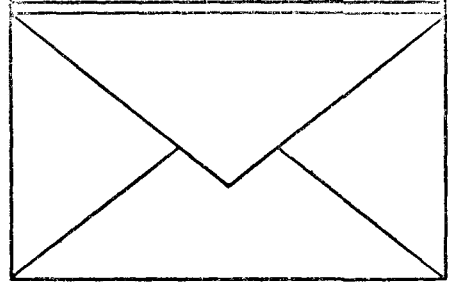
Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



The national debt

SIR:

The most alarming feature of Mr. J. David Stern's article, "The National Debt and the Peril Point" (January *Atlantic*), is that it emphasizes that the "nation is growing faster than its debt" without frankly disclosing that the *total* debts, public and private, of our nation are growing much faster than our gross national product. What frightens many astute bankers, editors, and politicians over America's position is not the size of our federal debt but the appalling $392 billion rise of our nonfederal debts in less than twenty years.

American infatuation with the delights of debt may not disturb Mr. Stern, but it accounts for Western Europe's growing concern over our unsolved "balance of payments" headache and recurrent heavy gold drain, the possible devaluation of the U.S. dollar, and the shocking realization that the world's richest nation, the bulwark of capitalism, is now forced to protect its economy by an $11 billion tax cut, on top of still another heavy annual deficit.

GEORGE DOCK, JR.
New York City

SIR:

Granted that the national debt, as a percentage of the GNP and net disposable personal income, has decreased since 1947, personal debt and local government debt, however, as pointed out by Mr. Stern, have increased about 400 percent. At the same time, the purchase power of the money has been eroded as a result of our creeping inflation. Consequently, the total indebtedness of the average taxpayer is greater now that it has ever been.

We can translate this, as has been done by Mr. Stern, into the budget problem of a typical family. One of Mr. Doe's debts is indeed down — his share of national debt — and his earnings have almost doubled in fifteen years. Yet his local taxes, school taxes, home-improvement cost, living cost, have quadrupled, and the Does have added to their personal debt by purchasing a car, furniture, appliances, last year's vacation trip for "A Dollar Down and a Dollar a Week."

The point of peril is already very near for many families throughout the country. Let's not burden the nation with additional debt for expenditures that we can do well without.

ERWIN C. WINKELMANN
Cleveland, Ohio

SIR:

Mr. Stern's statement, "Our communications are controlled by wealthy ultraconservatives who are congenitally allergic to government spending," must surely win accolades for the most ridiculous statement of 1963.

I am sure that the Administration for the past three years has received the most favorable coverage by all news media ever afforded any Administration. I feel certain that if the President or any responsible member of the Administration's Council of Economic Advisers wanted an economic fact or theory presented to the people, this would be presented nationwide in every detail within twelve hours of the release. The Administration's budgetary difficulties have been in convincing its own democratically controlled Congress and not in reaching the people through our "controlled communications." The problem seems to be one of convincing people rather than one of getting the message to them.

The means by which the proposed tax relief will alleviate the pains of depressed areas and racial tensions seem a bit hard to grasp. Most of the depressed areas have become so because industry has moved out or because automation has decreased the need for unskilled labor. Tax relief, defense spending, and so forth will perhaps stimulate the economy, but the majority of the stimulus will be to the already booming industries.

It is also naïve to believe that a single year's tax relief will significantly affect racial tensions. Such tensions undoubtedly have their roots in long-standing economic frictions and injustices, but they are only a small facet of the overall problem.

JOHN D. BURRINGTON, M.D.
Dedham, Mass.

SIR:

J. David Stern's article includes some interesting statistical relationships between national debt, population, and disposable personal income. I believe, however, that these comparisons would prove more meaningful if they were adjusted to take into account the 35 percent increase in consumer prices during

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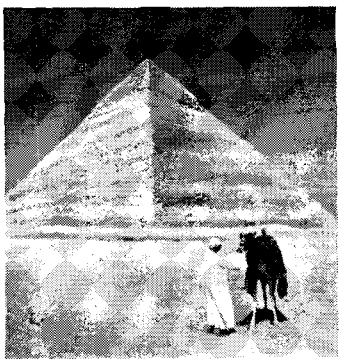
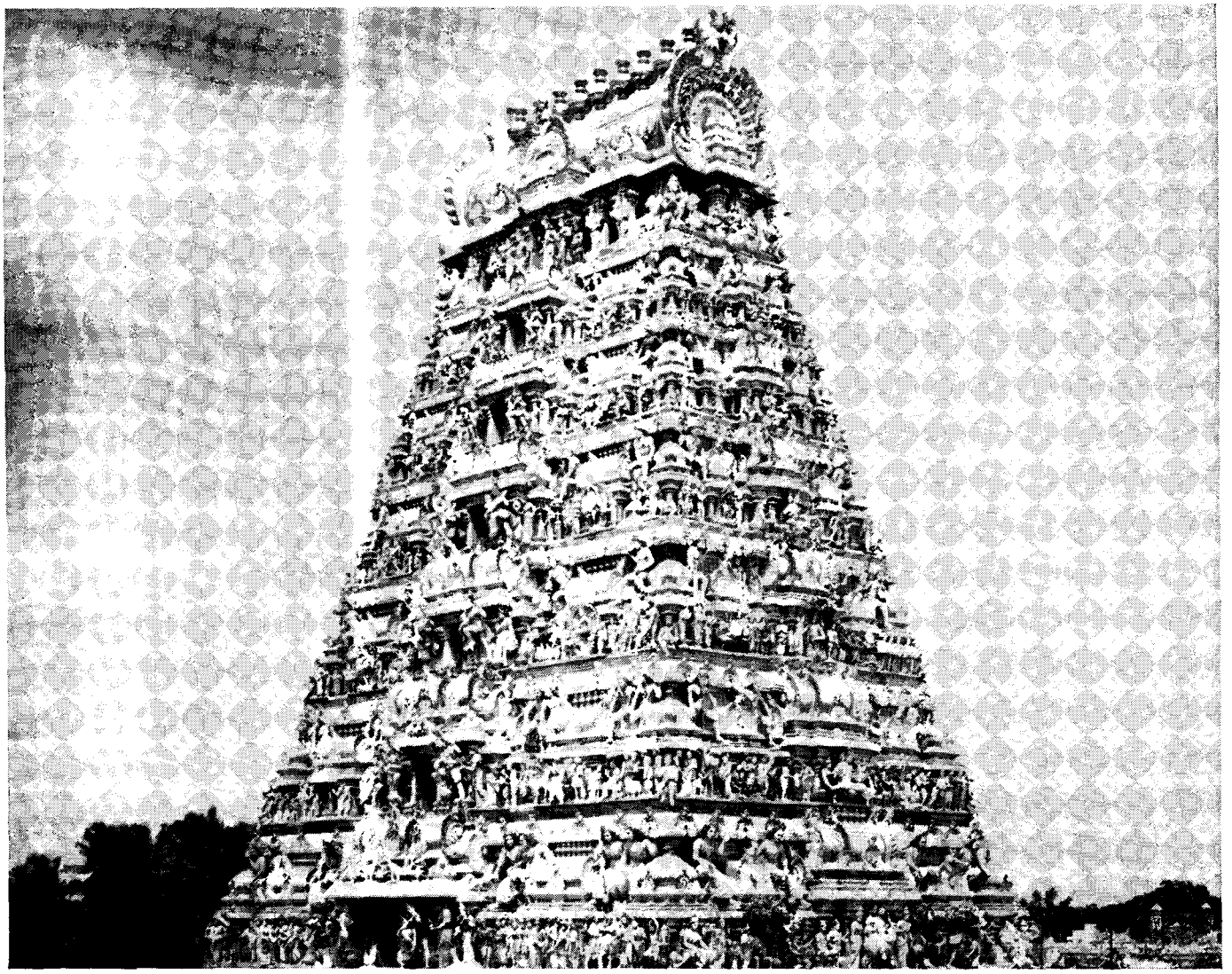


What in the world could possibly top this?



This!

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the period from 1947 through 1962. For example, approximately one half the gain in per capita personal income during this period was offset by higher price levels. In addition, the federal debt figures do not take into account the billions of dollars of loans made by other lenders, notably in housing, which are insured or guaranteed by the government. However, I believe more substantial criticism of Mr. Stern's article is merited and can be advanced.

To begin with, it is not valid to attempt to draw an analogy between federal debt and business debt. Long-term business debt is usually incurred for the financing of income-producing assets and is thus potentially self-liquidating. Although federal debt may on occasion directly or indirectly finance the acquisition of public capital assets, it is primarily used to finance an excess of aggregate public expenditures over public receipts.

An adequate treatment of these differences is complex and cannot be accurately presented through the simple analogy attempted by Mr. Stern.

The inflationary character of the federal debt derives from the fact that it is much more likely than private debt to be imbedded in our money system. Congress has powers, delegated to the Federal Reserve, to create money; and the Federal Reserve acts under this responsibility to see that the United States Treasury raises money to pay its bills. It seems fair to predict that without the principle of a balanced budget, the Federal Reserve would soon find itself in the unhappy dilemma of having to choose between promoting inflation and letting the Treasury encounter serious borrowing difficulties.

The plain fact is that we have run budget deficits in twenty-six of the last thirty-two years without providing the economic stimulus hoped for by their sponsors and proponents. The immense budget and the heavy tax load required to carry it are the real barriers to greater economic achievements. True economic growth depends on the performance of the private economy, not on the performance of government. Government investment is in large degree a substitution for, not an addition to, private investment. The motives and incentives of the private enterprise system are vastly superior to federal government planning as a means of effectively allocating productive resources.

Because we are so much more involved today in world trade than ever before, and because the dollar has assumed the position of a key world currency, we must protect its integrity in the eyes of foreigners through sound domestic policies.

Apparently, many would have us believe that, with regard to our national debt, the peril point is only reached when we get there — but it is a point of no return!

HENRY T. BODMAN
President, National Bank of Detroit
Detroit, Mich.

I agree with Mr. Dock and Mr. Winkelmann that growth of total debt — state, local, personal, and business — is a matter of concern. But if our bankers are so nonchalant about increase of other forms of debt, why this alarm about national debt which shows the least expansion?

"The most ridiculous statement of 1963" is Dr. Burrington's appraisal of my complaint that the public is not being given a fair analysis of the national debt. I would appreciate his referring me to newspaper editorials and articles in magazines of general circulation which disprove my assertion.

Mr. Bodman is correct in his criticism that I made no reference to increase in the consumer price index. I was trying to simplify a complex subject. He complains that "we have run budget deficits in twenty-six of the last thirty-two years." Why not make it "the last thirty-four years," and recall that President Hoover not only balanced the budget in 1929 and 1930, but achieved surpluses totaling a $1.5 billion.

As a veteran newspaperman I know how difficult it is to be objective in discussing a political controversy. Personal bias is bound to creep into what we write or say. Liberals are emotional about the unemployed, the ill-housed, the undereducated; conservatives about money and national debt. Perhaps liberals have pressed too hard and fast toward a welfare state. Perhaps that is why conservatives exaggerate the menace of increase in the national debt which finances welfare projects.

In my thirty-five years of newspaper publishing I saw many instances of the harm wrought by such emotionalism. To give one instance: in 1937 we were just pulling out of the worst depression in our history. Conservatives Winthrop W. Aldrich, then chairman of the Chase National Bank, and Marriner Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, convinced President Roosevelt that he was running the nation into wild inflation and bankruptcy. They persuaded him to put on all the monetary brakes at once, and so hard that the financial jalopy stopped its upward course, started to roll back, and crashed into the depression of 1938.

— J. DAVID STERN

Born a square

SIR:

In respect to the article in the January *Atlantic*, "Born a Square: The Westerners' Dilemma" by Wallace Stegner, I say thank heaven for Western "squares."

BERTHA M. GATCHELL
Scarsdale, N. Y.

SIR:

Mr. Stegner's discussion of the Western predicament is valuable in that it represents the predicament of those, like myself, who still search nostalgically for what he calls the "heroic virtues" in contemporary literature.

I had come almost to the point of believing that my rejection of the predominating Marquis de Sade school was, in fact, bourgeois and incredibly reactionary for my twenty-two years. Now, bolstered by Mr. Stegner's article, I applaud with gratitude his superb exposition of the problem. In accepting misery and perversion as a part of the universe but yet denying them as the rule, he reinstates the basic clash between good and evil as reality and gives the now-forgotten nobility of man a fighting chance.

JOAN KEEFE
Northampton, Mass.

SIR:

Bravo for Wallace Stegner! His article in the January *Atlantic* masterfully sent the rocks flying and exposed a whole army of those slimy literary creatures who loathe sunshine and fresh air.

Stegner wants to know why the healthy white Protestant American who has an optimistic outlook should be a literary pariah, and I would like to add a small amen to his question. What has happened to individual initiative and backbone? Perhaps stoicism is out of date, but I cannot feel empathy for those exhibitionists who blame their parents, their dogs, or the filthy system for their own inadequacies. I admit I like a hero who makes

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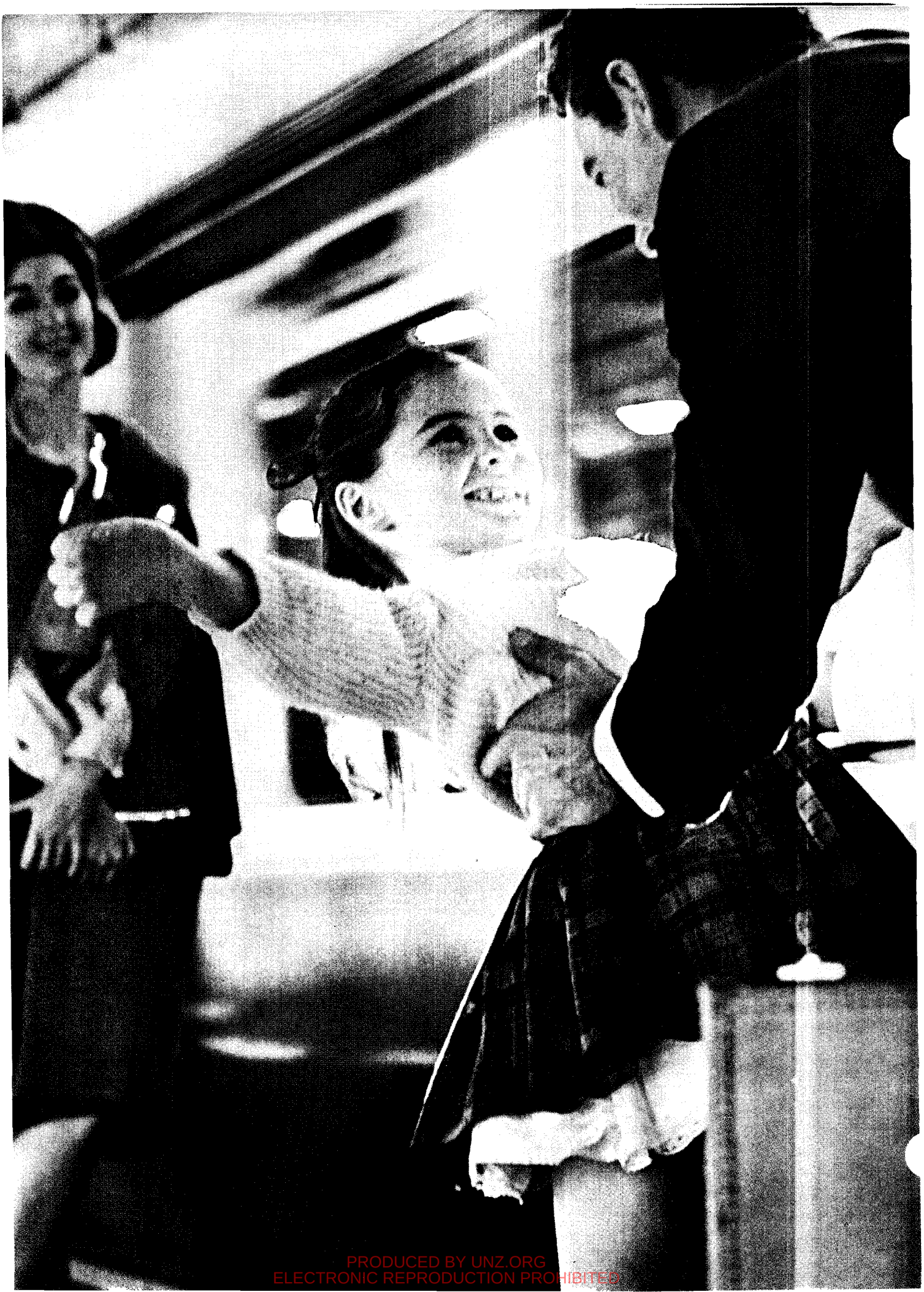

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By 1980, more than half of all Americans will live in 40 great metropolitan centers, and some people have wondered if the nation won't wind up in one huge traffic jam.

It needn't, for many good answers to transportation problems are being found.

General Electric has developed an advanced system that can dispatch rapid-transit trains, run them at pre-programed speeds, and stop them – all automatically. Key metropolitan areas, such as the Bay Area of San Francisco, are already considering systems of this type.

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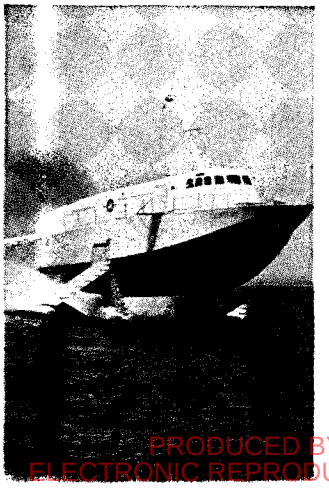

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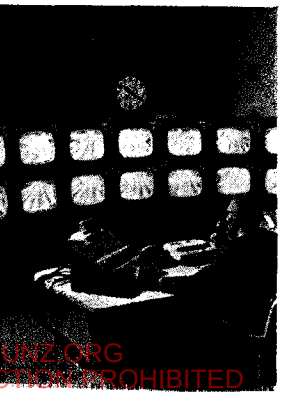
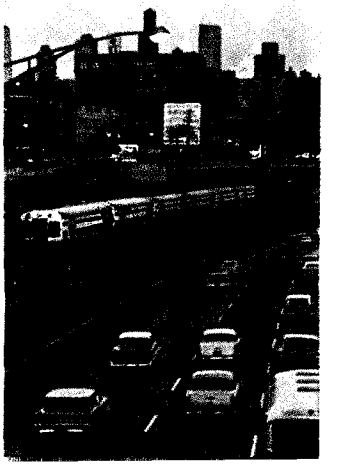


Road-rail coordination. Chicago runs rapid transit down the center mall of an 8-lane expressway, reducing congestion. Riders will soon benefit from 180 new cars, using G-E propulsion systems.



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the most of what he has and learns something along the way.

Perhaps this outlook *is* "square," but the procession of spleeny misfits of sophisticated literature is getting tiresome. One Clarence Day is worth a carload of these.

JOYCE W. WEBB
Madison, Wis.

SIR:

Wallace Stegner's article is worth its weight in gold. He correctly assesses our background, attitude, ability, and points a way toward a present-day conflict essential to good literature. And literature is what most of us have in mind.

Many of us Westerners have been to "Rome," and whether because of heritage, as Mr. Stegner suggests, or complete revulsion for the cult of ugly perversion, have rejected the faddism of the pseudosophisticated society and spurned sadism as unworthy of our talents. A writer, be he Westerner or Easterner, cannot dwell exclusively at either end of the virtue-evil scale and be anything but dishonest.

ELLEN HILL ANDRUS
Cerrillos, N. M.

SIR:

Mr. Stegner's delightful article on the dilemma of the Western square impels me to proffer a plea for the Easterner of the species, although my concern is solely with the painter and sculptor, whose plight, to me, is even more grave than that of the writer, who is born armed for such conflicts. The artist, by nature of his calling, is usually inarticulate and at the mercy of the social clubs masquerading as museums and institutes of "Modern" and "Contemporary" Art and their pitchmen of the press.

Traffic signs and such have their place — at road intersections — and discarded auto parts, theirs — the junkyard; but as soul stimulants in the chapels of our culture? I wonder!

I suggest that this promotion of sign painters and welders as creative artists is just another sick gimmick for status seekers; to accept it as valid is to belittle all of the aristocracy of art, from Giotto to Cézanne.

DONALD C. GREASON
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

Wallace Stegner's probing essay about that great area of our country from, say, Nebraska to the Pacific Coast and from the Dakotas to Texas and Arizona — it's hard to bound, but what is sometimes called the Rocky Mountain West — is more than the usual good *Atlantic Monthly* article.

I have seen nowhere else before so deeply visionary and critically informed an article on the subject of the relative nonexistence of a literature peculiar to this area. Could it be that in this sensitive appraisal we have at last had the beginning of a long-needed but also long-postponed formulation of a literary situation, or its lack, in a major area of the United States? As I read I felt a positive thrill that the country from which I come (born in Portland, Oregon; educated in Colorado; lived in Phoenix, Arizona, Holdredge, Nebraska, Texas) was finally reaching the eye of somebody who was able to assay its possible contribution to the artistic and literary life of the country as a whole — and, for that matter, of the world.

GEORGE DE SCHWEINITZ
Canyon, Tex.

The Eisenhower Administration

SIR:

Professor Oscar Handlin's review of President Eisenhower's memoir, *Mandate for Change*, in "The Eisenhower Administration: A Self-portrait" (November *Atlantic*), contains numerous statements that should be challenged. To mention a few:

The economy. Handlin's statement "the economy remained prosperous" is misleading. After Korea not only did the Eisenhower Administration effect a smooth transition from a war to a peace economy; it also sparked a prosperity that rapidly burgeoned to unprecedented proportions. The GNP rose $70 billion from 1952 to 1956; meanwhile the consumers' price index rose less than one percent over three years. Between 1945 and 1952 the index rose 50 percent. The Eisenhower growth and prosperity was *real.*

Transportation. The term "tentative efforts to deal with transportation" ignores the St. Lawrence Seaway and the fact that the massive system of domestic highways still under construction today results from the Eisenhower Administration's Highway Construction Bill of 1956.

Civil Rights. Eisenhower's record was a proud one. He scorned his predecessors' political device of demanding impossible legislation from Congress. Without the thrust of today's relentless pressures, he set his own house in order through a series of sweeping changes in the executive branch of the government, the military services, the District of Columbia, and forty-seven Southern veterans' hospitals. The President's Committee on Government Contracts (headed by the Vice President) was for the first time permitted to act affirmatively. In 1957 the first major civil rights legislation in almost one hundred years was passed. There were many other achievements accomplished quietly, without fanfare and without an eye to political aggrandizement.

Foreign Affairs. Handlin's allegation that the Eisenhower Administration was deeply divided on foreign policy rests on the bagatelle between Corsi and Dulles and an interim speech-writer's dislike for submitting foreign policy speech drafts to Secretary Dulles.

Handlin says that Eisenhower "does not recognize that the price of peace in Korea was the loss of Indochina." Would Handlin have had Eisenhower continue the war in Korea to keep the heat off Indochina? He ignores the role of SEATO in providing the moral basis for U.S. assistance to South Vietnam; he criticizes Eisenhower's unwillingness to pursue either an invasion of Red China or a Far East Munich. Russian influences, he says, had not previously penetrated the Near East, Africa, or Latin America. How about Mossadegh in Iran and Arbenz in Guatemala?

MAXWELL M. RABB
New York City

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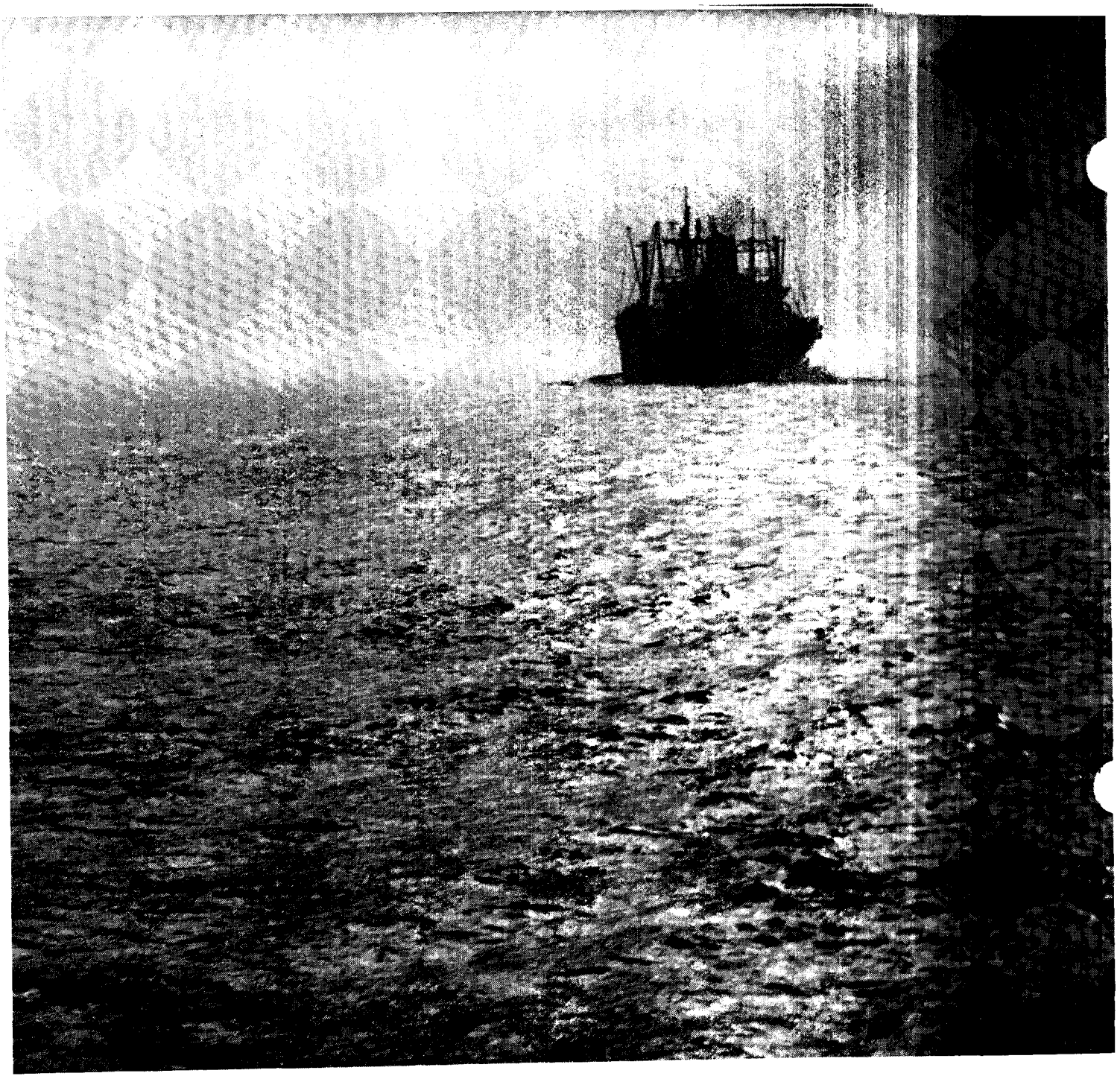

Report from mid-Atlantic:

IBM computer helps 60 nations save lives at sea

ON A STORMY NIGHT in mid-ocean a cabin boy slipped in a freighter's engine room. He was seriously injured and there was no doctor aboard.

Promptly the distress call went out over radio. Shortly afterwards—at 3:10 a.m.—the call was relayed to Coast Guard headquarters in New York City.

The Search and Rescue officer then on duty glanced at a chart. The freighter lay nearly 2,000 miles distant. No Coast Guard ship or amphib could possibly make it there in time.

But somewhere in that area there should be a ship that *did* have a doctor. But what ship—and where was it?

This was a case for AMVER (Atlantic Merchant Vessel Report). The ship's

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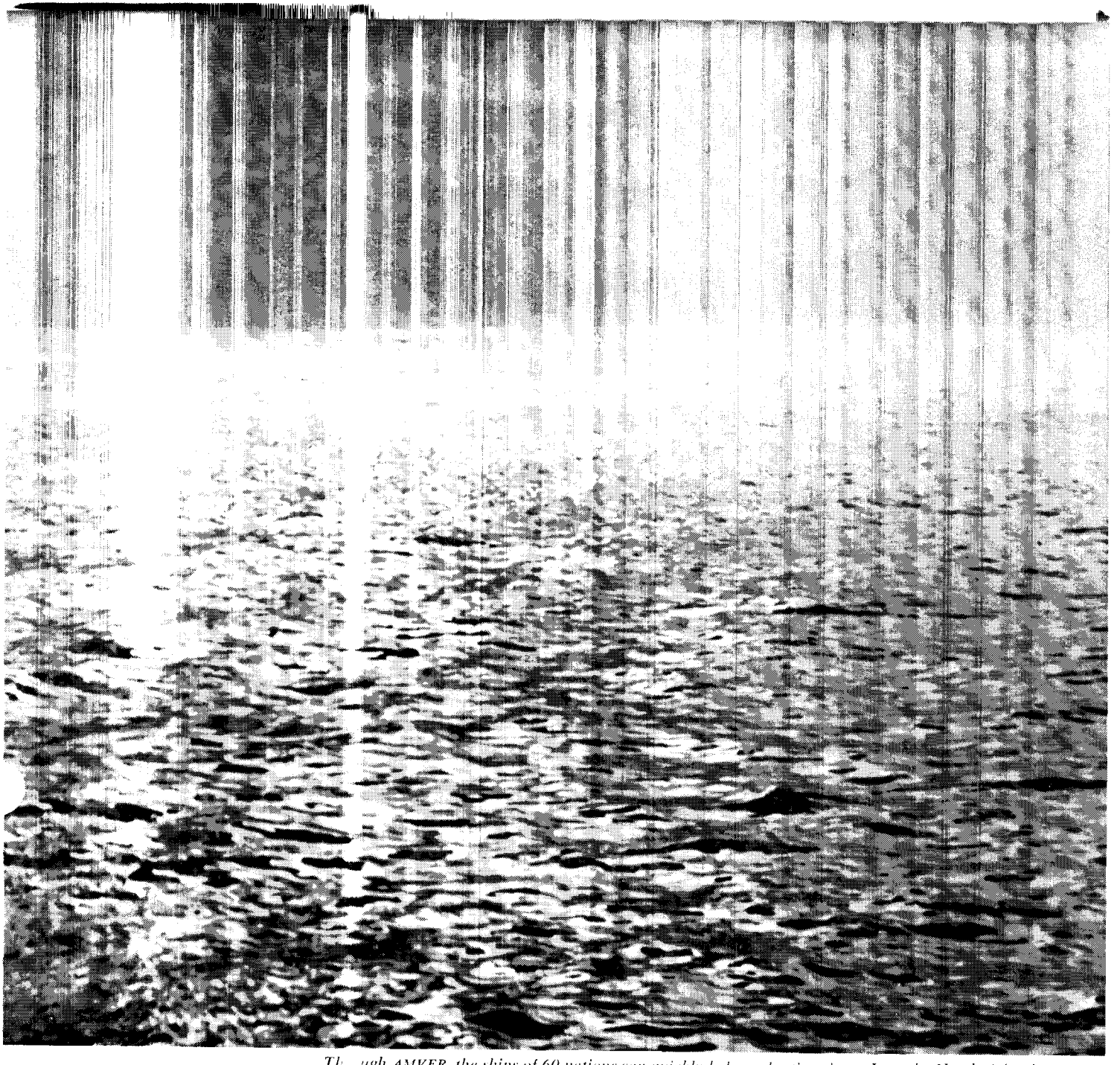

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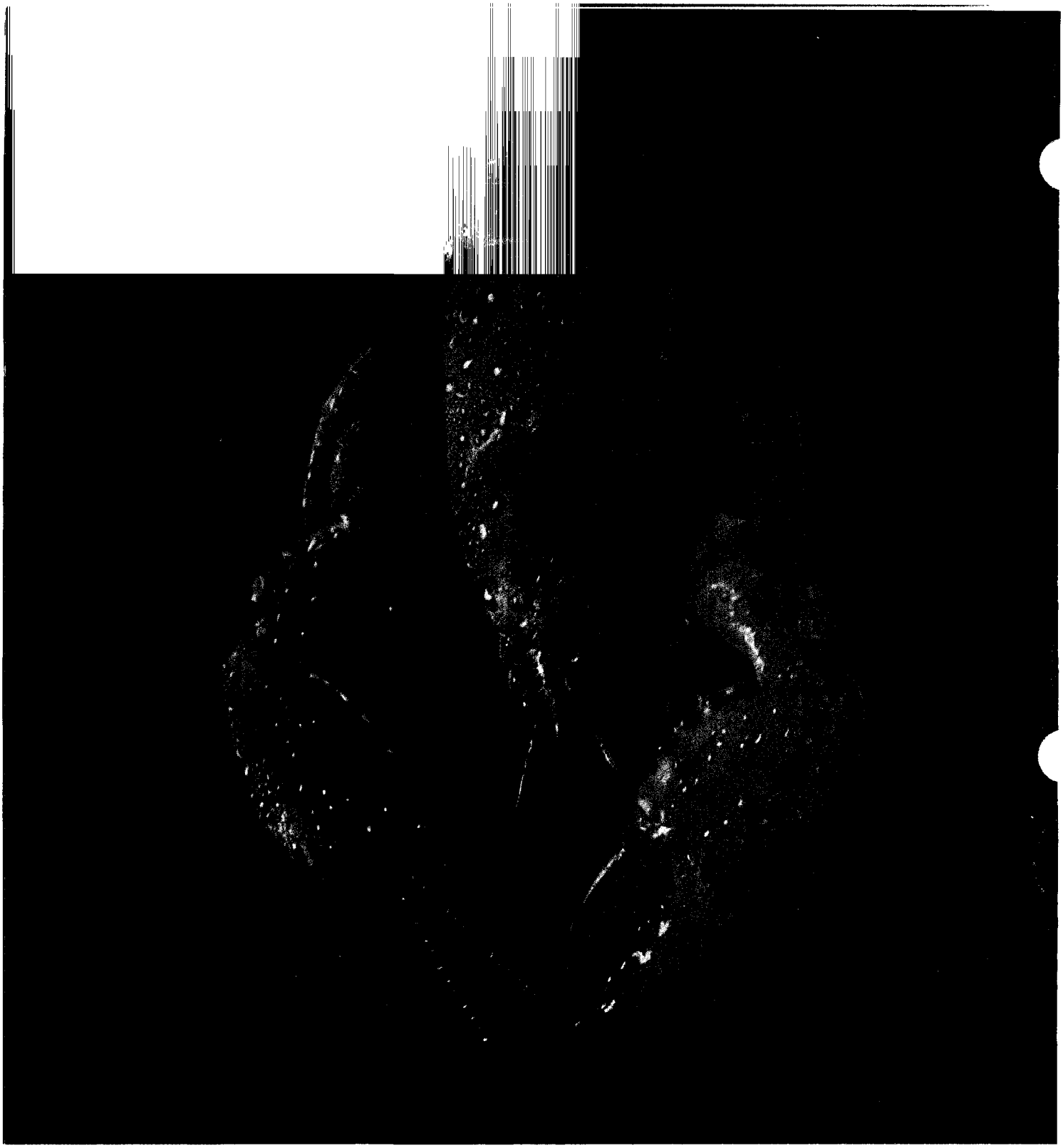

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THE ATLANTIC

IS INTEGRATION THE ANSWER?

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

No one knows better than OSCAR HANDLIN, *Winthrop Professor of History at Harvard, the trials and the prejudices which have beset so many of the minorities which compose our bloodstream. He is the author of* THE UPROOTED, *for which he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for History in 1952, and more recently of* THE AMERICANS: A NEW HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, *in both of which he has thrown fresh light upon the long and troubled process of Americanization.*

For a few weeks, the hope flickered that President Kennedy's assassination might, after all, be the occasion for a breakthrough on the matter of civil rights. Perhaps enactment of a program that meant much to him would give meaning to his martyrdom. But when the emotion of the aftermath drained away, it became clear that no miracle had occurred. President Johnson persuaded the House Rules Committee to begin hearings on the civil rights bill in January, but as those proceeded, it was apparent that the alignments of a year before had hardly changed.

Meanwhile, the tenth anniversary of the Supreme Court's ruling against school segregation approached. In May, 1954, a unanimous decision had struck down the concept of "separate but equal" that for sixty years had sustained the inferiority of the Negro. At the time this had seemed the start of a genuine social revolution. A decade later, the outcome is still not certain. The place of the Negro in American life has significantly changed, but the consequences have not been those anticipated in 1954.

By most conventional measurements, this has been a decade of progress for the Negro. The colored people of the United States have gained a power they never before enjoyed and they have steadily raised the level of their education, employment, and standard of living. Yet, paradoxically, their grievances remain, and, if anything, are more intensely felt than ever before.

The power of the Negroes is the product of both political and moral influence. The steady increase in the size of their vote as they moved out of the rural South made their support crucial in the key states of the North and the West. No office seeker in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan, or California can disregard this sector of the electorate. Even in such Southern states as Georgia and Florida, the election of Negroes to local office is a dramatic indication of what will come as the franchise spreads to ever larger numbers. There have also been starts, although against heartbreaking obstacles, of voter-registration drives deep in the intransigent counties of Alabama and Mississippi. The guarantees of the new civil rights act may open access to the ballot further and increase still more the weight of the Negro vote. The same results will undoubtedly emanate from the extension of the two-party system to the South and from the redistricting ordered by the Supreme Court in *Baker v. Carr* (1962) to eliminate the anachronisms that now favor the country voter.

The development of Negro organizational life has, only within the past decade, revealed how that new power can be used. In 1954 all efforts at amelioration were concentrated in the NAACP and the Urban League, old-line agencies largely sup-

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ported by whites and confined to conventional tactics of litigation and negotiation. The cases they brought to the courts had been responsible for the gains the Negro had painfully made in a half century of agitation. But their methods seemed intolerably slow to the post-war generation, not content to wait for equality in the remote future.

Since 1954, younger, more aggressive men have formed new groups which compete actively with the old. The Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), among others, have transformed the struggle for civil rights. Their strength has also revitalized the old agencies. Negroes are now the dominant element in all these organizations, which are well financed and staffed by a competent bureaucracy. The new techniques of the sit-in and of nonviolent protest have been added to those of political agitation and litigation. As a result, the Negroes' interests are better represented than ever before.

Pressure from these organizations has already produced a striking improvement in the quality of education available to the Negro. Seven states which had maintained segregated systems before 1954 have made considerable progress. In Delaware, West Virginia, Maryland, the District of Columbia, Kentucky, Missouri, and Oklahoma, 80 to 100 percent of the school districts are integrated, and substantial numbers of colored children now study with whites. In Florida, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, and Texas, integration has been accepted as public policy; between 10 and 25 percent of the districts have actually taken the step, although the number of students involved is still small. In Arkansas, Georgia, and Louisiana, there has been token compliance with the law; fewer than 5 percent of the districts have moved in this direction. Only Alabama, Mississippi, and South Carolina remain totally intransigent.

The Northern states have begun to deal with their own version of the problem, which arises not from segregation by law but from the residential distribution that in effect creates separate Negro schools. New York City's open-enrollment plan, for instance, permits parents to shift children from one school to another in the interest of racial balance. Many communities have recognized the need for redrawing district lines to take in a varied population. More important has been a conscientious exploration of the means of compensating for the educational disadvantages of the Negro. The Higher Horizons program sponsored by the New York City Board of Education, for example, has made an active and successful effort to supply in the school the cultural advantages lacking in the homes of the poor.

Some of the effects have already become visible in employment. The improvement in skills and the abatement of prejudice have opened opportunities that were closed just a decade ago. Colored men and women stand behind the counters of the metropolitan department stores and work in the offices of the banks and insurance companies that once shut their doors to them. Black models appear in quality advertising, and black faces form a part of any pictorial representation of the nation. The size of the middle class has grown, and there has been a noticeable rise in the level of income. These tendencies can be expected to continue.

Slowly but demonstrably the conditions of Negro life have improved. The quality of urban housing, even in the segregated districts, receives increasing attention, and in some places integrated residences offer an escape from the slum. Like the whites, Negroes have spread to the suburbs and have begun to restructure their lives according to middle-class standards. Great as the distance to full equality still remains, the record of the past decade offers a basis for cautious optimism.

But not for complacency. The genuine progress of the past ten years has not diminished the sense of grievance among American Negroes — far from it. The decade has witnessed a steady rise in the volume and intensity of their complaints.

THE protest continues in part as a result of resentment against the pockets of the country that have made no concessions whatever. Other Americans can push the events in Alabama and Mississippi to the back of their minds; no Negro anywhere can forget that the color of his skin, in those two states, still exposes him not only to discrimination but to open violence. Murders such as those of Emmett Till and Medgar Evers, bombings such as that which killed the Birmingham children, and the harassment of those who wish to register to vote — all unpunished — send recurrent shocks among the more fortunate Negroes, who can never enjoy the fruits of their own progress without an awareness of the continued suffering elsewhere of men like themselves.

Furthermore, a little progress is a dangerous thing. Speaking of an earlier social upheaval, Tocqueville warned long ago that revolutions are most likely in periods and places where some improvement plants the hope for more among the oppressed. A rising level of expectations increases discontent and makes intolerable the grievances which the utterly hopeless accept as a matter of course. The proximity to equality only increases the hunger for it. The black man is less willing to wait than before, because his goal has never before been so clearly visible.

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Another significant element also enters into the Negro's resentment. A subtle change in the past decade has separated the Negro from other Americans and has created a fundamental divergence in experience which unconsciously and unrecognizedly adds a new bitterness to group relations. That change must be understood in the light of the redefinition of the race problem in the past half century.

Fifty years ago, the race problem did not refer exclusively to the black descendants of the slaves, then mostly concentrated in the South. On the Pacific Coast, difficulties with the "Yellow" Chinese, Japanese, and Hindus threatened the stability of the region. In the mountain states, the trouble was with the Red Indians still uneasily separated on reservations. And against these people of color there seemed to be arrayed not a single homogeneous body of whites but various distinct races of Nordics, Mediterraneans, and Semites.

The issue then was not simply one in which blacks faced whites. The society was fragmented into a variety of disparate groups, the inequality of which was justified by deeply held beliefs. The respectable science of the day taught that mankind was divided into races with fixed biological inheritances; these races competed with one another in a struggle in which the fittest would survive. The social order accordingly discriminated against the inferior breeds to assure the worthy of the most desirable places in education, the economy, and politics. The social tension generated by prejudice often broke out into overt violence, against Greeks in Omaha and against Italians in New Orleans, just as against Negroes in East St. Louis. The Klan of the 1920s was fully as concerned with Catholics and Jews as with the Negro. But the more important manifestation of prejudice was discrimination — in residential ghettos, in undesirable jobs, and in education. In all respects, the Negro was one among many minorities, all of which suffered from similar disabilities.

Between the end of the First World War and the 1950s, Americans struggled incoherently, but largely successfully, to dissolve those prejudices and to alter the view of race from which they emanated. The findings of the sciences of genetics, sociology, and anthropology invalidated the conception of biologically fixed races. The Depression and the Second World War revealed the dangers of prejudice and created a sense of solidarity and common purpose incompatible with discrimination.

In these years, furthermore, all underprivileged Americans learned that they had a common interest. As minorities, they could protect themselves only by securing the rights of all to equality. Hence, the characteristic tactic of this period was to discourage or forbid discrimination on the basis of color, creed, or national origin. The decision of 1954 was the culmination of a long process which involved not only the Negroes who were its immediate subjects but the joint efforts of many other Americans, all of whom had a stake in equality.

The initial acquiescence with which the Court's action was received lasted less than three years. At first there seemed no way to counteract a unanimous decision solidly grounded on law and supported by a firm chain of precedents. It seemed only a matter of time before the deliberate speed the Court requested would integrate all schools, just as the armed forces had already been integrated. But procrastination gave the segregationists time to gather strength, to prepare a line of defense, and to muster the resources for resistance. In 1957, Governor Faubus revealed the effective tactics of evasion: persistent defiance of the law until the troops appeared, then token compliance, which deprived the outcome of any real meaning. Ten years after the historic decision, only a tiny minority of Southern Negroes as yet attend integrated schools, and the end of the struggle for their rights is not within sight.

The psychological effects on the Negro were cataclysmic. In this decade, whoever stood still or slowly crept forward fell behind. While other minorities were making rapid progress and escaping the prejudices which had formerly weighed on all, the Negro was left to suffer alone.

The gains of some Negroes in these years were offset for the group as a whole by drastic changes in the national economy. Automation and the structural transformation of American industry drastically reduced the number of unskilled jobs and opened new places only for those with training or with access to the skilled unions, from which the Negroes were often excluded. The reshuffling of opportunities thus compounded the educational deficiencies of the Negro. While his income rose, the gap between it and that of the whites widened disheartenningly. He was the most likely to be laid off when payrolls shrank, the least likely to be hired when new openings occurred — not only, or not so much, because of prejudice but because of his lack of preparation. Unemployment statistics in Detroit, Chicago, and almost every other industrial center told the same dismal story.

Although some individuals among them inched ahead, the Negroes as a group fell further behind as everyone else moved forward more rapidly. In their growing isolation, colored men began to distrust not only the racist who condemned them to permanent inferiority but also the liberal who seemed content to postpone equality to the remote future. This growing sense of abandonment had unfortunate consequences for all Americans.

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Ten years of frustration have confused both the objectives and the tactics of the civil rights struggle. To the spokesmen for the Negro, the issue is deceptively simple. He is a citizen and demands full and equal rights now. No one can dispute the validity of that goal.

In some areas of the South the problem retains its traditional form. In Mississippi or Alabama, equality still means access to the same treatment at the hands of the law, to the same right to the ballot, to the same education, the same housing, and the same jobs enjoyed by the white man. To achieve that condition it is necessary to eliminate discrimination in the legal and the social systems. What must be done is apparent, however difficult the doing may be.

Equality under the new conditions of urban life, North or South, is far more complex, however. Negative action against discrimination on the grounds of race, creed, or national origin has only limited effect in Philadelphia, New York, or Chicago, where the law does not single out the Negro, but he remains unequal. There segregation is not imposed by ordinances or by organized community pressures; it is de facto, the result of separate residential districts and the product of a cycle in which lack of skill condemns the Negro to inferior jobs, low income, poor ghetto housing, and slum schools. Hence the demand that the state intervene actively and positively to further equality through integration.

The obstacles that keep Northern Negroes out of desirable jobs are no longer the products of overt prejudice; more often they arise from differences in opportunity and training. The sons of existing union members have an easier time of it in securing apprenticeships in the skilled trades; the children of middle-class people do better on the tests that lead to higher education. The liabilities of generations of inferiority are not easily eradicated. Hence the call for preferential treatment, for a quota to ensure the representation of Negroes at all levels of employment, even for a kind of domestic Marshall Plan to aid the colored people. Such favoritism would be in the nature of reparations to compensate in part for the injustices of the past.

The hidden costs of such remedies are high. "Positive integration" sacrifices important communal values embedded in the neighborhood and in the ethnic institutions within which Americans have in the past organized their urban life. It threatens to reduce the individual to an integer to be shuffled about by authority without reference to his own preferences or to the ties of family and other social groupings. Preferential treatment, on the other hand, demands a departure from the ideal which judges individuals by their own merits rather than by their affiliations, for what they are rather than for who they are. These expedients may be necessary, but their effect ought to be weighed seriously.

Furthermore, there is a tragic and often unrecognized contradiction in these remedies. De facto integration looks toward a suppression of the Negroes' identity, since it assumes that any kind of separation, no matter how defined, involves elements of inferiority. It envisions a society which mixes all men so as to minimize the effects of diverse antecedents and anticipates ultimate racial balance or homogeneity in the whole population. Yet the demand for preferential treatment tends to preserve the sense of separateness that sets the Negroes off from the rest of the population. The inability to clarify their long-term goals for themselves and for others adds to the Negroes' frustration.

Without some such criterion, all prejudice seems on the same plane. The Negroes who equate Harlem with Mississippi and the Chicago schools with those of Birmingham or who protest that they are as much slaves in 1963 as they were in 1863 deny the reality of any progress at all. In doing so, they are inaccurate, and they also obscure the gradations that make any advance possible.

The same confusion complicates tactical judgments. Sit-ins and street demonstrations are the only recourse in those areas of the South where the Negroes are excluded from political decisions and due process of law. But the same devices, used in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, reflect a misreading of the situation with unfortunate consequences. Negroes in those cities do have legitimate means of making their wants felt, and when they move outside those channels, they are likely to arouse antagonism that makes it more difficult to attain their immediate and ultimate goals. The sit-in on December 30, 1963, in Superintendent Gross's office at the very moment when he was negotiating with the civil rights leaders was superfluous. It would not have been so in a Southern city where such negotiations were not tolerated.

A MISAPPRAISAL of the position of the Negroes also leads some to imagine that what cannot be gained by negotiation may be gained by threats. The past two years have seen increasing references to violence, both by extremists who look to force as a last resort and by more moderate Negroes who warn that the extremists will take over if gains are not speedier. By the same kind of logic, Jews have been cautioned that the Negro will turn anti-Semitic unless his lot improves drastically, as if what cannot be gained from the growth of understanding may be attained by extortion. When the Reverend Milton A. Galamison, chairman of the New York City-

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wide Committee for Integrated Schools, publicly states that he would rather see the city school system destroyed than permit it to perpetuate de facto segregation, he expresses a nihilism that can only damage the whole society. That is the Northern Negro equivalent of the white attitude in Prince Edward County, Virginia.

The willingness to pull the whole social structure down unless it is forthwith reformed demonstrates the unhealthy focus of the energies of Negro communities on the single issue of integration in these ten years. Other tasks have been neglected in the urgency to reach the promised land which the Supreme Court decision revealed. But however important it may be to sit in or picket, these actions alone will not develop the responsible political leadership or the social organization or the training in skills which modern American life demands.

The frustration of the past decade has left other Americans adrift along the same perilous course, confused about goals and tactics. The solid core of white supremacists has always been a minority and has not changed except insofar as delays in implementing the decision of 1954 have emboldened its resistance. More significant are the subtle shifts in the views of moderates and liberals who consider racial equality inevitable or desirable. They recognize the justice of the Negro's grievances but are tempted to appeal for time, consoling themselves with the little steps forward but postponing the great leaps to the future. They therefore feel guilty when the news comes from Mississippi or Alabama, and they absorb the rebukes of James Baldwin or Whitney Young masochistically. But the rhetoric suggests no feasible program and is a substitute for action rather than a goad to it. As time passes, some liberals become accustomed to the castigations; their own attitudes harden; and they come to believe that the familiar pain will be always with them.

The dilemma is most acute for those who were formerly minorities and therefore allies of the Negro. The children and the grandchildren of the immigrants, now second or third or fourth generation, are completely American. They no longer suffer as acutely as the Negroes do by being Catholics or Jews or by bearing Italian or Greek or Polish names. The more prosperous have escaped to the suburbs and have settled down into the respectable round of middle-class life. Their fight is over; they wish to enjoy the fruits of victory.

Such people retain a general commitment to equality, but they do not quite understand the Negro situation. They themselves succeeded once opportunities were opened to them. Why, they ask, should not colored men and women do the same? In practice, the demands for de facto desegregation threaten the education of their own children, who would be compelled by schemes for racial balance to share classrooms with boys and girls from the slums. The suburban family resents especially the suggestion of preferential treatment. It interprets equality as an open chance for all individuals to compete for admission to a good college, and often the qualified Negro already has the easier time of it. He seems to be claiming more than his legitimate share, at the expense of others. These misunderstandings increase the distance between the well-intentioned blacks and whites in our society.

These circumstances have given racism an ominous new form, most clearly revealed by extremists but visible also among moderates and liberals, black and white.

The old conception of mankind fragmented into a multitude of distinctive and unequal races has given way to a new belief which recognizes but a single line, that created by the color of the black man's skin. Carleton Putnam's *Race and Reason* (1961), endorsed by the White Citizens Councils as well as by Senators Byrd, Russell, and Thurmond, puts the dogma "in a nutshell": "A gullible, trusting nation has been misled by various minority groups . . . into believing that Negroes have an inborn capacity for Western civilization equal to the white race. . . . The facts are that the Negro does not have the aforesaid inborn capacity and that social integration with him invariably produces deterioration."

Even were these propositions true, they would not diminish the Negroes' constitutionally guaranteed right to equality before the law. Were they innately inferior, the black children in mixed schools would simply remain at the bottom of their classes and would present no threat to the purity of the whites. One suspects that those who fear to extend the same chances to all may not be as secure in the faith in their own superiority as they say they are.

In any case, Mr. Putnam's arguments have not won the assent of anthropologists, geneticists, sociologists, or psychologists. No evidence supports the assertion that there are inherent disparities in the intelligence of human groups; Africans have produced civilizations of their own, and environmental factors are adequate to explain the differences between those and Western civilization. Only a handful of aged scientists wedded to outworn conceptions of eugenics and anthropology accept Mr. Putnam's ideas. But that does not trouble him; he explains that a massive conspiracy has intimidated all American scholars and prevented them from perceiving the truth.

Yet Putnam has his counterparts among the Negroes — the Black Muslims. They, too, accept the premise of an ineradicable difference between the

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blacks and the whites, who are permanently hostile to one another. Equality is therefore a sham which the dominant group uses to blind those it exploits to their own true interests. To the Black Muslims integration is a "hypocritical trick" that lures the Negro deeper into the American hell.

Neither the followers of Carleton Putnam nor those of Elijah Muhammad represent more than a tiny minority of Americans. Yet each has a wide circle of sympathizers who shrink from the extreme racist position but are attracted by its easy explanations. Not a few readers approved of Carleton Coon's *Origins of Races* (1962), an old-fashioned head-measuring analysis which showed, on the basis of the fragmentary evidence, that the Negro had entered upon the process of evolution later than other men. Although the author himself had no intention of furthering the racist argument, it was consoling to think that there might be a basis in what happened 40,000 years ago for today's inequities.

By the same token, the wild statements of Malcolm X titillate respectable Negroes who do not accept his doctrines or join his movement. A grudging respect for the Black Muslims discounts their eccentricities and emphasizes their race pride, their morale, and their boldness in rejecting the whites. The chauvinism of color thus spreads on both sides of a serious fissure in the society, which can have damaging consequences for the future.

At best, it will be difficult to compensate for the delays of a crucial decade; the damage may discount the value of the genuine gains of the period. It will take a clear perception of the vital issues on the part of both Negroes and whites to halt the threatening deterioration.

A free society that functions through the consent of the governed can secure order without the use of force only by extending to all its members the equal protection of the law and equal access to opportunity. Such equality ought to be the salient objective of all Americans.

In terms of that objective, there is a consequential difference between Jackson, Mississippi, and New York City, between Birmingham, Alabama, and Chicago. No rhetoric should obscure the fact of that difference. In the South, segregation was historically a device, built into the legal and social system, to establish and perpetuate the inferiority of the freed slave. It was tolerated only because of the myopia of Americans busy with other affairs. It must go, immediately and without qualification. The Barnetts and the Wallaces who wish to preserve it are an imminent danger to the survival of free institutions in every part of the United States.

In the Northern cities, too, there are all-Negro schools and all-Negro residential districts and desirable types of employment in which Negroes are not represented. But that separateness has historical origins, motives, and effects which are altogether different from the segregation of the South. The ghettos of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago antedated the arrival of the Negro. They were not established by law but by the adjustment, largely voluntary, of a heterogeneous population to the conditions of metropolitan life. The Irish, Germans, Italians, and Yankees who peopled these cities chose, and still choose, to live in communities of their own because they could thus best satisfy their social and cultural needs. The Negroes who came in after the First World War inherited that pattern, and most of them would prefer still to follow it if they could do so as a matter of their own choice and without the penalty of inferior facilities.

Here, therefore, integration is not an end but a means toward an end. Equality in education, housing, employment, and politics is the true goal, and genuine progress in that direction will push the problem of de facto segregation to the background, as it has for other groups.

The inability to differentiate between the two situations complicates both. The bitter news from Alabama and Mississippi narrows the attention of Northern Negroes to the sole issue of integration, so they cannot conceive of any other road toward equality. And, conversely, the emphasis on integration lends substance to the Southern fear that complete amalgamation will be the end result of any approach to equality. Yet our experience as a nation should teach the Negro that ethnic groups can retain their character and identity and still be equal. And from the same experience the Southerner should learn that equality leads not to the effacement but to the strengthening of group lines.

There may not be much time to dissolve the confusion. The question we have evaded for a century is now catching up with us. Can a nation which has in the past found strength in diversity and freedom in the ability of voluntary groups to coexist in equality now learn to make room for people whose color is the badge of ancient prejudices and injustices? The position of the Negro will not remain fixed; it will either improve as he is allowed to grasp the opportunities of American society or deteriorate as he is prevented from doing so. Whether he follows one course or the other may prove the crucial test of American democracy.

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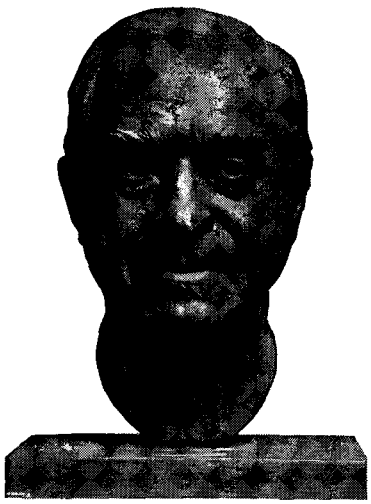

TRIPS TO FELIX

BY GARSON KANIN

A dramatist and the director of many productions, including his own comedy, BORN YESTERDAY, *and that moving tragedy* THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK, GARSON KANIN *and his wife, Ruth Gordon, have made many rewarding trips to Washington for the sake of seeing Mr. Justice Frankfurter.*

I NEVER knew Professor Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School, and Associate Justice Frankfurter of the Supreme Court of the United States was a figure as awesome as his title, but Felix is my friend. He laughs at my jokes, even when they are feeble, disapproves of my far-out neckties and notions, chats with me on the telephone until our wives make us stop, answers every letter, and shares my problems. That he is some thirty years my senior has only now occurred to me. Felix is everyone's contemporary.

To most men whose lives are bound up with the law, the theater world in which I live and work is a rocket-ship journey away, but Felix has made himself part of it, as he has with so many worlds within the world. For years I gave him a subscription to *Variety*, which he read completely and with enormous interest. Why should motion-picture grosses in Dayton, Ohio, interest him? Simply because everything does. Everything, that is to say, which concerns activity, aspiration, and creativity.

His subject is human beings; not in the abstract, nor in the mass, but one by one. Each individual who comes within his ken is a creature to be studied, observed, and understood. In Felix's life there are no strangers. Upon being introduced to someone, he makes the comfortable assumption at once that they both are, and have been for some time, members of the same nonexclusive organization.

Ruth Gordon, as my wife-to-be, brought him into my life. (What a dowry!) She and I were a wartime romance and had tacit marriage plans. When, where, and how remained unanswered questions until a series of coincidences brought us both to Washington, D. C., for the same two-week period — she playing in Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* at the National Theatre; I on an Army assignment to the OSS. The fates appeared to have spoken. We decided to wait no longer; Felix approved. Moreover, he volunteered to perform the ceremony. The day before it was to take place, he phoned to convey some dismaying news. He had learned that, although he was an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, he was not empowered to officiate at a marriage.

"But why not?" I asked.

"Because," replied Felix, "it's not a federal offense."

Across the years, I have had the good fortune of spending many hours with him. Because my memory is poor, and because I wished to preserve the essence of these rare times, I have habitually written down the gist of our meetings. Here is a sampling of some of the most recent of these notes.

FF said today that he knows of no attitude more rare than that of disliking a man and, at the same time, admiring his work.

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Discussing ——, FF says, "He has brains, but no sense."

He says, "The mode by which the inevitable is reached is effort."

Scholarship. He talks this morning of his first American days, of landing at Ellis Island at the age of twelve, never having heard or seen a word of English. He began to go to school. He recalls a teacher — Miss Hogan, who used to chastise offending pupils with a simple uppercut. She ordered his classmates to refuse to listen to him if he spoke German, and thus he began to learn English. He found his way to the reading room at Cooper Union, not in search of education but of warmth. The Frankfurters inhabited a cold-water flat, and Cooper Union was heated. It was here that he formed his still firm habit of reading newspapers and periodicals of all kinds. He went on to high school and began to work toward one of the scholarships for the Horace Mann School which were being offered by Joseph Pulitzer. When the term ended, the principal sent for FF and informed him that, although his marks had been exceptional, he had just missed winning one of the scholarships. There had been an unusually large number of outstanding pupils that year. The principal went on to explain that since FF's record was so good, they could offer him an education at the Horace Mann School at half tuition. FF points out that this was a considerable concession, the tuition for the year being $250. The training at Horace Mann was outstanding, and the graduates favored in job opportunities. But his father was barely managing to make ends meet, and the decision was finally made not to take on the added burden. After all, he could go to C.C.N.Y. for nothing, and that is what he did. He looks out the window, and there are tears in his eyes as he goes on.

"Think of it," he says, "if I'd won one of those damned scholarships, I wouldn't have had this grand life I have had. I wouldn't have gone to the Harvard Law School. Horace Mann people went to Columbia. And that's where I'd have been when Henry Stimson asked the dean of the Harvard Law School to recommend some bright young talent, since he couldn't afford to pay them much. And the dean sent me down to work for Henry Stimson — the beginning of everything for me. Why, if I hadn't gone to Washington at that time, I wouldn't have met and married Marion. Working for Stimson, I was paid seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. In money, that is. I was paid much more than that in life."

He says, "My views on capital punishment are well known. I am unalterably opposed to it. However, I would like to reserve its use for a single crime: that of picking up a brand-new book and cracking its binding when opening it."

Holmes. He talks of the early Justice Holmes. "In those days," FF reminds us, "the Court did not sit in the Supreme Court building, but in the Capitol building. Holmes would walk home, in all sorts of weather. He did this until he was well into his eighties. He used to pay a short call every evening on Henry Adams, who lived on the site of the present Hay-Adams Hotel. Holmes recalled that as time went by he found himself stopping in only every other day, then only once a week, then once a month, until he ceased going entirely. He explained why. 'I find that my energies are too depleted by Henry Adams' sterile skepticism.' "

FDR. He tells of visiting FDR in 1933. It was on the eve of FF's departure for Oxford. FDR said, "Well, I probably won't be seeing you for a year now, so before you go, have you any word of advice?"

"Yes, Mr. President," said FF. "It's this. If you don't develop an opposition pretty soon, I advise you to go out and buy one."

Fanny. He tells us tonight of how Justice Holmes and his wife reacted when he announced that he was going to marry Miss Marion Denman. He had, on an earlier occasion, brought Miss Denman to call. She had made a most favorable impression upon them, especially upon Justice Holmes, who had a singular appreciation of beautiful women. The first meeting was gay. Holmes told a slightly risqué story. FF reminded him, teasingly, that Miss Denman was a minister's daughter, whereupon Holmes threw out his arms, lifted his head to the ceiling, and cried, "Blessed be the Lord, for I have done some little harm today!"

Some weeks later, when FF announced to the Justice that he was going to marry Miss Denman, Holmes jumped up and shouted for Fanny. "Dickie!" he called. "Dickie bird!" (FF gets up at this point to give a brilliant imitation of Mrs. Holmes coming into the room. She was old and infirm and moved without lifting her feet from the floor.) As she came in, Holmes said to FF, "Tell her! Tell her!"

"I'm going to marry Miss Denman," said FF.

Fanny said nothing, but turned and slid out of the room. He and Holmes thought this behavior odd. Somewhat embarrassed, they went on talking about other things. All at once, Fanny returned. She held out her fists and asked FF, "Which do you think she would like? This?" She opened one fist, revealing a piece of jade. "Or this?" She opened her other fist, which contained a piece of

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amber. FF pointed to the amber and said, "This, I think." Fanny handed it to him, turned, shuffled out of the room, and was seen no more that day.

Nervous. FF kept using the word "nervous" today, and I began to think that it meant something different from what it does to me. I asked, "When you say a person is nervous, what do you mean, exactly?" He thought for a moment. "Why, a nervous person," he replied, "is a person who makes other people nervous!"

Courtesy. He gets on the subject of courtesy and stays on it too long for me. Finally, I say to him, somewhat impatiently, "Oh, what the hell's so important about courtesy?" He fixes me with one of those cool looks and says, "Courtesy, my boy, is the lubricant of life."

Shrewd. A language discussion today begins with the use of the word "shrewd." "Lincoln," says FF, "was a shrewd man. He was shrewd politically."

"Are you criticizing him?" I ask.

"Of course not. When I say 'shrewd,' I mean that he was *shrewd*." FF frowns in thought and says, "I remember once describing Jesus Christ as shrewd. Marion raised hell with me about it. Yes. We had a bitter disagreement. Oh, well That was twenty-five years ago."

"I think Marion was right," I venture. "The word 'shrew' is certainly not complimentary in any sense."

FF bristles. "But what's that to do with shrewd?"

"Two forms of the same word no?"

"Of course not," he insists, and we are off into the dictionaries — small ones, large ones, and the tremendous Oxford with its cross-references. He finds an essay on the word "shrew" and reads it aloud. He is astonished to find that a man can be a shrew, and that it has to do with small animals, ferrets of some kind. Now it reads to the word "shrewd," a form of the word "shrew." He looks at me. "Imagine you being right," he says.

We get onto other words. He says there are some he cannot bear. He calls them "tired words," used so much that they have lost their meaning. He explains that he is constantly at his clerks to avoid these words in preparing briefs. He laughs as he relates that it has become a custom for his departing clerks to leave a memorandum for the incoming clerks about "all my eccentricities and idiosyncrasies and peculiarities, and each clerk finds new ones, and by now I suppose it must be an enormous, fat file, because there have been about forty clerks, and each one has doubtless discovered *something!*"

He is troubled by "lawyers' language," as when they speak of "the thrust of an argument." He dislikes the words "seminal" and "impact." Worst of all — "semantic." The other day, a counsel answering a challenge from the bench said, "Oh, well, that's just a matter of semantics." FF snapped down, "Of course. All our work, our whole life is a matter of semantics, because words are the tools with which we work, the material out of which laws are made, out of which the Constitution was written. Everything depends on our understanding of them. So it's useless to say, 'Oh, well, that's just a matter of semantics.' "

The illness. He tells us that on November 24, 1958, his physician, Dr. Walter Bloedorn, was doing a routine checkup. FF had been having some unimportant pains, but had done nothing about them, since he knew that this examination was forthcoming. When it ended, the doctor said, "Well, I'm afraid we're going to have to go right over to the hospital."

FF said, "I see. Do you suppose I'll have to be there for a while?"

"Yes," the doctor replied, "I expect you're going to have to be there for quite a while. I'll get an ambulance."

"Is that absolutely necessary?" asked FF. "I have my Tom downstairs. Couldn't he take us over?"

"All right," said the doctor.

They got into the car and drove to the hospital, where they met with Dr. George Kelser, who advised a confirmation of the tests. FF said to Dr. Bloedorn, "I'll ask only one favor: that you go over and explain this situation to Marion, so that she doesn't have to get it on the telephone or in the wrong way." The doctor agreed. FF said, "Look here. I want to ask you fellows something, and I'll be guided by your opinion and advice in the matter. Do you think I should sit down right now and write out my resignation from the Court?"

Dr. Kelser said, "No, no."

Dr. Bloedorn said, "No, there's no need for you to do that."

FF said to Dr. Kelser, "Now, it would be impossible for you, Doctor, ever to know anyone more ignorant of the structure and function of the human body than I. I don't understand anything about what's happening. I'll do exactly what you tell me. I'm placing myself in your hands because I simply don't know. But let me ask you, am I now, as a result of this, permanently damaged?" He laughed as he added, "Is there, in fact, going to be a crack in the golden bowl?" Dr. Kelser smiled and said, "Oh, dear me, no. It's nothing like that at all." He went on to explain the coronary occlusion, the reasons for the bed rest and for the various medications, explaining that nature was going to create a new channel to take the place of the one which had been dammed. This might take

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some time, but when it had been accomplished, he would be as good as he was before, perhaps better.

Recalling it now, FF is gay and says it all worked out precisely as they had said. "I'm planning to live as long as Charlie Burlingham." He chuckles. His friend, C. C. Burlingham, lived to be one hundred and one years old.

Shaw. FF tells about an encounter with George Bernard Shaw. A dinner at Lady Astor's, followed by a debate. FF says, "I can't report it honestly without seeming immodest, but I must tell you that I made mincemeat of him." He smiles. "Of course, he made the mistake of choosing the wrong subject — the American Constitution."

He quotes A. E. Russell as saying, "I believe that experts should be on tap, but never on top."

Hackett. He looks at me tragically and says, "You know that since I saw you last I've suffered a severe blow. A severe blow." Something about his fixed expression conveys that he is about to pop a joke, so I play straight for him and say, with mock solemnity, "Oh, yes, I know."

His voice cracks as he adds, "I've lost my beloved friend Francis Hackett." It is not a joke after all. FF is shattered. He insists that Hackett died of a broken heart, of a massive frustration involving his play *Anne Boleyn.* A rich American dilettante had promised to produce it in America, and the Hacketts, in need of money, counted heavily upon it. FF says, quaking, "That man — that louse-boob — broke every single promise he made and betrayed my friend." He is far more disturbed by Mrs. Hackett's difficulties than he is by his own. Felix.

Audrée. He has turned his hospital room into a sort of laboratory, where he studies men and women. He looks out the window as he says, "I have had a serious experience here." I assume that he is speaking of his attack, but it turns out otherwise. "You saw that nurse who went out a while ago? The tall, pretty, blond one? Audrée? We've been spending many hours here together, and I've had an opportunity to find out a great deal about her life. She is a devout Catholic. Look here. I have spent a good deal of energy attempting to avoid prejudice. But the dogma of the Catholic Church, or of any other denomination for that matter, has always put me off. Now this girl, this Audrée — I have never known generosity of such quality, or such rare kindness. Oh yes, far, far beyond duty. Overwhelming courtesy. And I have been asking questions, delving into the matter, trying to discover the wellspring of such superior behavior." He sits up and leans forward. "Do you know what it turns out to be? Can you guess? Simply this — a practical application of her Catholicism. I've never known anyone who practiced a religion, whose everyday life is based upon a religion as much as this girl's is." He leans back and smiles as he continues. "I told Dean [Acheson] about this — remember, he's the son of an Episcopal bishop — and Dean said, 'Well, that's a damned sight more than can be said for you and me, Felix.' "

Eichmann. I say to FF, "Ruth came down today because she especially wanted to see you, but I came to ask an important question." He looks at me, ready. I have often seen that open, poised expression on his face as I watched him on the bench. "The Eichmann execution," I say. He nods immediately. I continue. "I know that you are opposed to capital punishment, yet you supported the legality of Eichmann's capture in Argentina and of the trial itself. Now, does your stand on capital punishment obtain in this case?"

FF begins slowly. "I don't know what my views would have been or what position I would have taken had I been called upon to decide whether or not to prosecute this man. The idea of a death sentence in this case is meaningless, because one does not, cannot, mete out punishment for a crime such as his. There is no punishment imaginable which would be commensurate with the crime committed."

I remind FF that a delegation of forty or fifty Israeli scholars, scientists, artists, and intellectuals, led by Martin Buber, called on the President of Israel in an attempt to get him to stay the execution. FF jumps at this and asks, "Really? Are you sure? Did that happen? I had not heard." He is pleased by the news, even though the appeal was unsuccessful. It seems to him important that such an effort was made.

The attack. Later, at the house, Marion tells what happened this time. She blames it on "that damned wheelchair." She means the chair in which he works in his chambers in the Supreme Court building. It has ball-bearing casters on it so that it can be moved about easily. She believes it to be a bad chair, causing him to work in cramped positions. Working away, he slumped over and fell onto the floor. Fortunately, Mrs. Douglas, his secretary, happened to come in. She found him lying there, mumbling, but could not make out what he was saying. She called Tom and the first-aid man at the Supreme Court building. They lifted him onto his couch and sent for Dr. Kelser, who arrived in about ten minutes. He gave FF some glycerine tablets and other emergency treatment, then went with him in the ambulance to the hospital. The other doctor, Bloedorn, went to the house to inform Marion. She tells us that she has been to the hospital

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three times. FF calls her every evening at seven o'clock.

The book. We talk about *Felix Frankfurter Reminisces.* Marion tells us that FF insists on the royalties going to the editor. She says "You know, Felix has always had this strange antipathy toward money. He's always trying to think of some reason not to take a fee, or an honorarium, or a payment. He feels victorious when he avoids money. I suppose he has a feeling that there's something wrong about making money."

The hospital again, after two weeks. There has been a depressing deterioration. It may be that we were expecting too much, but last time we found him sitting up in a chair, chipper and jovial. This time, he is flat on his back. He looks pale and fatigued. He lacks energy. His rate of speech has slowed, and the volume of his voice has dropped several decibels.

There is a photograph of Marion on a table a few feet below the foot of the bed, placed there so that he can see it easily. "One of the nurses," he says, softly, "spoke of Marion's beauty." Several other people have done so, and Justice Harlan, who has been visiting Marion regularly, reported to FF that she looks more beautiful than ever before. FF tells this to Marion on the telephone.

Marion: "Well, people come here, and then they leave and say foolish things."

FF: "Why do you call that foolish? I think you're *very* beautiful."

Marion: "Well, you're getting quite foolish, too."

FF: "Marion, you must learn to face the truth, even when it's pleasant."

There is talk of Holmes today and of Mrs. Holmes. FF mentions the great admiration which William James had for her. This reminds me, and I say teasingly. "Those James letters you recommended. Thanks. We've been searching for them everywhere, and it turns out they've been out of print since 1920." He bristles slightly and says, "No, no." I give him my information: "A two-volume edition published in 1920, edited by Percy Lubbock — out of print. There's been a more recent one, a single volume of selected letters, and we've ordered it. Anyway, why do you want us to read them?"

He thinks for a moment before replying. "After you have, you'll know why. They're very fine and they have importance." He pauses. "There is one he wrote to his sister. She was ill. It was serious. Heart, I suppose; cancer, perhaps — and she was suffering. And he wrote, telling her that if at any time she felt that she wanted to put an end to it all, she would be justified in doing so and why. It's a marvelous letter." He pauses, and says, suddenly, "They were not edited by Percy Lubbock, but by his son, Harry. When you go to the house, go into the sitting room, and on the bookshelves on the left-hand side over by the window you'll find a lot of biographical material, and among the William James books you'll find these two volumes of letters. I'll let you cart them off if you like, if you promise to return them. Thin, blue books," he adds. I protest that it would be too great a responsibility to have them and to worry about returning them. "No, no," he says, "take them."

Later in the day, at the house, I go downstairs and make my way to that familiar room. There on the neglected bookshelves, exactly where he said they would be, are the two books. We take them back to the hotel and read them, each of us one of the volumes. Very late that night we see what he meant.

R asks him about his earliest American theater memories. He thinks hard before he says, "I suppose it must have been the Irving Place Theatre, run by that fellow Conreid."

I say, "Yes, Heinrich Conreid, who later directed the Metropolitan Opera Company."

He regards me. "How would you know *that?*"

He is fascinated to learn that one of my classmates at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts was the granddaughter of Heinrich Conreid.

He looks at the ceiling, contentedly, floating in recollection — the Irving Place Theatre; plays by Lessing, *Nathan the Wise;* Nazimova; Minnie Maddern Fiske as Becky Sharp and in *The New York Idea* by Langdon Mitchell. Remembering makes him happy. He reaches out and clutches the air before him as though picking an image from the stream of memory. "I shall never forget," he says, his fist still clenched, "Eleanora Duse taking her curtain call. I don't remember the play — isn't that odd? — nor anything about it, but I do remember the moment when she came before the curtain to bow. She did it with — with —" He wants a certain word. It does not come at once. He struggles for it. Clearly, no other word will do except that one which he has momentarily mislaid. He fights for it. At last it comes. He says it, a syllable at a time. "In-eff-able. She took her bows with *ineffable* charm. Another? Forbes Robertson in *Hamlet.* My!" He smacks his lips. "Unforgettable. His presence, his voice; and when he recited 'To be or not to be,' the accent, the feeling — I shall never forget it."

He says that Archie MacLeish came in to see him a few days ago. Answering FF's question as to his present activity, he said, "I am writing another play. I've been at it for a long time."

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"What sort of a play?" asks FF.

"Well, I suppose it might be described as a patriotic play."

"Good," says FF. "You couldn't make it too patriotic for me."

Solicitor General. FF tells of Herbert Swope's going down to see FDR in 1932 to urge upon him the appointment of FF as Attorney General. FDR took it under consideration but decided against it. Instead, he offered FF an appointment as Solicitor General of the United States, which he deemed more important, even though it does not carry Cabinet rank. "Still," says FF, "Solicitor General may be the most interesting legal job in the country." FF declined, but came to Washington to discuss it with the President. The President urged him to accept, saying, "I want you on the Supreme Court, Felix, but I can't appoint you out of the Harvard Law School. What will people say? 'He's a Red. He's a professor. He's had no judicial experience.' I won't be able to do it. I'd never get it by. But I could appoint you to the Court from the Solicitor General's office. So take this job, and do it as well as I know you can, and then I'll appoint you to the Court." FF remembers that he declined again, saying, "Franklin, I believe it to be a faulty rule of human conduct to take one job in the hope or expectation that it is going to lead to another job."

Furthermore, FF points out that he thought there were others who could handle the job of Solicitor General, and that he felt it was more important for him to stay at the Harvard Law School and continue to train young lawyers. (FDR later did appoint him to the Supreme Court from the Harvard Law School, and although people said precisely what FDR expected them to say, nothing prevented FF from being confirmed and from having a long and honorable career on the Court.)

He muses quietly for a few minutes and says, "I've turned down many jobs in my life."

Ruth asks, "Do you regret any of them?"

His answer is immediate and firm. "No, not at all. Not a one." He looks at her. "There's one job I wish I could have had and — but that one was never offered to me."

"What was that?" asks R.

"Well," he explains, "it would have had to do with meeting *you* when I was a much younger man. When I was still at Harvard."

R smiles and says, "You wouldn't have considered that a *job*, would you?"

FF presses her hand and says, "I'd have *turned* it *into* a job!"

For the third time this summer we go down to Washington to see FF. An extremely hot day. We find him out in the garden of his house. Ralph, the new orderly — a young Negro with a mustache, bright eyes, and a determined manner — is looking after him.

We start on a high note. FF looks well, better than last time, and we tell him so at once. His left arm is in a bandagelike sling, with an odd foam-rubber handle close to the elbow. I ask at once, "What's all that?" The question, I fear, angers him. He replies snappishly, "It's a sling! Haven't you ever seen a sling? What's so remarkable about it? You had slings when you were a boy, didn't you? Well, this is a sling." I notice that the arm is, at present, useless, without mobility. From time to time he moves his left arm with his right.

His flare-up passes, and he begins to talk about Ralph, his newest interest and enthusiasm. "I picked him out pretty fast over there at the hospital," says FF. "An exceptional young man; discreet and courteous and so kind. He carries me into Marion's room every evening. When I expressed some concern as to the difficulty of this, Ralph said, 'No, no. It's no trouble at all. It's a great pleasure to be able to put a man and his wife together.' I said to my nurse the other day — the beautiful one — I said to her, Miss So-and-so, I know that a stunning girl such as you has many beaux, and I am equally sure that since you are what you are, they are fellows who come from fine homes and who were educated at Yale and Harvard and Princeton and Johns Hopkins. But I am certain that not one of them has the grace, or the elegance, or the manners, that Ralph has."

He talks about his new training, about learning again to walk. He points off and says, "You see that railing there? Well, that's where I walk. All this is interesting and important to me. We have to know what we are capable of. It's a matter of learning limits and coming to understand weakness and strength and balancing one against the other. I've never known a more fascinating time. You see, the last time I was learning to walk, I had no awareness of what a remarkable act it is."

On Ralph again. He reports that Ralph said to him, "Now, Justice, would you do something for me?" FF: "Of course." Ralph: "Well, when you've got your visitors and it's time for them to go, don't add another paragraph." He laughs and remembers that Marion used to call him "a doorhanger."

"Of course you are," says R. "It seems to me I've spent more time on your doorstep while leaving than I have inside the house."

The President. He has an interesting announcement. This Thursday at five o'clock, President Kennedy is going to call on him. I gather that he

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is pleased, but he shifts the focus onto Ralph's reaction. "Ralph," he reports, "has been anxious about all this and keeps working on plans for the occasion. Where to sit and how. What to serve and when. He said to me: 'Now we've got to talk about this, Justice. I want to make sure you don't get too excited.' And I said 'Look here, Ralph, when you've known me longer, you'll know that I'm not the kind of fellow who's going to pee in his pants when the President comes! After all, I've known this young man since he was a kid, and I had a good deal to do with his education.' "

R: "Do you sleep well?"

Felix: "Oh, yes, perfectly. I have a bad night now and then — two since I came home — but Ralph says, 'Justice, I'm a young man, and I have good health, and I have more bad nights than you do.' "

All through this garden visit, a neighbor has a hi-fi on about as loud as it will play. A single side is repeated again and again: the overture to *West Side Story*. It booms, it rattles the windows, it irritates me. FF, when I complain of it, looks at me with some surprise. It does not occur to him to question his neighbor's right.

Ralph is in and out all through the hour. There appears to be anxiety about visitors. We start to leave, but Ellen comes out. There is talk of food, of the difficulty of putting together satisfactory menus. FF has lost interest in food. (He, who used to sit with us and devour eight courses with joy and raise hell when anything was less than perfect.) Now and again, Ellen reports, he gets to hankering after some small thing. The other day she went all over Washington looking for what Felix described as "Kosher sturgeon."

Ralph again. Plans are made for the evening. We are to return at eight o'clock to visit with FF and Marion. A long good-by. I kiss the top of his head, and we are off. For the first time since I have known him, he has let us go without delay. I have the feeling that he is glad to see us go. We are tiring him.

We go to Magruder's to buy champagne, and to the Statler to get a bottle of Chanel eau de cologne for Marion. After dinner, we return to Georgetown, stopping on the way at Duke Zeibert's restaurant to pick up an enormous strawberry cheesecake. Bearing our gifts, we arrive at the house a few minutes before eight o'clock. R goes up the front steps. I follow a minute later with the cheesecake. At the front door, I find her standing in the entry talking to Ralph. I hear him say, "Yes, I tried to phone you at your hotel." A sudden clench. Something has happened. What? It jigsaws itself together. FF had been worn out by the visit in the afternoon, and Ralph explains, "I had to put him out." Marion is asleep. I sense that a facade is being presented, that something else has happened. Whatever it is, there is to be no visit tonight. We leave the gifts. In any case, bringing them is something we do for ourselves more than for them. Ralph continues and reveals a bit more. I begin to see what FF sees in him. A strong, determined, efficient man. He says, "I see him getting tired out, because when he gets tired out, he gets to perspiring — you know, sweating? — up here around on his forehead. I noticed that happening this afternoon. He gets pale sometimes, too. He always wants to do too much. He's one of those. I keep telling him, 'Now you just take it easy, man, because you know this world wasn't made in a day,' and I say to him, 'Now, you've been sick, but now you're not sick anymore. I know all about that because I've been sick, too. And I know what it is to have to convalesce and get better after. You've *been* sick, but you've got to put it out of your mind now. You've got to stop thinking about it and put your head on what you have to learn. You've got to learn to walk again just like a little baby. You're just going to have to learn it. It's only natural that you can't walk after being in bed as long as you've been. It's just something to learn.' " (Ralph talks the right sort of nonsense.)

He continues. "Now, I know you're his friends, good friends, so I want to tell you something, promise you something. I'm going to have him walking right back into that court!"

We have been to Washington again to see FF. This time our opinions of his condition differ. R feels that he is greatly improved. My impression is that this is an illusion, caused by his perfected techniques in dealing with his situation.

FF tells of Dr. Herrman Blumgart's questioning Dr. Kelser (in FF's presence) about the case.

Kelser: "Well, sir, as you see, he has only limited use of his left leg and of his left arm."

Blumgart: "No matter. The world has never counted much on this one's abilities as an athlete."

The remark delights FF. He taps his forehead and says, "Nothing wrong here, you see, nothing at all." He goes on to say that he now wakes early, thinks his thoughts, and by the time Mrs. Douglas arrives, is ready to spill out a flow of dictation.

Marion is concerned about FF's newest preoccupation: making arrangements for his funeral. "It worries me," she says. "I must ask the doctor if this is a common occurrence in these circumstances. In all our years, I have never known him to give so much as a fleeting thought to the subject, and now he simply won't get off it. Where. And how. And who. I suppose it's because he has seen so many services botched. It troubles him to think that his

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may be. But, of course, it's most unpleasant. One of the things that seem to worry him is the religious aspect. He is afraid that somehow there will be prayers or words spoken by a rabbi. He says he wants no such meaningless hypocrisy; that right or wrong, for better or worse, he left the synagogue when he was fifteen and has never returned. He recalls that he sat there one morning, looked about him, and realized that the ritual and the prayers meant a great deal to the others and nothing to him. And he felt that he was desecrating the temple by his presence. So he left and has not returned. He wants the service held here in the apartment, and he wants the list of people invited to be limited, and he knows exactly the sort of ceremony he wants, and above all, no prayers."

When it is time to leave today, FF points at me and says, "I want to see you privately for two minutes before you go. In the study." The two minutes turn into twenty. The subject: his funeral. He says, "When the time comes that we must, as Holmes used to say, 'bow to the inevitable,' I want to be certain that what happens is right." He goes on at length, outlining the arrangements: who is to speak, who is to attend. "And I want you," he says, "to see to it that none of my instructions are violated." He gives me a commission to execute in New York with regard to the musical aspects of the services. I promise a report. Finally, he names the last of the speakers.

"Do you know why I want *him?*" he asks.

"No."

"Because he is my only close personal friend who is also a practicing, orthodox Jew. He knows Hebrew perfectly and will know exactly what to say."

Remembering Marion's account, I am astounded. Have I misunderstood? I ask, "Do you mean a prayer of some sort?"

"Well, of course, you nut, what else would he say in Hebrew?"

"Then you do mean the Kaddish?"

He waves me off impatiently. "Oh, I don't know, and neither do you, but he'll know, and he'll do it beautifully. Let me explain. I came into the world a Jew, and although I did not live my life entirely as a Jew, I think it is fitting that I should leave as a Jew. I don't want to be one of these pretenders and turn my back on a great and noble heritage. I don't want to — how do they say it? — pass! Like that thoroughly reprehensible — well, never mind. That's why. So there's going to be the Hebrew."

I have been trying to handle all this casually, but all at once my resources fail and I become lightheaded. FF looks at me. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing. Warm in here."

He grasps my elbow and shakes me. "Look here," he says, "I don't expect any of this to be necessary for a long time. A *long* time," he says. "I simply want it *understood* now. But listen to me. Before I'm in the grave, I'm going to be back on the Court. Did you hear me?"

"You bet," I whisper.

His strong right hand clutches my elbow with uncommon strength. It is painful, but I cannot move away. His eyes are brighter than I have seen them in years, and he is smiling as he says, "I am going to be back on the Court before I am in the grave!"

Let us pray.

THE PROOF

BY RICHARD WILBUR

Shall I love God for causing me to be?
I was mere utterance; shall these words love me?

Yet when I caused his work to jar and stammer,
And one free subject loosened all his grammar,

I love him that he did not in a rage
Once and forever rule me off the page,

But, thinking I might come to please him yet,
Crossed out *delete* and wrote his patient *stet.*

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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO WOMEN'S RIGHTS?

by PAUL FOLEY

PAUL FOLEY started his career as a newspaperman in Chicago and Detroit, served briefly on the foreign staff of the Associated Press, and headed the OWI News Bureau in Istanbul during World War II. He is now vice chairman of McCann-Erickson, Inc.

THE first Woman's Rights Convention in the United States was held in 1848 at Seneca Falls, New York. It minced no words. It launched a vigorous attack on man's domination of woman along these lines:

> He has compelled her to submit to laws, in the formation of which she has no voice. . . . He has taken from her all right to property. . . . He closes against her all avenues of wealth and distinction which he considers most honorable to himself. As a teacher of theology, medicine or law she is not known. He has denied her the facilities for obtaining a thorough education, all colleges being closed against her. . . . He has endeavored in every way to destroy her confidence in her own peers, to lessen her self-respect and to make her willing to lead a dependent and abject life.

For the next three quarters of a century a relatively small number of devoted women led the charge. On most counts they won. In 1920 the last major barrier to full citizenship fell with the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment, giving women the right to vote.

Today, 116 years after the war cries from Seneca Falls, what is the American woman doing with her hard-earned rights? Some of them, particularly the right to own things, she has exercised with vigor. Most of them, particularly political and educational rights, she has allowed to languish.

President John F. Kennedy in 1961 appointed the first Commission on the Status of Women under the chairmanship of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Its report was delivered on October 11, 1963, after almost two years of work by a large and distinguished group of experts. On the matter of political rights the report notes:

> The generation that struggled to obtain votes for women would have difficulty believing that the use of the right they gained would be as desultory as it is in many communities. Visitors from abroad, alike from countries whose women are active in the early suffrage movement and from countries where newly acquired independence has enfranchised large populations within the past few years, are surprised at the low percentage of adult Americans that appear at the polls.

Where statistics are available, as in the registration figures of certain states, it is clear that American women exercise their franchise to a lesser degree than men, though neither are stars.

The President's commission says: "Women outnumber men by some 3.75 millions but in terms of registration and election-day turnout their failure to use the vote converts them into a minority."

Some forty years after the American woman achieved free access to the voting booth and the right to seek a place for herself in public life, here is a profile of her position.

Only 2 United States senators are women.

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Eleven of the 435 representatives in the United States Congress are women.

In 1962, of some 7700 seats in the 50 state legislatures 234 were occupied by women.

Three of the 422 federal judges are women.

Only 2 women have ever held Cabinet rank.

Six women have been ambassadors or ministers.

At the local level, in city and town councils, on elected boards of education, in mayors' chairs, in governors' mansions, women are so rare it is difficult to believe that they constitute a political majority.

Dr. George Gallup says the strongest remaining prejudice regarding a presidential candidate is the prejudice against a woman. In a recent national poll 84 percent of those interviewed said they would vote for a qualified Catholic; 77 percent would vote for a qualified Jew; only 55 percent would vote for a woman no matter how good her qualifications.

Prejudice against a woman candidate is more prevalent among women than among men: 58 percent of the men polled said they would vote for a qualified woman; only 51 percent of the women would. Significantly, the negative attitude is also stronger among women: 45 percent of women gave a flat no to the idea of a woman President, and only 4 percent were undecided. With men the negative vote was only 37 percent, with 5 percent on the fence.

How about the right of women to own things?

Here is a fairly typical statement on this subject by a New York advertising woman:

> Women not only hold the purse strings, they even carry the keys to the lock box and the combination to the safe. Over two-thirds of the nation's wealth is in the woman's name. Women comprise 51 percent of all adult shareholders. Housewives, in fact, are the largest occupational group among shareholders, numbering four million. Women own 53 percent of all government bonds. And they hold 45 percent of all real estate mortgages and bonds. . . . Women are buying 75 percent of all consumer goods and services sold in America.

Although these figures, and a great many more like them, make it quite clear that women have pursued the right to own with considerably more zeal than the right to vote, they are not as conclusive as they seem to be. There is no doubt that much of this "ownership" is titular, representing a legal arrangement rather than an actual fact of acquisition. But on any basis it points up the importance of the American woman as a buyer. Most of the time she is buying as the family purchasing agent and is thus exercising buying custody over family funds — a "right" of no mean power.

What about the right of the American woman to earn a living?

Of the ninety-six million American females alive today, from infants to octogenarians, eight out of ten at some time in their lives will have worked for wages. In any average month last year there were some twenty-three million women at work. Some seventeen million of them are full-time workers.

Though women are represented in almost every type of employment, from domestic help to the highly paid professions, most jobs that women hold full time are in the lower-paid, unskilled, semi-skilled, or what might be called "blue smock" categories. Since World War II the number of women in American industry has increased, but the number of women in jobs or professions requiring higher education, training, or specialized knowledge has not kept pace.

There is no doubt that real, though subtle, prejudice against women still exists in some areas of employment opportunity. There are still some inequities in pay for comparable qualifications, though they are disappearing fast. But it is equally true that American women are not availing themselves of their greatest opportunities, where prejudice is at a minimum and reward at a maximum, in the skilled professions. Why?

Because too many young American women of college age shy away from the commitments which are necessary to make the most of themselves as individual human beings. They are exhibiting a growing tendency to avoid a career commitment — with its earlier commitment to education and preparation — in order to enter early into the marriage lottery. Many are frank to admit that they fear the years of education because if they wait until they finish college, the good marriage candidates will all be picked over.

The President's commission looked long and hard at this matter of education. Its report reveals that until recently more young women than young men stayed in school up to the college level. But once the college level was reached the girls fell behind. The 437,000 women who enrolled in colleges in 1962 constituted only about 42 percent of the entering class.

Women are earning only one in three of the bachelor's and master's degrees awarded by American colleges. They are earning only one in ten of the doctorates. Today's ratios, moreover, represent a loss of ground since the Depression years of the thirties, when two out of five bachelor's or master's degrees and one out of seven doctorates were earned by women. As a percentage of available opportunity, today's educational performance by American women is very poor indeed. Incidentally, half of all women over twenty-five years of age in this country have not finished high school.

The professions are wide open to American women. They won this right long ago, yet only 3.5 percent of the American lawyers, for instance, are women. Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman to

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graduate from an American medical college, became an M.D. in 1849, just a year after the Seneca Falls Convention. More than a century later only 6 percent of all students in the medical colleges of this country are women, and the figure has remained almost constant for more than fifty years!

By contrast, of approximately 350,000 doctors in the Soviet Union 76 percent are women. In many European countries 30 to 35 percent of all practicing physicians are women. As far back as 1956 in the Soviet Union 53 percent of all specialists — persons skilled by reason of higher education in any field of endeavor — were women. One third of all deputies elected to regional soviets, or councils, are women.

The plain fact is that in the United States today we have an urgent need for more doctors, more dentists, more technicians, more scholars, more philosophers, more teachers, at all levels. We cannot afford the luxury of wasted human potential.

We seem to be suffering from the second oldest of blights: prosperity. Many of our young women find it easy to drift into and out of employment at their own pace and to suit their own temporary needs. They will make no commitment to a job, much less a profession. Consequently many employers find it difficult to make more than a fleeting and lukewarm commitment to them. In this society, women — married or unmarried — can have virtually any career to which they are willing to make the necessary personal commitment.

It is not easy. Nothing is easy, including marriage, into which American girls are rushing straight from their teens. In 1963 the average age at which females in America married was 19.8 years. It is safe to predict that the average female divorcée will become younger.

The great American stampede into early marriage is characterized by at least two major side effects: first, what might be called the "marriage blackout." This is a phenomenon in which the young woman's vision stops completely at the point of marriage. Beyond that point she loses sight of herself as an individual human being. Second, and corollary, is the "false choice," the idea that a young woman in this society must choose between marriage and a career.

It is an ironic, though easily observed, truth that girls who do make a commitment to education and to personal development almost always find marriage opportunities within their own level of accomplishment. These marriages have a far better chance of success because they are between two whole people and seldom pose the false choice between being a partner or being a person.

What underlies the urgent drive of today's young women to early marriage as an end rather than a beginning? Many things, of course; but we should not overlook a seldom-mentioned fact: America, more than any other enlightened society in this last half of the twentieth century, puts a social stigma — overt or hidden — on the simple fact of a woman's remaining unmarried. The hue and cry is led by women. Men could hardly care less. In fact they are developing a real respect for the women with courage enough to stand against the pack.

It has long been a part of the American cultural myth that fathers are unanimous in wanting "my boy to have it better than I did." The same attitude is seen in most mothers toward their daughters. It goes something like this: Avoid the dangers inherent in years of education and years of work. Marry as early as possible without appearing to be frantic, and try for the best prospect of suburban prosperity and security.

The fact is that many American families are experiencing a declining level of education to the point where both parents are college-educated but many daughters are unlikely to be. The real mother-daughter relationship in this great American mating spectacle has been little understood outside the psychiatric world. It has received much less attention than the mother-son relationship. There is mounting evidence that Mom's memory of her own working years, her own escape from singleness, her vanity for her daughter's popularity are all fairly strong shoves toward early marriage.

For public scrutiny of the American woman, 1963 was a banner year. In addition to the very impressive report of President Kennedy's commission, there was a flood of magazine articles and books, ranging from the best-selling handbook *Sex and the Single Girl* to the virtually fact-free vision entitled *The Feminine Mystique*. Out of it all certain things emerge clearly:

Women arose as women in the middle of the nineteenth century.

They demanded, as they should have, certain basic rights.

Having achieved these rights, they have been almost finicky in the selectivity with which they exercise them.

Rights to own things are very popular.

Rights to do things, such as become well-educated, vote, run for office, enter the professions, are handled like old-fashioned jewelry; they are valued but they lie unused in a drawer.

The one "right" which women have always had, frequently scorned, never fought for, is the one to which they now rush in fevered haste, the right to get married.

Perhaps it is time for women, married or unmarried, to arise as individuals committed to perfect themselves as human beings wherever they are, whatever they do. In this direction lies what is called happiness. There is no mystique about it.

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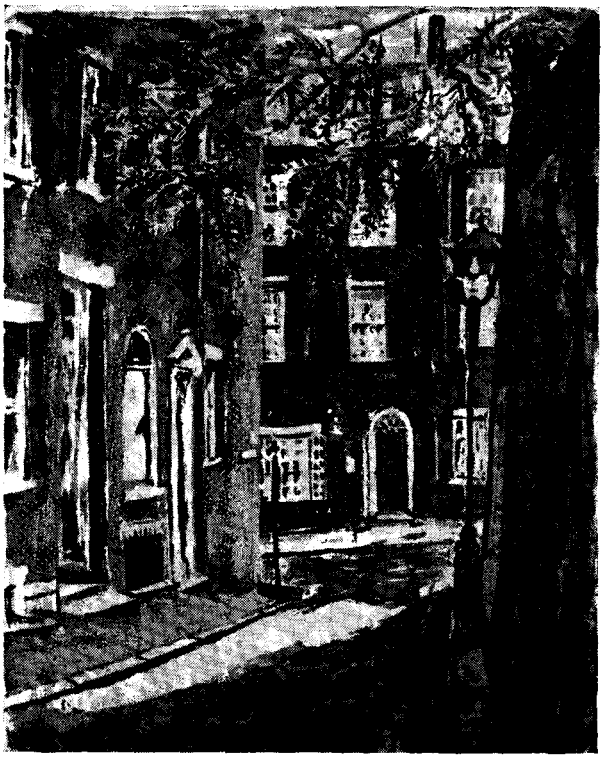
NEIGHBORS

BY

SALLIE BINGHAM

A Radcliffe graduate, SALLIE BINGHAM *started gaining awards for her fiction while she was in college. One of her short stories won the Dana Reed Prize for 1957 and was reprinted in* THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES 1959*; recently she received an O. Henry award for "The Banks of the Ohio" which appeared in the January, 1963,* ATLANTIC.



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When Lillian was eleven, and even when she was twelve, she found it strange and sad that Mrs. Harris over the way had so much trouble with her dog. The dog was only a poodle, although a great masterful brute with a bark like a bloodhound's, and it seemed wrong to Lillian that anyone, even a tiny lady like Mrs. Harris, should be dragged down the street by a poodle. If it had been a Great Dane, or a St. Bernard, Lillian would not have minded so much, although in any case, as her mother said, it was perfectly awful to see a human being totally at the mercy of a dog.

Lillian's mother did not entirely approve of Mrs. Harris, but she enjoyed her. "Look at that hat, will you," she would say, twitching the curtain aside as Mrs. Harris ran down the street at the wrong end of a leather leash. Mrs. Harris wore great turbans, hard as helmets, in all the colors of the hectic rainbow; her little pink ears protruded under the edge, quite nakedly. Lillian's mother wore hats only to funerals (she said a hat took the set out of her hair), and she refused, absolutely, to own a dog in the city. "You'd be the last one to get up and walk it at six o'clock in the morning," she said whenever Lillian asked.

Lillian liked Mrs. Harris, although it was disturbing to feel that she might at any moment call for help. She was the most dependent grown person Lillian had ever met. She was not above asking the delivery boy from Sloan's to help her with a cranky can opener, and whenever she went outside, she appealed to anyone who might be passing, to the trees and benches in the park and the sky above, to witness her predicament. "Oh, no! Oh, Ronny!" she would gasp as the poodle lunged across an intersection. "Oh! Oh, not again!" she would plead when she saw that he was headed for a wretched mongrel, a sort of Pekingese, which lived in Gary's Drug. Even when she was not actually calling out, Mrs. Harris' face was a naked appeal. She always looked flushed and moist, even in the bitter dry winter weather; she was always quite breathless as she ran down the street. People went out of their way to help her, picking up parcels she dropped and mailing her letters when Ronny wouldn't let her stop at the box. From time to time, Mrs. Harris would try to restrain the dog by laying both hands firmly on the leash. "Now, Ronny. Now, really, Ronny!" It was a fruitless attempt. On she would go, fluttering with a kind of excitement, of gaiety, like the tail of a runaway kite. There was really no contest between her and the dog. That seemed quite shameless to Lillian. At last, after prolonged sniffing, the poodle would choose his place, lift his flounced leg, and gaze off haughtily into the distance. Mrs. Harris, the leash at last slack in her hand, would stand panting, gazing off, too, with an

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expression of vague disdain while the hot urine splashed and smoked on the sidewalk. Lillian thought she might at least turn her back.

"Of course, she is a new widow," Lillian's mother said whenever Mrs. Harris was mentioned, as though that explained everything. Mrs. St. George was fond of categories; she knew what to expect of brides, and adolescents, and eleven-year-olds, and it was mortifying to Lillian that her mother's expectations were seldom disappointed. But she did not believe her mother had Mrs. Harris pinned down; there was something so lively and strange, almost frightening, about the lady. "Of course, she would have a dog, living alone; think how nervous she must be," Mrs. St. George would say, although she herself (perhaps because of her category: she was married, and strongly attached) had never known a moment of fear.

Then, one morning in January, when Lillian was on her way to school, she had a conversation, really her first, with Mrs. Harris. Lillian couldn't help noticing that Mrs. Harris was not dressed. She had on a coat and one of her turbans but a wispy fringe of something, a white, lacy edge, hung down her leg. Mrs. Harris held on to a lamppost with one hand and talked to Lillian while the dog strained at the leash. "Out early!" Mrs. Harris exclaimed, nodding brightly. "Off to school so early?"

"Yes," Lillian said. She kept staring at the lace which trailed down Mrs. Harris' bare calf.

"Oh, well, at your age — But I always *hated* to get up early!" she amended, cutting across one of Mrs. St. George's categories.

"Oh, I don't mind," Lillian said gallantly, although in fact it was difficult for her to get up in the morning. She remembered how the Sloan boy had said, "Oh, I don't mind," after he had related spending half an hour fixing Mrs. Harris' can opener. "I don't have to leave this early if I take the bus," Lillian confided. "But I sort of like walking down Beacon Street, when it's fine."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Harris said, quite vaguely. "Oh, yes, don't you?" She seemed to be studying Lillian, for some purpose of her own. "Please, Ronny," she said when the dog gave a wrench. Then she looked at Lillian brightly. "Tell me, do you think you could hold him?"

Lillian felt quite warm toward her. She laid her books down on the sidewalk and reached for the leather leash. She looped it twice around her hand (she was a strong girl, for her age) and then planted her feet and let the dog pull his best. He couldn't budge her; she simply planted her feet and leaned.

"Strong," Mrs. Harris said, looking pleased. "Good and strong! How old, did you say?"

"I'll be twelve in June."

"Think your mother would object to your making a little money?"

Lillian was won. Of course she would object! She smiled at Mrs. Harris. "You mean for walking the dog?"

"Well, if you could help me out, in the mornings. I do hate to get up early!"

So it was arranged. Lillian was to be paid a dollar a week, for seven mornings of work; seven half hours, she calculated. The pay was not particularly generous, but she thought her mother might be impressed by her willingness to get up and walk the dog; impressed to the point, perhaps, of letting her have a dog of her own. Besides, there was something private and a little exciting about the arrangement.

She expected her mother to object. She was actually looking forward to it. But when she told her the plan, Mrs. St. George only looked surprised. "Well, you must have made a hit with her," she said, rather pleased. "After all, she is a new widow," she added, to include this most recent development in the category, "and she must be lonely." Then she began to look somber, and Lillian thought the argument was coming. "Listen to me," her mother said. "Take the dog and walk it, but don't go hanging around in her house."

"There won't be any reason to go in."

"Well, she's a lonely woman. I don't want you put upon. Of course, be polite and nice, and take the dog and walk it. But no lounging around in the house, you understand?"

Lillian agreed, rather disappointed by the triviality of the requirement. She hardly expected Mrs. Harris to invite her in.

Every morning from then on, at precisely eight o'clock, Lillian would cross the street and tap the greenish brass knocker on the door of number eleven. At once, inside the house, the poodle would give tongue. Gradually the barking would approach, and Lillian learned to know its modulations as doors were opened, steps descended, and the hall attained. Although she never saw the inside of the house, she had a strong impression of it, from the barking; of long, narrow halls, dark landings, and stuffy little rooms where the dog's barking burst like an explosion. At last Mrs. Harris, rather pale and bedraggled, would peer out the little window beside the door. When she saw that it was really Lillian, she would open the door a crack and thrust the end of the leash through, calling, "Here he is!" A struggle would follow as Lillian tried to drag the dog through the narrow slit. Forced to open the door a little wider, Mrs. Harris would stand aside, clutching at her robe and prodding the dog with her satin slipper. "Out, sirrah! Out!" Finally, with a bound like a tiger's, the poodle would clear the steps,

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and Mrs. Harris would slam the door behind him, so hard that Lillian could hear the crystals clacking on the hall chandelier.

Then she was off for her run. It was quite easy for her to control the big dog, and she enjoyed the little preliminary struggle. There was never any question of who would win. A few sharp jerks on the leash, a command uttered in a voice of authority, and the poodle would come rather raggedly to heel. Occasionally, in the Common, Lillian would give him a little leeway, only to snatch him in again when he began to pull. The poodle grew abashed and obedient, lifted his leg on a certain tree, and hardly seemed the same great brute which hauled Mrs. Harris down the street in the afternoon. Lillian was quite proud of her accomplishment.

Now and then her mother would ask if Mrs. Harris ever invited her in. Lillian wished she could say that she knew the inside of number eleven like the palm of her hand, but it was not given her to test her mother on that score; she had never seen anything but the little white entrance hall and a slip of staircase beyond. Even on payday, Mrs. Harris pushed the dollar bill through the crack of the door. Lillian thought she might have been a little more outgoing; after all, they were neighbors, she was not just anyone's child. Finally she realized that Mrs. Harris thought she was rewarded enough simply by being used. "You are such a help to me," Mrs. Harris would say when they met on the street in the afternoon. "I simply don't know how I'd get along without you!" In spite of herself, Lillian would beam.

So when she found out about Mrs. Harris — that was the way Lillian put it to herself: I have found out about Mrs. Harris — she was a little hurt, in her pride. For Mrs. Harris was using her for more than they had agreed.

That particular Monday, when she went to get the dog, Lillian tapped and tapped the knocker and finally rang the bell (although that was not their signal; the bell was for delivery boys), and still no one came to the door. Inside the house, two rooms away, she calculated, the poodle barked and barked in mounting frenzy. She could hear him leaping up against a closed door, could hear his toenails scraping. A strange fear came over her as she waited; her hands grew damp, she stamped in her boots, and wondered if she should go away. There was something frightening about the silence of the house and the privacy of its closed stone face. It did not occur to her that something had happened to Mrs. Harris; in that case, she would have known what to do. Instead, she began to feel that the little lady was watching her from one of the small, winking windows high up in the house; watching her, and waiting impatiently for her to give up and go home.

That made Lillian stubborn. She would find out what was going on, she thought, using a phrase of her mother's, and so she banged and banged on the door. At last she heard footsteps approaching, although the poodle still bayed and jumped inside the closed inner room. The door opened a crack, and she saw a man wearing a pair of blue pajamas.

"What is it?" he asked, ill-naturedly. He looked as though he had just been violently awakened.

"The dog — I'm supposed to walk him," Lillian said, abashed.

"Oh, you're the little girl." And he closed the door. Lillian waited uncertainly, shifting from foot to foot, and gradually the strangeness of the thing wore through to her. She stepped back and looked up at the stone face of the house, bland in the bright morning sun. She thought a white curtain twitched, high up in a window, but she couldn't be sure. Then the door opened and the poodle bounded out.

She went around that day in a dream. She knew how to draw conclusions; she was not, in her rational mind, confused by what she had seen. "After all, she is a new widow, and lonely," as her mother would say. Yet the explanation did not quite cover the fear she felt, the confusion, when she thought of the man in the blue pajamas. She tried to remember whether he was blond or dark, old or young, but she couldn't even make up her mind whether or not he had been wearing slippers. He was a stranger, to her, an intruder in that quiet house. And the two houses were so close; from her mother's bedroom window Lillian could see the mirror glinting on Mrs. Harris' dressing table. She felt it was an affront, and she was frightened, as she was when sometimes late at night she woke to hear the fire engines screaming, and knew that destruction was loose in that street of quiet houses.

That evening, when they were washing the dishes, Lillian asked her mother about Mr. Harris.

"You ought to remember him," Mrs. St. George said. "He hasn't been dead two years."

"I don't even remember what he looked like."

"He was a funny little dried-up man, considerably older than his wife, by my guess," her mother began, relishing each detail. "A funny little old man, very precise, with a rolled umbrella. He used to take great pride in the house; his window boxes won the prize nearly every year. Don't you remember how he used to come out in the morning to water the petunias?"

"No," Lillian said.

"He never missed a day — except, I guess, when it rained. And then, they used to say, he was the one who took care of the house; put on a big apron

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and did the silver, even got down on his hands and knees to scrub the floor."

"Then what did she do?"

Mrs. St. George shrugged. "Oh, flitted around, I guess. She was always coming back with big boxes from Bonwit Teller."

None of this was very satisfactory for Lillian. It did not seem to apply to what she had seen. Cautiously, she asked, "Why doesn't she get married again? I mean, she's still pretty young."

Her mother looked at her. "Little pitchers," she said gloomily. "What have you been hearing?"

The threat passed. "Who do I know that would talk about Mrs. Harris? I was just wondering why she doesn't get married again."

"Well, it's not the law of the jungle," Mrs. St. George said irritably.

"I just don't know what she *does* all day," Lillian explained, realizing too late that this, too, was one of her mother's phrases. Mrs. St. George disliked laziness in women.

With a jerk, her mother undid her white apron. "Just sits around all day and reads the magazines, I guess," she said. "That woman doesn't amount to much."

Lillian let the conversation drop. She did not like her mother to be unjust. It made it seem as though she, too, was querulous, uneasy — threatened.

A week passed. Lillian did not know how to get out of walking the dog — she was afraid it would involve a scene with Mrs. Harris — and so she went on taking Ronny out, although she hardly liked to think that she made it possible for Mrs. Harris to lie half an hour longer in bed with the man in the blue pajamas. Lillian blamed herself for not guessing before — after all, she was going on twelve — that there was some reason for Mrs. Harris' late-lying other than natural laziness. Or perhaps the reason was just a variation of natural laziness; and she thought of the edge of white lace she had once seen trailing down Mrs. Harris' calf. Her own mother was up and dressed by seven o'clock every morning. Even on holidays, she was up half an hour before Lillian's father, and down in the kitchen getting breakfast in her crackling white apron.

Now by eight o'clock in the morning the sunlight was warm and definite, and Lillian could feel it on her back through her thick coat. Ronny pranced down the steaming paths in the Common, danced on his little black devil's hooves; grown vigorous with the good weather, he put up a renewed fight. This time Lillian cut a little switch and used it to break his spirit. Mrs. Harris, too, bloomed at that time; when she came to the door in the morning, she wore a bright yellow housecoat which did not cover her knees. In the window beside the front door, she had put a little pot of hyacinths, and every morning, while she waited for the dog, Lillian checked on the progress of the bulbs. At last, in late April, the first hyacinth bloomed, but it was too purple for Lillian's taste. She never saw the man in the blue pajamas, but she knew he was in the house, because of the pot of hyacinths and Mrs. Harris' new yellow housecoat.

Then, one Sunday in May, the unimaginable happened: Mrs. Harris invited her in. "Come in and have a cup of coffee," she said, so reasonably Lillian couldn't refuse, although she was frightened. She followed Mrs. Harris into the dim, shabby front hall, and then to the kitchen, which was in grand disorder. Bright sunlight fell on a waste of unwashed dishes and soaking pans. Mrs. Harris sat down on a high stool at the kitchen table and leaned on her elbows.

Lillian waited uncertainly. The faucet was dripping in the sink, and sunlight flickered on stainless steel and grimy linoleum. Mrs. Harris sat motionless, staring at a splash of egg which had dried on the kitchen table. She looked as though she were composing something in her mind; she was completely absorbed. At last Lillian noticed that the percolator was on the stove, and she went over and turned on the gas.

After a while, when the coffee was hot, she asked timidly, "Shall I pour you a cup?"

Mrs. Harris raised her head and looked at Lillian, as though she had forgotten that she had invited her in. "It's very bad coffee," she said. "I made it yesterday, and it was bad even then."

Lillian looked around rather frantically for a cup. She found two, not yet dry, in the drainer.

"I meant to tell you, you don't need to walk Ronny from now on," Mrs. Harris said, watching her pour the coffee.

To her surprise, Lillian felt disappointed, even angry. What right had this woman suddenly to cut her off? "But I want to keep on. I need the dollar," she added, to make it more reasonable. "I *want* to keep on," she repeated angrily.

"I'll walk him myself, from now on; do me good to get out," Mrs. Harris said. She stared at the coffee cup which Lillian had put in front of her. Then she picked up the sugar bowl and poured half its contents into the cup. "I guess you know he's left me," she said.

Lillian stood with her back to the stove, as far away from the woman as she could get. "I know you hate getting up early," she said.

Mrs. Harris laughed. It was quite a human laugh, quite normal, to Lillian's surprise. "Well, I won't mind getting up early so much now," Mrs. Harris said. "It was him, mainly, that objected."

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Lillian refused to pay any attention to that. "*It's still awfully cold in the mornings,*" she said.

"Cold, is it?" Mrs. Harris asked. "In May?" And then she began to cry. She sat straight up on the stool and cried without a sound; tears ran down her cheeks and gathered on her chin.

Lillian offered her a piece of Kleenex. "It's clean," she said, holding it out, but Mrs. Harris did not take it. She sat crying without even trying to hide her face, and the tears ran in two rivers down her cheeks to her chin.

"Oh, my," she said, after a while. "Oh, my, oh, my," and she got up and wiped her face on a dirty dishcloth.

When she turned around, her face was shining. The tears seemed to have polished her skin; she looked young and fresh, like a girl. She smiled at Lillian shyly. "Such a scene!" she said. "I must have made you frantic." And she picked up her coffee cup and drained it at a gulp. Then she found her purse in a cabinet and paid Lillian her final dollar.

"Shall I walk Ronny this morning?" Lillian asked. She did not think Mrs. Harris was in any condition to go outside, with her face shining like that, all exposed.

"All right," Mrs. Harris said, not appreciating the offer, and she went and got Ronny and gave him to Lillian.

In the park, which was deserted because it was early and a Sunday, Lillian walked the dog up and down between the flower beds. The transplanted tulips were set like spikes in the sodden ground, which smelled strong and rank and sour after the rain. As she walked up and down, Lillian thought of Mrs. Harris crying without even trying to hide her face. How indecent it seemed, to sit and cry and then drink a cup of coffee. Lillian knew that Mrs. Harris had enjoyed the scene; she could imagine her crying in that same way, gloriously, unshamed, when the man walked out. Her tears seemed terribly wrong to Lillian, terribly wrong and strange — a luxury; and her will set against everything she had seen, even while she felt tremulous, almost feverish, from it. At that moment, Ronny tugged at the leash — he had seen a squirrel across the Common — and for once, on purpose, Lillian let him drag her a few steps. He pulled hard, and her feet in her brown oxford shoes were jerked almost off the ground, and she skittered. For two steps, or, at the most, three; and then she reined him in. It was all she felt she could stand.

NATIVE RESISTANCES

BY WILLIAM DICKEY

Here is the mind's Ellis Island: ideas
with swart faces appear, speaking no English.
Pleasurable to watch their pain and confusion
at being categorically misunderstood.

They have come off the cattle boats: ideas
with bombs for eyes, stuttering according to
old patterns of sibilants. Facing them, smiling,
we are like rolled umbrellas that have taken root

or like many married swivel chairs. Ideas,
innocent inside their noisy garlic sausage,
egg each other on to the naturalizing kiss,
which fails. We stand powerful as memory,

all outside-in and backside-out. Ideas
learn to live faintly in a country of no air,
or sail home muttering over the electric water
to die insane in their original huts.

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THE RIGHT TO PRIVACY

BY VANCE PACKARD

"Today, with society continually pushing in and with the shrinkage of inviolate places," says VANCE PACKARD, *"the idea that one can . . . lead a private, unfettered life is losing much of its force." The following discussion of the individual's constitutional right to privacy is taken from Mr. Packard's new book,* THE NAKED SOCIETY, *to be published by David McKay.*

Most thoughtful Americans accept the fact that it is not feasible to try to be a recluse in a country now filled with 190 million people. An authentic recluse, in fact, is likely to be the subject of considerable curiosity. Still, it should be remembered that the Founding Fathers of the U.S.A. contemplated a society in which a man or woman could have a great deal of latitude about choosing his style of living.

It was assumed that you were free to lead your own life, if you were not an unpunished criminal, a certified maniac, or a conscripted soldier. You could go into solitude when you felt in the mood for contemplation. You could be footloose, even though it might endanger your own life in hostile Indian territory. You could, with general approbation, horsewhip anyone who pried unduly into your affairs simply to satisfy curiosity or to profit by feeding idle gossip. And you could live in dignity in any way that you conceived the term.

Today, with society continually pushing in and with the shrinkage of inviolate places, the idea that one can — or should try to — lead a private, unfettered life is losing much of its force.

Consider first as the most obvious invasion of our right to a private life the role of intruding noise. For example, there are early-morning garbage collectors with their clanking trucks and their slamming of metal cans, which suggest that they enjoy being unset alarm clocks. There are the seekers of public office who abuse their freedom of speech by multiplying their voices a hundredfold with the use of a sound truck. There are the tens of thousands of youngsters with transistorized bullhorns. The same company that has been mass-merchandising the Big Ear microphone for youngsters also mass-markets the Big Blast. ("Just squeeze the trigger and send your voice booming over long distances.") And there is the canned music in public places that comes at you without request, at the zoo, at the newer library reading rooms, in hospital rooms, in airplanes, in trains. One of the large new apartment buildings in New York advertises "Music by Muzak in lobby, elevators, laundry rooms."

Finally, and worst, there are the more than ten million portable transistorized radios in the United States alone, and many millions more in at least fifty other countries. Some months ago I had the first opportunity in my life to make an awe-filled trip up the Acropolis of Athens to that most perfect of structures, the Parthenon. There on the steps of the temple sat a young man of unknown nationality with a transistor radio blasting out a Greek version of rock and roll. He seemed surprised when I politely suggested by hand motion that he turn down the volume, but he complied.

In an editorial of lament on the nation's rising noise level, Norman Cousins wrote of a remarkable sight he had seen at a corner of Madison Avenue. Men were at work putting in some underground cables. "One of them was wearing a headband inside of which was a small radio set," he reported. "On a small ledge was another radio, turned up full force. It had to be: it was competing with two

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pneumatic drills in full operation only a few yards away."

The psychical and physiological damage being done by the fairly continual barrage of sound that reaches millions of us probably cannot be accurately assessed for at least a decade. But the surmises are beginning. Psychiatrists are suggesting that a heavy intake of noise can create the kind of tensions leading to emotional disturbance. Audiologist Joseph Krimsky has stated that the capacity of noise to annihilate privacy is not only aggravating life's stresses but can produce pathological changes in the auditory system and reduce "sensitiveness to the nuances of sound and music."

In a minor but annoying way the privacy of many people is being stripped away, too, by the prurient and by practical jokers armed with tape recorders, microphone-transmitters, and flash cameras. Stores in California advertise that you can be the life of the party if you buy one of their pocket recorders and play back at parties what people have been saying without knowing they were being recorded. At a leading bar in Oakland the bartender amuses his patrons by tuning in conversations and other sounds occurring in the washroom.

A nightclub owner in New York revealed inadvertently during union negotiations that he had a microphone installed in the ladies' lounge to collect gossip that he could pass on to columnists, presumably in exchange for plugs for his establishment. There have been reports that concealed microphones are used extensively in Las Vegas to record embarrassing conversations purely to provide fun for others.

In Wisconsin a bartender snapped a picture of a woman while she was in the rest room of the establishment, and, thanks to the marvels of instant photography, he was soon distributing the picture among patrons of the bar. The lady in question was not amused and took the matter to court. She was denied any recovery because, the state supreme court ruled, there was no common-law right of privacy in Wisconsin that could be based on judicial precedent, and the state legislature had never bothered to enact a law protecting one's right to privacy.

The use of tape recorders by professional consultants, though with far worthier motives, is tending to undermine the confidentiality of conversations in many settings. A number of psychoanalysts record their patients' disclosures while on the couch, not only so that they can play back passages to search for insights but so that the tape of a puzzling case can be played for their control analysts or group meetings. In such meetings the patient is identified only by sex, age, and symptoms, but many remarks may be dropped in the discussion that could conceivably lead to the identification of the subject.

Attorney Samuel Dash reported that during his investigation of eavesdropping he encountered in Philadelphia a pocket-recorder representative who revealed that one woman had rented a small recorder from him at the suggestion of her psychiatrist. Her psychiatrist had asked her to record secretly her husband's sexual advances, to help the doctor determine the source of her problems.

In a Western state the deliberations of a jury in a federal court were secretly recorded. This was done in the interest of research; the taping was part of a project of the University of Chicago Law School. The judge and opposing counsel had agreed to the secret recording, but the twelve guinea pigs on the jury, who assumed they were conducting a secret deliberation, were not consulted.

THE role played by some sections of the mass media (newspapers, magazines, broadcasters) must also be examined in any assessment of the extent to which individual privacy is being undermined today. The body of laws specifically protecting one's right to privacy is still puny. It was only in 1890 that a general right to privacy, a right to be let alone, was first seriously discussed in U.S. legal circles. The now classic article "The Right to Privacy" by Samuel D. Warren and Louis D. Brandeis appeared in the December, 1890, issue of the *Harvard Law Review*. The Constitution does not establish any protection for privacy as such, but it does cover certain aspects of privacy. It prohibits unreasonable search and seizure; it states that a person should "not be deprived of life, liberty or property" without "due process of law"; it guarantees the right of freedom of speech.

On the other hand, the First Amendment guarantees that Congress will make no law abridging freedom of the press. This presumes the right of the public to have access to facts even if those facts are embarrassing to citizens who are the subjects of the disclosure. As Mr. Dooley commented: "What's wan man's news is another man's troubles."

A great deal of embarrassing information about the private affairs of individuals is publicized for profit, especially in gossip columns and the sensational magazines. Surely our forefathers did not have juicy pap in mind when speaking of "the press." But judges have been extremely lenient about permitting dissemination of information as long as a charge of libel cannot be sustained.

An interesting symptom of our times has been the success of the television show *Candid Camera*, in which people are caught unawares in revealing and sometimes foolish behavior. At least one subject so caught has sued. He was in a subway episode in which a stranger (a television performer) tried to

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crowd him out of his seat. He claimed he had suffered public ridicule, mental anguish, and humiliation. Perhaps one reason there have not been more suits is that an aide assigned to the show ordinarily obtains on-the-spot written releases from the people photographed. Their usual first reaction, I am told, is one of being flattered to think they may appear before a national television audience. They may not realize until they see the show that they have been made to look ridiculous. Television reporters and cameramen have recently been criticized for pressing too hard for new drama in covering some news events. Television is the most intimate of the media. When reporters and cameramen shove microphones into the faces of people suffering anguish or embarrassment and refuse to let the persons escape, they are going too far.

The people who are most likely to suffer from invasion of privacy through disclosures by the mass media, and who are legally most naked of defenses, are those who for one reason or another have been public figures. Alan Schwartz, an authority on the law of privacy, comments: "Do movie stars, governors, presidents, people who are in the public eye by choice most of their adult lives . . . ever get their privacy back? Thus far, the tentative answer seems to be 'no.' Short of using their picture to advertise soap suds or the like, the so-called public figure is fair game for the mass media."

Broadway actors are usually shocked to find that they have less chance for privacy when they go to Hollywood. Helicopters fly over their patios to shoot pictures of the stars. Certain of the screen magazines have sent photographers disguised as decorators into the homes of stars in order to obtain photographs of their bedrooms. Stars have complained in vain about photographers with telescopic lenses taking their pictures from nearby hilltops or treetops.

In one instance related to me by a lawyer in Hollywood a male and female star were photographed by a telescopic camera while they were in a bedroom engaged in the ultimate in intimate conduct. She was married to another man. Most of the pictures were too raw to be published, but at least one Hollywood periodical got advertisements in exchange for not printing material that invaded the privacy of the stars.

If a picture taken from beyond the borders of a famous person's property is not libelous, there is apparently little that can be done to prevent its publication. Some years ago a majority opinion of the Supreme Court, in an aside on the *On Lee* case, stated: "the use of bifocals, field glasses or telescopes to magnify the object of the witness's vision is not forbidden even if they focus without [the subject's] knowledge or consent upon what one supposes to be private indiscretions."

Maximilian Schell is one actor who has had the courage to assail photographers and reporters who invade the privacy of public figures. He protested that the laws of Europe and the United States were not adequate to preserve even a minimum of privacy. Mr. Schell said he has had to contend with treetop photographers outside his residences, especially in Europe.

Elizabeth Taylor is an actress whose life has been wrenched by people peeking at her. While she and Richard Burton were both married to other people they were photographed, by telescopic lens, in an exceedingly warm embrace. They thought they were alone offshore in a small craft. This photograph was widely reproduced around the world. I asked a lawyer familiar with her problems if she had considered suing anyone for invasion of her privacy. He shrugged. "A boat probably is not a private place. If this had been the first instance of intimacy with Burton, there might have been grounds for suit on invasion of privacy. But whom do you sue? Most of the photographers in Europe are free-lance." He added that while in Paris she was followed by at least twenty-five photographers trying to get pictures to peddle to magazines or syndicates. "When magazines buy pictures they often require a warranty of indemnification from the photographers, so that there is really little protection, and she is constantly annoyed," he said.

Miss Taylor was encouraged to file a suit but in quite a different connection. She sued Hartfield Stores, Inc., for $1 million for selling "Elizabeth Taylor blouses" and other items that promised to give the wearer the "Liz Look." While the invasion of privacy would seem to be involved, the stores were being charged with "unfair competition." In essence Miss Taylor was defending a private property, her right to the publicity value of her name and likeness, which is about all a notable person has left of his privacy to defend.

Other celebrities, too, have brought suits. The motion-picture actor Kirk Douglas and his two sons were invited to producer Walt Disney's home for what Mr. Douglas assumed was a purely private Sunday afternoon social visit. That may well have been the intent. But, in any case, during the afternoon Mr. Disney took home movies of Mr. Douglas and his sons on Mr. Disney's toy train. Apparently the Douglases had a whale of a time on the train, and the film delighted Mr. Disney. Two years later a film of their train ride was televised nationally on the *Disneyland* show. Mr. Douglas objected and reportedly was assured the film would not be repeated, but somehow it was. Mr. Douglas became angry enough to sue. He claimed not only that his right to privacy had been invaded but also that his right to publicity of his image was invaded, and he demanded compensation for his services as an actor.

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On the basis of the skirmishes of preliminary pleadings the judge favored Mr. Douglas' argument, but apparently on the principle of his right to publicity value rather than on his right to privacy.

A troublesome question involving the boundaries of privacy for people who have achieved a spot in — or been thrust into — the public limelight arises from the practice of the mass media of retelling dramatic events of the past. Frequently these events have involved deep anguish for individuals involved. In two of the early, classic cases of suits being brought, the once public figures were told they had lost their right of privacy. In the 1930s a former child prodigy, William James Sidis, contended that the *New Yorker* magazine had invaded his privacy with a "Where Are They Now?" article. In adult life, twenty years after his early fame, Mr. Sidis had become a fanatical recluse. The court held for the magazine. In the early fifties, NBC, in its *The Big Story* series, re-created the heroic manner in which an intrepid lady reporter had sprung a man from a death cell more than a decade earlier by proving that his conviction was erroneous. He sued NBC for invading his privacy, even though his name was not specifically mentioned and even though the dramatization was not an exact recapitulation. Again the court held for the defendant.

During the sixties, however, protesting plaintiffs in similar cases seem to be getting a more sympathetic hearing. In 1962 a New York court awarded a family $175,000 in damages because of a photo story that *Life* magazine ran in the mid-fifties which purportedly re-created a dramatic news event that had occurred three years earlier. The family had been held captive in their home outside Philadelphia by three escaped convicts. When a play called *The Desperate Hours* opened, apparently based in part on the experiences of the family, *Life* used the occasion to present its story under the title "True Crime Inspires Tense Play." The magazine took actors from the play to the actual house, which the family had vacated, and shot pictures from the play. The family contended that some of the depicted episodes from the play were at least partly fictional. But the heart of their contention was that the article was a commercial exploitation of their name rather than a legitimate news use. At this writing, a new trial that will be confined solely to the amount of the damages has been ordered, and the attorneys for the plaintiff are going on the assumption that the publisher will seek to appeal the whole issue of liability to a higher court.

The recent case that most frightened proprietors of the mass media, however, occurred in Chicago. It involved the retelling by two detective-story magazines of a crime only five and six months after its occurrence. Many magazines require three or four months to assign and get out an article on a subject. In this case a teen-age girl had been slain and disposed of in a gruesome manner. One of the magazines, *Startling Detective*, titled its story "Frozen Corpse in Lovers' Lane." The girl's mother subsequently sued for libel. This suit was turned down because the statute of limitations had run out by the time she had launched her suit. But the U.S. Court of Appeals reversed that decision and ordered the case to go to trial on the grounds of invasion of privacy. The judge, speaking for the court, wrote: "When the news media have served their proper function in reporting the current events, private individuals involved therein sink back into the solitude which is the right of every person."

However, a few weeks later the same court reversed itself upon being reminded that at the approximate time the articles appeared the murderer was coming up for trial. Thus, the murder was still newsworthy. It was a narrow escape for the two magazines, since they survive largely on the basis of retelling lurid crimes. But, more important, it was a narrow escape for the mass media generally, since the judge, in his defense of the right to solitude, had not confined himself to the retelling of lurid crimes or even crimes in general. He had used the test of whether or not the news was current and so reportable without danger of liability.

My own view is that the courts should indeed move to protect the right to solitude of people who had publicity thrust upon them by becoming involved in painful episodes that have generally been forgotten for at least a year. And this respect for privacy should especially be enforced in the case of gruesome crimes, the rehashing of which, in print or broadcast, is done primarily to entertain, shock, or titillate. But I also think that if time limits are to be set, the media should work to win legal sanction for greater latitude in alluding to episodes of a legitimate public interest, such as in reviewing or referring to "current events" of an earlier year. Otherwise, historians, biographers, and even lawyers offering citations of criminal cases settled many years ago might find themselves in trouble.

THE right of Americans to travel where they please as long as they can pay the fare is a traditional right that is being undermined by bureaucrats in the State Department, with the encouragement of xenophobic congressmen. The Supreme Court has observed that freedom to travel where one pleases is a "natural and constitutional right." It has held that "the freedom to travel is a part of the liberty of which the citizen cannot be deprived without due process of law."

Nonetheless, since 1940 there have been many

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efforts to qualify the right to travel. A number have succeeded, and the once clear legal right to travel, as implied in the First and Fifth Amendments, has become cloudy indeed. All of the most recent Presidents of the United States have called for an increase in travel and communication between countries, with a greater interchange of ideas as the competition of ideas replaces the competition of weapons. Yet the State Department has steadfastly sought to declare certain countries out-of-bounds to travelers. Russia, once out-of-bounds, is now open, but Americans are forbidden to travel to China, Albania, or Cuba unless it "is in the best interests of the United States" for them to do so. All are poverty-stricken, dictator-ridden countries that would appear to be in a weak position to convert travelers from free and affluent America.

One explanation the State Department gives for declaring entire countries out-of-bounds is that it cannot protect American citizens who might get into trouble in such countries. The U.S. government did not feel impelled to offer protection to pioneers who went through the Blackfoot country en route to the unsettled and disputed Northwest, or through Apache country to Spanish-controlled California. Further, today's State Department has resolutely refused to permit citizens to waive any right to protection and take their chances.

In a few instances the State Department has felt impelled to make exceptions. A Greek scholar from New York City, a Mr. George Martin, was planning a tour of Greek ruins with a group of British and European scholars. One of the greatest of all Greek ruins happens to be in the present-day Albanian city of Durres. The State Department decreed that Mr. Martin would have to remain aboard the ship while his European colleagues went down the gangplank to visit Durres. It was only after Mr. Martin's congressman, Representative John V. Lindsay, waged a long fight to persuade the State Department of the preposterousness of its stand that the department relented and permitted Mr. Martin to join his fellow scholars on the one-day tour.

The State Department was stonily unforgiving, however, when fifty-seven Americans, mostly college students, visited Cuba recently without obtaining specially validated passports. Four of the leaders of the group were indicted.

In addition to general bans on travel to specific areas, the State Department has persistently forbidden certain Americans to travel anywhere beyond the nation's borders. It has tried to deny a passport to anyone suspected of having, or having had, Communist affiliations. A challenge to the State Department's arbitrary practice of deciding which Americans had a right to travel abroad reached the Supreme Court in 1958 (*Kent v. Dulles*). The Court held that the State Department had been acting without specific legislative authority.

Congressmen sought to give the State Department specific legislative authority to curtail the right of some Americans to travel, and at one point they had proposed twenty-three different bills, but Congress never could agree on a law.

Then the Supreme Court compromised its earlier strong stand in *Kent v. Dulles* by a decision that was not concerned directly with the issue of passports and travel. It upheld the provision of the 1950 Subversive Activities Control Act that requires members of Communist or Communist-front organizations to register under the act. Section 6a of this Control Act automatically bars anyone required to register under the act from either applying for a passport or seeking renewal of one. This section clearly seems unconstitutional, but the State Department has fallen back on it in order to withhold passports.

At first the State Department simply appended to each application for a passport a warning about the section's provision. The department now has taken the more drastic stand of requiring all applicants for passports to state under oath that they have not been members, within the past twelve months, of any organization required to register under the act. The constitutionality of this question is being challenged in the courts, and the American Civil Liberties Union is supporting the challenge with a friend-of-the-court brief. The present arrangement is considered especially objectionable since it eliminates a person's right to confront the government's confidential informants who claim that an organization to which he belongs has been a Communist front. If the applicant answers "yes" to the question whether he has belonged to the group labeled as a front, his answer automatically makes it a crime for him to apply for a passport. In case it is felt that a ban on travel must exist because of political belief, it should be based on a citizen's current belief rather than on his belief at some earlier period.

If our government falls into the habit of assuming that it can prevent all Americans from traveling to certain places abroad, and can prevent certain Americans from traveling to all places, we shall all be in danger of losing a part of our freedom to lead our own lives. There would be much to gain, and little to lose, by practicing what we preach and telling all certified citizens of the United States to travel freely. The Communist countries have little to offer in the way of attractiveness when compared with the world's free countries that are geographically near them.

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SIR OSBERT SITWELL

Farewell to Carlyle Square

Connoisseur and critic, traveler and biographer, SIR OSBERT SITWELL *had furnished for himself a home on Carlyle Square which was in its way an extraordinary museum of the twentieth century. Here is what went through his mind when at last he had to move elsewhere.*

To MOVE house after a lifetime is a harrowing and hair-raising experience. One of a number of extraordinary things about it is the amount of objects and events forgotten that are then salvaged, as it were, from the past; the manuscripts which had been lent and with which Time had walked away; the pictures which had been shelved, or rather floored. When I first took the house in Carlyle Square in the spring of 1920, most of the few objects I possessed went there by taxi. When finally the lease ended, it was necessary to have two large vans loading and unloading, shuttling to and fro between the house and my new flat in Kensington, and the operation of removing took not less than ten days, by which time I was so muddled that I nearly got removed myself. To make the process of dealing with material possessions easier for me, however, I suffered two burglaries at about this time. During the first, the burglars were interrupted, and in their sudden flight left on the floor a sackful of objects all ready to spirit away. After this, the house was naturally in disarray. A representative of the press telephoned to me and revealed several fixed ideas, one of which was that I must have been giving a large party at the time of the burglary, whereas, in fact, I was ill in bed.

"Were you entertaining?" he inquired.

The hopelessness of trying to get any sense into his head led me at last to reply: "I hope so. I have always tried to be."

Photograph courtesy of Hutchinson, London.

Ignoring what I had told him, he gave the next day an account of my supposed party.

Among the pictures found was one by the first abstract painter in England, which had somehow been mislaid. There were books, too, everywhere, which threatened, and still threaten, to overwhelm the living person, and there was a debris of machines which I had never used and the working of which I could never understand, dictaphones, electrical adapters, coils of wire and India rubber, and curious antiquated stoves.

There were objects which seemed far too heavy to be lifted, even by the numerous, stalwart, aproned men who had turned up to carry out the job, and pieces of furniture so bulky that they appeared to have grown where they stood and would never pass through the small doorways and up and down the narrow, twisting stairs by which they must have entered the house forty years earlier. Nor had I realized before that smooth marble, exposed to heavy torrents of rain, becomes so slippery that it is almost impossible to handle. To move a large piece of marble statuary of the Goddess of Liberty from the minute garden at the back of the house required techniques used — and now forgotten — in building the Pyramids, and took about half a day. I had found an ideal position for this statue in my new flat: a lead roof, surrounded by distant trees, that lay outside the French window of my bedroom. Fortunately, at the very last moment, I discovered

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that not even a bowl of daffodil bulbs could be placed there without the permission of the landlord, and as it was too late to obtain this, the goddess had to make the long journey to Renishaw and now stands in a cold stone passage, waiting for a position to be found for her in the garden there, which had already some years earlier given shelter to another refugee. I had come home from a sojourn abroad to find that a friend of mine had given me Sir Hamo Thornycroft's Muse of Fame, removed by the authorities from the top of the Poets' Fountain which had stood outside Londonderry House. She had presided over the figures of Dante, Chaucer, and Shakespeare, before they had been destroyed in a fit of planning ardor. The Muse could not enter my London house owing to the great span of her golden wings. Now, almost entirely concealed by luxuriant rhododendron bushes, she blows her trumpet to the empty air in the solitude of my Renishaw garden.

The kitchen had developed its own gallery of pictures and had become one of the nicest rooms in the house. It was there, in a cupboard, that we at last found, lining the cat's basket, a manuscript of a play — the only copy in existence — written by a journalist, who insisted on leaving it in my house, though I had warned him not to. It had disappeared at once, though for years we had sought it until the cat's basket was about to be destroyed.

During the moving, I had occasion to be dismayed by the way in which objects crumble at a touch. Things which had appeared solid, stable, and beautiful, and which had efficiently served their purpose for forty years, suddenly disintegrated before one's eyes. I am thinking in particular of a small ornate console table in my dining room. The top was a fine piece of veined verd-antique marble, which rested on intricately carved supports with large gilded masks of baroque beautes, part lion and part some mythological animal. When the movers tried to lift it, the heavy marble crashed to pieces, crushing the beasts, which were found to be eaten away by woodworm and had acquired the consistency of that light, porous sweet known as Edinburgh Rock. Had no one tried to move it, no doubt the table would have stood up to life for another forty years. As it was, here it lay, a sorry mess of sawdust, splinters, and marble, and I had to pay for this rubbish to be collected and consumed.

On the whole, the dining room stood up nobly to the squall. One heavily framed mirror had fallen long ago, but so gently had it slipped from the wall that it broke none of the delicate shell furniture beneath. It had been fixed more firmly and survives to hang in my new dining room: its seven playful black cupids, naked except for neat gold pants, patterned in green, and wearing gold caps on their curling hair, are gaily climbing up festoons of lacquered wood.

My dining room was a very dark room, and as the darkness could not be dispelled, I had tried to accentuate it. With its rich blue and silver tapestry wall coverings, its shells and shell and dolphin furniture, the room resembled a grotto under the sea. Now all these objects, though not the shell chairs, stand exposed in my new flat to the full glare of daylight, thereby acquiring an entirely different appearance.

Many pictures have had to be separated, but I have been able to keep together three of my favorites, which now hang in my dining room: first, Giovanni Battista Tiepolo's *Rinaldo and Armida*, in which Rinaldo, clad in pink coat of mail and golden cloak, lies sleeping at the edge of the blue Mediterranean, while Armida leans over him and a mermaid, emerging from the sea, looks on; second, a youthful *St. John the Baptist*, variously attributed to Raphael, Sebastiano del Piombo (referred to in a letter from the insurance company with which I deal as Sebastino Pimbo Jumbo), and Giulio Romano, the only Italian painter to be mentioned by Shakespeare; and finally, a beautiful picture of the Judgment Day, painted on wood by Brueghel, in which hosts of delicate white skeletons are carrying off flesh-and-blood human beings to a doom that is certain, though its nature is less sure, and are gloatingly playing havoc with the happiness of man.

The large dining-room table had remained firm. It is a sumptuous affair, and its history is this: I bought a sample slab of French marble from a monumental mason's yard and hoisted it on four bronze lions that had come from a chiffonier in Carlton House Terrace. This might have supplied a regular skeleton at our feasts; but somehow it did not. If the table could acquire the habit of name-dropping, there would be an impressive list. To take names at random of friends who have sat around its soft gold- and peach-colored surface, it would murmur: Arnold Bennett, W. H. Davies, Maurice Ravel, Sergei Diaghilev, Maynard Keynes, Lydia Lopokova, Walter Sickert, Clive Bell, Roger Fry, Virginia Woolf, Leonide Massine, George Gershwin, Arthur Waley, T. S. Eliot, and many others.

As I left the dining room for the last time, my mind went back to an earlier occasion, a Christmas Eve celebration in 1920 when twenty-four people dined at three tables arranged on three sides of a square. One of the guests, Sydney Schiff, chose to wear the pink coat of some obsolete and forgotten hunt, looking exactly as if he had just come from a Hunt Ball. When I asked him why he was wearing it, he explained that it was to give people a good idea of England. At a later stage of the proceedings, the Icelandic poet Harmer, known to his friends *tout court* as Iceland — no doubt to balance the

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painter Guevara, who was known as Chile — was missing. Eventually he was found in a room at the top of the house staring intently into a looking glass. When asked what he was doing, he stated that he was fixing his image in the glass; so that his image, too, has now been moved to my new flat.

Poor man, his life was short. He died some two years later after a singular episode. He came to see my brother and complained that his landlady was putting electric currents through his mattress and that people kept on climbing up drainpipes to the fourth floor of a house in Doughty Street in order to peer into his room and threaten him. What was he to do? My brother counseled: "See a doctor." We persuaded him to go to our own doctor, who lived nearby in Oakley Street. His chief complaint, however, was neither of electric currents nor of people peering at and threatening him but of a man carrying a black umbrella who would frequently come up to him in the street and murmur some indescribable message in his ear. Through fear of danger from this man, Iceland always carried a revolver. We got him safely into the doctor's consulting room and waited for him outside. In a little while the doctor invited us both to come in. We entered, and he turned to us and said: "Mr. Harmer now admits that what he thought he saw were all the time illusions." The doctor then persuaded him to give up the revolver, and we left. Suddenly I noticed that I had left my stick behind and went back to fetch it. When I returned, my brother and I, to our surprise, saw a man carrying a black umbrella come up to Harmer, speak in his ear, and then shuffle off into the twilight. Harmer looked at us in a distracted manner and exclaimed: "Now you see for yourselves!" And from that moment until his death there was nothing more to be done for him.

THE material difficulties of moving are innumerable and often appear insurmountable. I had to choose from the accumulated possessions of forty years what I could take with me and what would have to be stored or sold. The choice was agonizing, yet oddly enough difficult to remember, so that I am always being surprised at something not being here that I had thought to see again.

I found myself in a world of red tape and misunderstandings. Whenever I stirred, I was tripped up by the invisible barbed wire of rules and regulations. The frustrations are mitigated by an apparently amiable, willing, and efficient body of men and women who remain untiringly anxious to "carry out all your requirements with the maximum of attention." Nevertheless, good-humored men (always in pairs) turned up at the new address at the wrong hour to fix the gas stove before it had been disconnected at the old address, and the telephone engineer came across a tangled cluster of wires which have no purpose but cannot be extricated from behind the walls. Perhaps many years ago the flat had been used by a spy who had been obliged to leave in a hurry, and certain rooms had been specially wired to trap the words of the unwary.

In every room at Carlyle Square there was a piece of furniture or a picture with a memory. Ethel Sands decorated a wardrobe for me, and on the outside she painted a replica of the inside, shelves of ties, collars, shirts, shoes, and shoe trees, a shiny black tall hat and a long cane with a tortoiseshell handle. I also possess two curious glass bottles with Negro heads. They were given to me by a remarkable charwoman in whom I had at once recognized a likeness to various members of my family. She had exactly the look and bearing of several relatives of mine and suffered severely from gout. A week after she came, she said: "I'm sorry that gout compels me to leave you, but I've brought you these two bottles as a present. They were given to my mother by your great uncle."

I seldom entered my drawing room without there coming to my memory a winter's evening in November when the rehearsal of William Walton's *Façade* was in progress. The rehearsal was peculiarly exciting. The cold outside was terrible, and in spite of two large coal fires, the players had to be brought to, by copious drafts of sloe gin. As I listened to the subtly constructed melodies evoked by popular songs, there was borne in on me the realization of the touch of genius already manifesting itself in the work of my very young talented friend.

As I prepared to leave my house for the last time, the air was full of the names of friends and I was aware that ghosts were watching my departure from the windows. I was going to stay in a suite at the Ritz while the movers destroyed what had been my home in order to construct it elsewhere. I recalled a night when I had been a young man of about thirty and was returning to my house after a concert. As I got out of the taxi, I noticed that the driver was dressed in a somewhat unusual way. On his head was a large, broad-brimmed sombrero, and he wore around his neck a voluminous, dramatically colored and patterned necktie. I was paying him the fare when he said to me with assurance: "You are a writer, aren't you?"

I acknowledged this and inquired: "How did you know?"

"Oh, I often drive my taxi at night on the astral plane, and I sometimes see you there," he answered.

I wonder whether fellow travelers on the astral plane may not still see me darkening the door of my former house and fumbling for my latchkey. Forty years is a long time.

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PAKISTAN

FRIEND OF OUR ENEMIES

by **WARREN UNNA** *A newspaperman who has had wide experience both at home and abroad,* WARREN UNNA *is Asian correspondent for the Washington* POST. *His annual visits to the continent of Asia and his intimate knowledge of Pakistani affairs have prompted him to describe the dilemma in which the United States now finds itself in giving military aid to a country which is flirting with our enemy Red China.*

PAKISTAN today is questioning the value of its military alliance with the United States, and the United States, in turn, is beginning to wonder if it really ever has had a military alliance with Pakistan.

In the words of its Foreign Minister, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, Pakistan is doing nothing more than reappraising its own interests, which include the "normalization of its relations" with Communist China. The Administration in Washington prefers the word "flirtation." And since the United States for some time now has been providing Pakistan with more than a half billion dollars in aid a year — $50 to $60 million of this in the form of military aid specifically aimed at the containment of Communism — this "flirtation" has not been found to be amusing.

Whether it be "normalization" or "flirtation," both Pakistan and the United States seem to agree on the cause: Pakistan fears and detests India and now reaches out for China on the theory that "My enemy's enemy is my friend."

In the past year, Pakistan has taken these steps:

1. Invited Chinese Premier Chou En-lai and Foreign Minister Chen Yi for a week-long, "friendly" state visit in February, 1964. The announcement impelled our State Department to declare: "We consider it unfortunate that the leaders of the Chinese regime should be accorded an opportunity to pay a 'friendly visit' to Pakistan a country allied with us against Communist aggressive aims."

2. Concluded a border agreement with China establishing a demarcation line on the two hundred miles or so of Pakistan-controlled Kashmir which touch China. Kashmir, according to Pakistani doctrine, must someday be allowed to determine its own status. In the meantime, Pakistan has found it best to predetermine Kashmir's shape.

3. Concluded a trade agreement with China which will mean the barter of Pakistan's chief foreign-exchange cash crop, cotton, for whatever Chinese products Pakistan might find useful. China's ability to export useful products has seemed so dubious to its historical and nearest trading partner, Japan, that even Japan has not seen fit to take the trade possibilities very seriously.

4. Concluded a civil-aeronautics agreement with China for the exchange of commercial-airline flights between Dacca, in East Pakistan, and Canton and Shanghai. The United States, aware that this will provide China with its only non-Communist air outlet aside from relatively backwater Rangoon, has termed the agreement "an unfortunate breach of Free World solidarity." Pakistan's original excuse for the agreement was that it needed Chinese refueling stops on Pakistan International Airlines' proposed new route to Tokyo. But now Japan has refused to grant landing rights to Pakistan. India, furthermore, has threatened to block any overflights of its territory which either Pakistan or China might want to make on the Dacca-Canton route.

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5. Concluded a cultural-exchange agreement with China and lobbied for its admission to the United Nations, both actions at a time when China has openly split with its Communist colleagues in the Kremlin for advocating peaceful coexistence and endorsing such East-West agreements as the test-ban treaty.

Pakistani officials also have publicly implied, although without documentation, that in the event of an attack from India, China would come to Pakistan's defense as a military ally.

In August Pakistan suddenly decided to raise the status of its diplomatic representative in Communist Cuba from minister to ambassador. The United States, the day before, had announced it was holding up a $4.3 million loan to build a new Dacca airstrip which was to facilitate the China flights. Washington considered the Cuban representative action as intrinsically meaningless, since Pakistan does not possess even a diplomatic building in Havana. But some United States officials thought that, in effect, Pakistan was deliberately trying to frustrate Washington's attempts to isolate the Communist regime of Fidel Castro.

Pakistani officials make no apology for these actions. Instead they take issue with the United States for joining Britain in furnishing arms and training to India for defense against China. Pakistan contends that China was provoked by India into its attack across the Himalayas in December, 1962.

To understand Pakistan it is necessary to go back to the days when the Indian subcontinent was part of the British Empire and the British, in a last-ditch attempt to hold on, resorted to their old policy of divide and rule. Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the father of Pakistan, was Britain's creature. During World War II American soldiers stationed in India saw Jinnah exhorting his fellow Muslims into separatism from the Hindus as he stood under a hot Delhi sun, dressed in Western clothes, wearing a monocle, and assisted by an interpreter.

When the British finally decided to leave they discovered they had created a Frankenstein monster: Muslim separatism was too deeply rooted to be ignored. The subcontinent then was partitioned into two independent countries, India and Pakistan, and Pakistan was impossibly split geographically. East Pakistan, on one side of India, had all the natural resources. West Pakistan, on India's other flank a thousand miles away, was the economic and political center.

In addition to the fantastic fratricide created by Muslims and Hindus as they fled to the new political boundaries, there was the mutual quest for Kashmir, a predominantly Muslim state with a Hindu maharaja, which lies between West Pakistan and India proper. Pakistan moved its troops in first. But India then seized Kashmir's heartland, the fertile Vale, and refused to get out.

Ever since the partition of the Indian subcontinent in the late forties, Pakistan's strongest foreign policy has been a negative one: fear of India, revenge on India, and "regain" of Kashmir. Although Pakistan now has only 100 million people as compared with India's nearly 400 million, Pakistan never has faced up to the fact that it is, both in people and territory, a much smaller state. But where a small country such as the Netherlands has been able to maintain big-power equality through its wits and commerce, Pakistan has depended for its equality with India on military might — provided by the United States. The United States has lavished economic aid on both countries, but until the 1962 invasion of India by China only Pakistan had received military aid.

The origin is interesting. At the beginning of the Eisenhower Administration the late Secretary of State John Foster Dulles was working on ways to contain the Soviet Union through its southern perimeter. Military aid to Pakistan was considered. But while it was months away from any decision in Washington, planted stories in the government-controlled Pakistan press started announcing it. In addition, the Pakistanis, aware that a multinational pact like NATO would make any shipment of arms to them far more palatable to the United States Congress, told Washington that the Turks were anxious to get into an alliance and told the Turks that the United States was anxious to get them in. The Baghdad Pact, now called the Central Treaty Organization (CENTO), followed.

Once the United States military commitment was made and Dulles started solidifying his plans for Soviet containment, the United States had a rude awakening. Pakistan said it was delighted with the new military assistance for its defense arrangements against India.

But what about Soviet containment? asked Washington. Pakistan replied that it had the manpower to arrange that too, if it received additional United States arms and money.

Pakistan's second military arrangement with the United States, and one in which the United States is a formal member, is the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO). The one time SEATO tried to emerge from its status as a paper organization was in 1961, when an appeal went out for token forces to buttress the United States troops sent to Thailand as a precaution against a runaway Laos. Pakistan, as well as SEATO's other Asian member, the Philippines, refused to oblige. Pakistan, which had been sounded out beforehand, now claims that it never had been formally requested.

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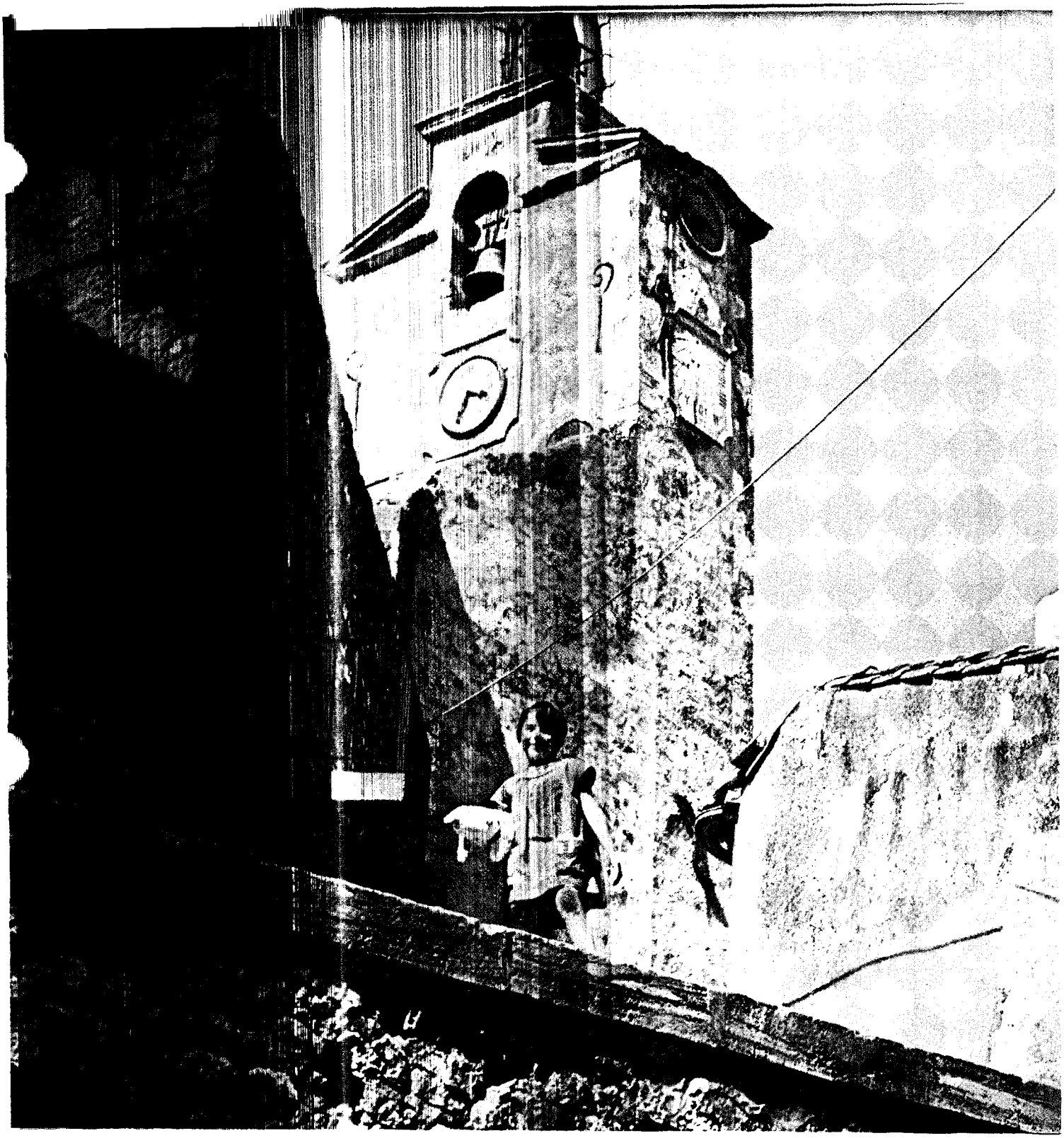

This town is so co rful little girls get red-dirty instead f black-dirty.

Ve're going to lead you to one of the st satisfying spots on earth.

Drive 35 miles east of Avignon to Rous- illon, a village etched, hawklike, into a illtop. So small. So pure of tourists. Yet incredible artists travel distances to e it. For Roussillon is all red. The uses, the rooftops, the streets are red. is the dust. And so are the children. Roussillon is a wonder. Like all the other lages of Provence. Some are Picasso ie. Some are Matisse Ochre. And even Van Gogh Gold appears every few miles.

Maybe that's why France's Impression- ist painters settled in Pro- vence. It's like a painting to live in. If *you're* impression- able you ought to go there.

Your travel agent can help with your plans. Or jus vrite: **French Government Tourist Office**, Dept. LG-4, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.

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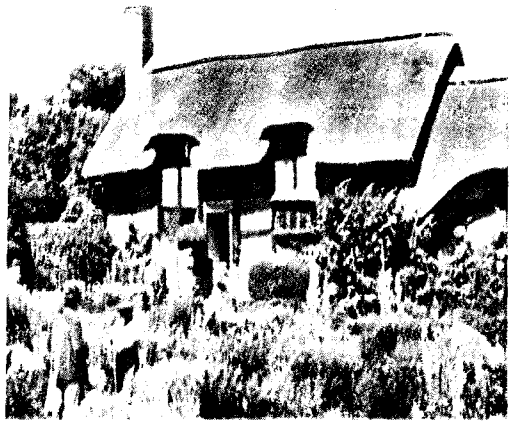
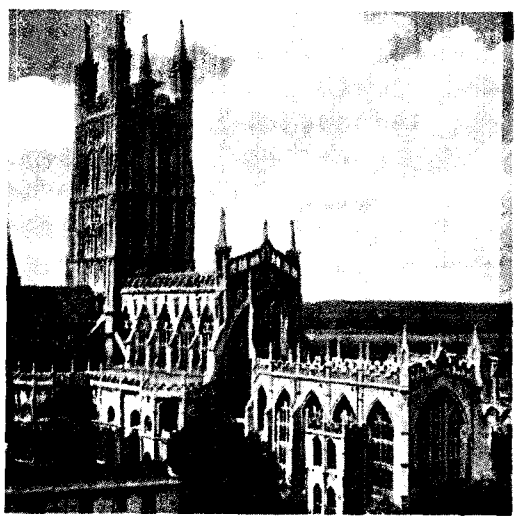
What you can see within 100 miles of Shakespeare's Stratford

(Hints for visitors to Shakespeare's England in 1964 —the poet's 400th anniversary)

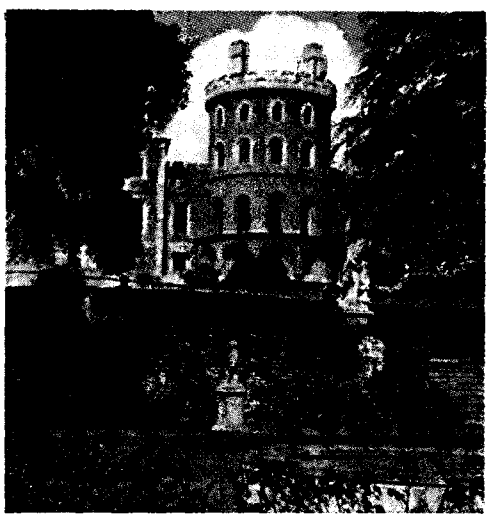


SHOTTERY (1 mile) Do what Shakespeare used to do: *walk* over to Anne Hathaway's cottage. Come in Spring, when "lady-smocks all silver-white do paint the meadows with delight."

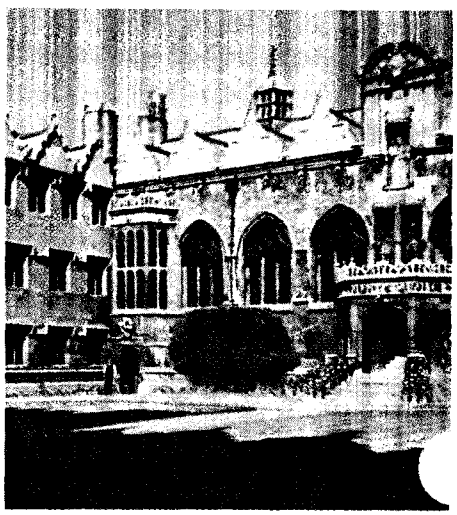
BROADWAY (15 miles) This is the Elizabethan village where J. M. Barrie wrote *Peter Pan*. Hop on a bus in Stratford and you can ride from village to pretty village for about 3 cents a mile.



GLOUCESTER (38 miles) This eloquent cathedral was built in the 13th century —a thousand years after the Romans set up camp here. You can visit 15 cathedrals within 100 miles of Stratford.

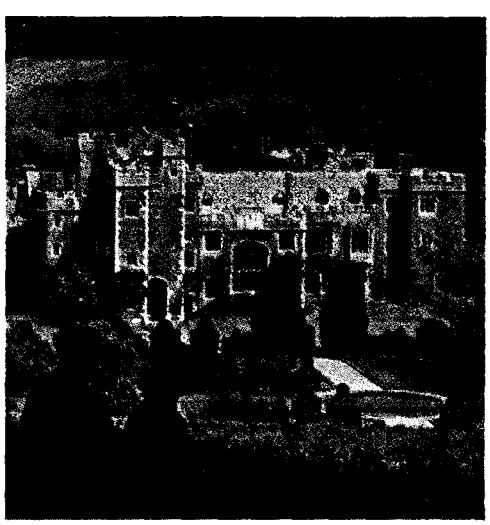


BELVOIR CASTLE (72 miles) Pronounce it "Beever." The Duke of Rutland lives here, in great halls hung with Gainsboroughs and Poussins. You can now visit his castle and art gallery for 35¢.

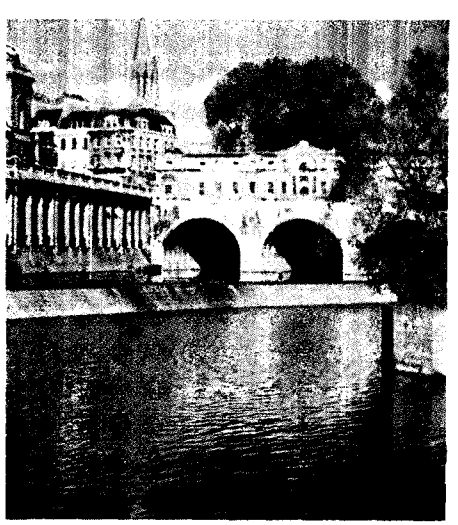


OXFORD (40 miles) Our picture shows Oriel College, where Sir Walter Raleigh learned his geography. Try navigating Oxford's rivers in a punt—a *cushion-lined*, flat-bottomed boat.

PEMBRIDGE (50 miles) Wayfarers have been lodging at the New Inn (above) for 650 years. Inn-hopping Americans often find *prices* as quaint as the half-timbering: bed and breakfast from $3.75.



COMPTON WYNYATES (15 miles) Henry VIII often stayed here. The house's walls are honeycombed with secret stairways. In the garden, topiary bushes stand around like trysting courtiers.



BATH (70 miles) Yehudi Menuhin comes to this fashionable spa every June to lead a festival of music. Most festivals in 1964 will spotlight Shakespeare. Ask your travel agent for programs.

For free 16-page illustrated booklet, "Visit Britain in Shakespeare's Year 1964," see your travel agent or write Box 534, British Travel Association. In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—612 So. Flower St.; In Chicago—39 So. LaSalle St.; In Canada—151 Bloor St. West, Toronto.

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President Mohammed Ayub Khan, in an interview in his Rawalpindi office in the spring of 1962, made it plain that the United States could amuse itself with these military pacts if it wanted to, so long as Pakistan continued to get direct military assistance. Ayub's secretary-general at the Ministry of External Affairs, S. K. Dehlavi, went a bit further. In an interview in March, 1962, Dehlavi declared flatly: "Our relations with China would be excellent if we weren't a member of these pacts." Dehlavi may have been mindful that Pakistan's relations with its Muslim brethren in the Arab states might also be better without the pacts. CENTO, with its Middle East base, is particularly galling to the Arab states.

When Ayub promulgated a new constitution in the spring of 1962 he was faced with some far more outspoken political opposition at home. He then tried to placate his critics by showing more independence of his American benefactor and more interest in Communist China, which, through its invasion of India, then became "my enemy's enemy." But reports from Pakistan indicate that Ayub's political opponents now are criticizing the government for allowing China to toy with Pakistan and for antagonizing Pakistan's main source of bread and butter, the United States.

In Washington there have been two reactions to Pakistan's China policy. The White House and the State Department have been outraged. The invitation for a state visit extended to Red China, the signing of a civil-aviation agreement with China, and the raising of the question of Cuban representation were considered as incredible behavior from a military ally. But the Pentagon, and such powerful Pentagon supporters in the Congress as Senators Stuart Symington of Missouri, Richard B. Russell of Georgia, and Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, has taken the position that an ally is an ally and you do not question it.

The Pentagon values its installation near Peshawar, which permits the tracking of Soviet missile shots. And it must be admitted that Pakistan did not flinch when the U-2 was discovered in 1960 with Peshawar as its takeoff base and Russia threatened terrible retaliation. Symington represents a school of thinking which argues that if increased aid to India, particularly the introduction of military aid, annoys a good ally like Pakistan, then the United States's priority interest lies, as always, with its military ally.

Furthermore, it is hard for the legislators to forget Ayub's soldierly blunt speech before a joint session of Congress in July, 1961, when he told them that, like foreign aid or not "you had better not get tired at this point. . . . If there is real trouble, there is no other country in Asia where you will be able to even put your foot in. The only people who will stand by you are the people of Pakistan."

Ayub, an unapologizing paternalistic dictator who sports a clipped mustache, a swagger stick, and a no-nonsense British accent acquired during his studies at the Royal British Military Academy at Sandhurst, has a personality which appeals to Westerners. Ayub and Pakistan were particularly appealing to the Eisenhower Administration. But Pakistan suspected, and probably rightly, that it would be harder to please the late President Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy, even as a senator, had been a strong advocate of India's needs. And Pakistan, as has been said, considers support for India incompatible with support for itself. The swearing-in of President Johnson, on the other hand, brought renewed hopes to Ayub and his government. It was Mr. Johnson who made an international hero out of Bashir, the camel driver whom he befriended during his visit to Pakistan in early 1961. And it was Mr. Johnson who was so disturbed by the anti-American sentiment in the Pakistan press that he saw to it that Ayub was invited to Washington for a state visit in July, 1961.

But the appeal for more United States support which Ayub made to Mr. Johnson while he was in Pakistan gained a silent response. And when Ayub's subsequent visit to Washington ended, he had nothing in his hand. This caused deeper disillusionment on his return to Rawalpindi.

Today Ayub's government is bluntly telling the United States and Britain that they must show their appreciation for Pakistan by abandoning their new military-aid program to India. At a press conference at the Pakistan embassy in Washington in October, Foreign Minister Bhutto declared that United States and British military aid to India was nonsense: India needed no protection against any renewed invasion from China, and any arms it received would only be turned against Pakistan.

"India, at the appropriate time, will negotiate a settlement with China on her border dispute," Bhutto declared. "India has no intention whatsoever of allowing another conflict with the Chinese." Bhutto dismissed any aggressive intentions on the part of China. "If there is to be a Chinese *lebensraum*, I can't believe it would be in India, an area that already is so densely populated." Bhutto also declared that the arms the West already had shipped to India "have weakened our capacity to make an effective contribution" to SEATO and CENTO. "We have to think twice or thrice before we take on additional liabilities or commitments. We need all our capacities for our own defenses." Bhutto once again was underlining Pakistan's de-

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termination to look upon its military alliances as alliances not against the Communist world but against India.

Pakistan's excursions into the Communist world have not been confined to China. In 1961, Pakistan, which long had denounced the Soviet Union for an ideology incompatible with the teachings of the Prophet Mohammed and for an economic, political, and military penetration into neighboring Afghanistan, sent a delegation to Moscow to secure help on oil exploration. The delegation came back with a $30 million agreement whereby Pakistan agreed to accept a number of Soviet technicians to train the Pakistanis in exploration techniques and gave the Soviets three areas in which to try their luck for oil — an 8000-square-mile sector in the Potwar Plateau in northeast Pakistan near Rawalpindi, one of similar size in the Indus Basin, and a larger sector in northwest Pakistan.

Pakistan was motivated by four factors: an anxious desire to smooth over the U-2 incident in 1960; a simmering resentment against Western oil companies for being the symbol of economic penetration and for overcharging underdeveloped countries for the refined oil products they bring in; an impatience for the oil wealth of the Near East and Indonesia; and a suspicion, voiced in the Pakistan press, that the six American and British oil-exploration firms already in Pakistan were not doing all they could to come up with a significant find which might cut into their profitable export business.

Pakistan agreed to repay the Soviet Union for its $30 million oil investment over a twelve-year period at 2½ percent interest. The repayment is being made in the raw cotton, jute, skins, and hides which constitute Pakistan's main source of foreign exchange. Last October, Pakistan signed a $1,050,000 barter agreement with the Soviets in which Pakistan is to exchange jute for Soviet railroad ties. The Pakistani Ministry of Commerce described the agreement as a prelude to bigger deals with Communist countries.

The White House frequently has got its first word of Pakistan's transactions with the Communist countries through its commercial wire-service news ticker. Yet, when the Administration tried to give its Pakistani ally the courtesy of advance notice on the decision to furnish India with arms, Ayub took off on a ten-day hunting trip to the Karakoram Mountains and thereby avoided having to receive President Kennedy's letter. When the United States decision was publicly announced, Pakistan accused Washington of failing to consult.

In fact, if not in words, Pakistan now is engaged in a selective commitment to the United States. When United States Ambassador Walter P. McConaughy mentions this to the Ministry of External Affairs in Karachi he is reminded that the United States itself had no hesitation in "collaborating" with the Soviet Union against Germany during World War II.

Now the Administration in Washington is faced with a serious decision. The United States some time ago gave Pakistan a twelve-plane squadron of F-104 supersonic jet fighters equipped with sidewinder air-to-air missiles, sophisticated equipment which India does not yet have but would very much like to get. But while the United States has been discouraging India's requests, Pakistan has been making India even more anxious by demanding of the United States an additional supersonic jet squadron as the first installment of a major replacement program for the Pakistani Air Force's backbone of United States F-86 fighters. This presents the immediate danger of escalating the war potential in both India and Pakistan. In view of Pakistan's current relations with the Communist world, this also presents a certain risk for the security of United States weapon design and equipment.

Essentially, the United States is interested in a peaceful Indian subcontinent in which both Pakistan and India can attend to their enormous economic needs and apply the bulk of their national income to feeding and educating their masses. The United States believes that a healthy, interested population is the first line of defense against Communism, anarchy, and tyranny.

The United States also is vitally interested in seeing to it that Pakistan and India point their guns to the north, in defense against their mutual potential aggressor, Communist China.

Since its invasion by China, India has withdrawn most of its forces from the West Pakistan front and concentrated them in the north. But Pakistan still considers India its one major enemy and continues to point its forces at India. In addition, it continues to receive some half billion dollars a year in United States economic and military aid, and constantly wants more. The United States economic aid is given to Pakistan, as to all countries, as a means of helping an underdeveloped population to its feet and into the modern world.

But the military aid is, by Pakistan's own admission, not being used for the purpose the United States intended: defense against potential Communist aggression. On the contrary, Pakistan is doing its best to befriend the United States's Communist enemies, with considerable self-exposure to their cunning habits of infiltration. And Pakistan today is using its $50 to $60 million a year in military aid to aim its weapons against India, a country the United States is vitally interested in seeing survive as the major Asian counterweight to Communist China.

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An Atlantic "First"

At the Marketplace

by ERIKA GIPPNER

"I was born in Czechoslovakia," Erika Gippner writes, "when to buy a fat goose for Christmas one needed only money. But one day the stores became empty, the streets silent. From then on everyone began to converse in whispers, if they conversed at all." Miss Gippner experienced the Nazi occupation and the Russian liberation of her country. She now lives in New York, where each day she finds new excitement in the nuances of the English language.

She left when the sun was hot in the cloudless sky. Even though she had wanted to leave at daybreak, she had hesitated each time she was about to put the rabbit in her black net bag and saw Mrs. Kunze and her son Hans still in the yard fussing with the lock of the rabbit house. All the same, she had to leave and try her luck in the city.

The rabbit was squirming in the bag. She patted it and said, "Keep still, Friday." She had named it Friday because she had stolen it on Friday. She looked at the Kunzes again — they were still preoccupied with the lock. Now was the time to sneak past them. After she got past the Kunzes it would be only a matter of walking down the little hill and then through the village and onto the plain.

If she had only been smart enough and lied about her age, she would have gotten her ration card and her money yesterday, like all the other children. But who would have thought that one year could make such a difference? She had been honest, too honest maybe, and now she was paying for it. She would have to wait another week. One whole week.

At last she reached the road, and she began to feel now that she should never have left. It was scorching hot, and the dust on the road was so thick that her feet left a deep pattern in it. Ahead of her finally appeared the milestone, the halfway mark on the road that wound through the flat, open country like a river. When she got to it she gently lifted the furry bundle out of her net bag and set it in the dry grass, where it immediately turned a somersault. Then, as she bent over to pick a few limp blades of grass, she noticed that there was no one in the surrounding fields, and it was clear that no one cared whether the wheat was cut or whether it burned a deeper orange. There had been no rain for more than three weeks, and the wheat lay dying and dead. The gray, juiceless grass by the roadside was already dead, but that didn't matter. Who needed it? Who wanted the strips of green that were of no use except to cool the feet of weary hikers or to be crunched up by rabbits?

From behind came the whir of a bicycle.

"Friday! Here, Friday!"

She picked up the rabbit quickly, but before she could wave the rider to the center of the road a chalky cloud rose in the air and fell curdling on her dress. By the time it had settled, the rider was a mere swaying dot on the broad, white road that led to the city.

The rabbit, looking like a sugar-dusted bunny

Lithograph by Edward Munch, from MODERN PRINTS & DRAWINGS *by Paul J. Sachs. Courtesy of Alfred A. Knopf.*

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that confectioners used to make for Easter, snuggled closer as she blew the dust from its fur.

"You silly thing," she murmured, pressing it to her breast and smelling the gamy fur. She dropped it back into the net bag and began to walk again. The rabbit folded itself into a neat ball that sunk and rose in rhythm with her step.

A fork in the road, adorned with four signs, made her stop. Pointing to the right was a yellow sign bent and punctured with bullet holes, MÜNCHEN 60 km., and above it, fastened with a piece of chicken wire, was a sign in white, MOSCOW, pointing to the sky. On the left was another yellow sign, ERDING 48 km., and underneath it, painted with thick, red paint was NEW YORK 3421 miles. She took the road to the left, the one leading to New York.

She shifted the rabbit to her other arm. It got fidgety and clawed her dress until she put it back in its old place.

"You rascal. We've become friends since last night, haven't we?"

She walked slower because it was getting even hotter.

"But if we had to separate for just a little while, say one week, that wouldn't be so bad, would it?"

It would not be good, and she knew it. She would miss the soft fur caressing her arm, and she would long to feel its body press against her. And maybe when they lost sight of one another it would long for her voice and her hand.

She stopped to wipe the mucky mixture of sweat and dust off her forehead, and then she saw in the distance the tip of the city's church steeple shining a bright silver underneath the vivid blue sky. A thrill went through her. The city was still many kilometers away, but the sight brought her into it, and she pulled at her yellow dress to make it look longer than it was, to make it look more respectable, which was a difficult thing to do if you had outgrown your dress. A sudden dip in the road hid the steeple from her, and she was once more looking at nothing but the broad, white road spreading out before her. Then, almost before she realized it, there rose the bomb-battered railroad tracks, a heap of twisted steel, behind the station. Save for two large sheep dogs that came up to her, the railroad station was deserted. She strode past them quickly, holding the rabbit tight, and then swung into a small side street that led over a bridge into the heart of the city.

When she came to the large square, which was the center, or had been before the Americans took over the city and the best-looking houses that were in it, she wondered why she always got confused there. It was the squareness of the square, of course, and when the sun was overhead or when it was dark or cloudy, you could never tell which side was north or south or east or west, because all the buildings looked alike. All had the solid look of rich merchants' homes, which they once were.

She stopped, then turned first in one direction, then in the opposite, and, shielding her eyes against the sun, she began to run across the cobblestoned square toward a store fronted with a shingle so rusty that she could barely read the name, M. KRAUSE, Bäkerei.

When she opened the door, a bell in the back rang sharply.

"Good morning," she said, trying to sound cheerful and friendly. There were four people — three customers and the shopkeeper.

No one answered.

Two women were waiting to speak to the small bald shopkeeper. Each carried a package, and she saw them trying stupidly to conceal it under their arms. And then she noticed that the shelves were empty and dusty.

An elderly man with gray hair stood at the counter whispering to the shopkeeper. "If you please, just a slice?" His hands, white and smooth — too smooth, she thought — plucked nervously at the shopkeeper's shirt sleeve.

"Oh, all right!" the shopkeeper snapped, and reaching under the counter, brought up half a loaf of bread, chopped a thin slice off, shoved it at the man, and said, "Stick it in your pocket and go!"

She saw the two women, obviously sisters they looked so much alike, nudge each other and close in on the counter.

"May God bless you!" cried the old man, seizing the shopkeeper's hand. "And if I should ever have the good fortune —"

"Yes, yes! Good-bye!" barked the bald shopkeeper impatiently.

As soon as the man left, he put back the bread. Meanwhile, one of the women had undone her paper parcel and taken from it a polished silver serving spoon. She laid it on the counter without a word. The shopkeeper looked carefully at the woman and shook his bald head. She turned to her sister, who had opened the second package and silently spread its contents on the counter top. The shopkeeper saw six rolls of sewing thread, four combs, and a tube of toothpaste. He inspected these items minutely. He unscrewed the cap of the tube, smelled the paste, tasted it, and nodded his head. At this the two women sighed and smiled. The man then bent down once more, brought up the bread, cut off a thick slice, and held it out to the woman who had shown him the silver spoon. Then he disappeared through the door behind the counter with the tube of toothpaste, and the two women gathered their things and left silently.

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The girl was alone.

The shopkeeper returned. His face was flushed, and he glanced at the rabbit and asked, "male or female?"

She blushed. "I don't know, sir."

"Let's see it."

She held it up for him to look at.

"Give it here."

She couldn't look at his face. He lifted the rabbit by the skin of its back and, turning it over, laid it on the counter top. The rabbit's belly was so white, so white, that suddenly she felt like — She turned away. She heard its hard nails scratch against the wooden counter top. She heard the shopkeeper curse. But she kept looking at the cobblestones in the square.

"Male!" he said. "Can't use it."

She took it back without looking up and kept brushing its ruffled fur over and over.

"Please."

"No. I can't."

"Why?"

"Got enough rabbits, see? Got enough silver. Got enough of everything."

"Just take it — for a week — and give me a slice of bread. I'll have a ration card and money then. I'll give whatever you want when I get my ration card and my money. Keep the rabbit for security."

He laughed. "And feed it too, the bastard!"

She looked up at him, and then noticed that he was staring at the front of her dress where a button was missing and you could see the curve of her breast. She was ashamed, not only because he was looking at her, but because she wore no slip. She had outgrown the only one she had, and she knew that he knew it.

"No. I'm afraid that can't be done."

"But why not? I'll take it back next week."

He looked at her. "We don't have any bread left."

"Yes, you do! I saw it!" she cried, looking him in the eye for the first time. "You gave that man a big slice of it without getting anything for it, and I know there's a lot left."

"Well, he's an old man. He can't get food any other way, but you can. I told you that the last time you were here, and I'm telling you now!" His voice raised to a screech.

"I hate you. You're a big, fat pig!"

She knew he was angry, and she could see it by the way his forehead broke out in sweat, but she didn't care. She remembered he always seemed to sweat like that.

"Get out of here! Go to Bertes!"

She didn't move, but instead looked stubbornly past him at one of the shelves where a fat housefly licked a large, dry, dusty crumb of bread.

"You ever been there?" he asked, stepping around the counter. "Or come back here at two. I'll be alone then." Then he came so close that his bulging stomach pressed against her back, and she felt his fingers fumble for the opening in her dress.

She tore away and dashed out of the store, running diagonally across the square, holding the rabbit tightly against her. She heard him slam the door. The pig. Who did he think she was, she thought, running faster. After she passed the great fountain in the center, the church bells started to ring announcing noon. She was too late. Now she would have to wait for two hours until the stores opened again.

Not quite knowing what to do or how to get off the burning stones quickly, she ran back to the fountain, moved around it looking for a place to sit, and then slumped down on the step closest to the basin.

The fountain was dry. It had not had any water for weeks — she could tell by the corky look of the stone. On top of the center column, a stone nymph, her arms clasped around the waist of a large fish, stared down at the empty basin.

The girl leaned closer to the gray stone wall for a little shade. The bells stopped. There was no other sound. There was only the dry-hot, absolute stillness clinging to the yellow sandstone houses that framed the large square. All the windows were shut, and the shades and curtains drawn. All the doors were closed. No one was about. And the cobblestones in the square, as brittle and faded as dried skulls, would have sounded hollow had she walked over them now.

She took Friday off her arm and leaned back again to escape the sun, but it was useless. The bright, hot light burned into her skin. A curtain moved in one of the second-floor windows of the house opposite her. She knew that she was being watched. Even though she heard nothing, she knew that there was life behind the closed windows and the shut doors. She shifted uncomfortably on the rough hot stone step and fixed her eyes on an overly large cobblestone, keeping one hand on the rabbit's back. The animal wiggled closer.

She stared at the contours of the stone so long that when at last she looked up, the houses in the square seemed dwarfed and distant. Even the fountain, towering overhead, had grown smaller. If she had some water, she would wash her face and then drink the water, dirty or not. But instead she wiped her face with her dress and leaned back once more against the curved stone of the basin. Her tongue had the sharp, spicy taste of brine. The air throbbed with heat, and it smelled of brine. Her hands smelled of it. Her dress smelled of it. And suddenly she had a wolfish desire to drink

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glassfuls of it. She fumbled in her dress pocket for a few blades of grass and began chewing them. The bitter juice was hard to swallow, but she swallowed it, and then leaned back as far as she could, feeling much lighter somehow. When she looked at the blue sky arched high above, she noticed that the brightness went out of it slowly, but then quickly, so that the houses on the square darkened sharply until suddenly she could no longer see them at all.

A dull pain in her forehead made her realize that she had fainted. The rabbit struggled to get out from under her. A thin stream of blood trickled over her left eye down onto the step, where the sun dried it up immediately. Her head continued to pound heavily. She wiped off the blood with the hem of her dress and then looked at the red stains printed across in a crazy pattern.

"They'll think I killed someone, Friday. Why, I couldn't even kill you."

And then she thought, nobody will give you a piece of bread for your thoughts. No one. Not this one or that one, not they, not one of them would care about you. The rabbit tilted up its ears when she pulled the black net bag out of her other dress pocket.

"Get in! We're going to Berte's. Come!"

Her knees felt as soft as warm wax. The taste of brine still clung to her tongue and was fermenting in her stomach.

She looked through the glass door and counted five people besides the man and woman behind the counter. She knocked hard against the glass.

"What do you want? We're not open yet," Mrs. Berte said, looking at the bloodstained dress.

"Mr. Krause sent me." Of course, that wasn't true. She wanted to see if it would work. It did. Mrs. Berte opened the door.

"Come in. You'll have to wait, though."

That all depends, she thought. Besides, just then she noticed two large loaves of bread sitting on top of the counter, and more than that, Mr. Berte — it must have been Mr. Berte — was sinking a long knife into one of them. The bread was soft, it parted willingly. It was made to be cut and chewed and swallowed. It was a generous cut, she thought, and he had done it well. The smell of the warm bread sent stabs down her stomach. It was not easy standing there with her mouth watering. It was difficult to pretend to look at it without desire, or not to look at all. When she turned away, she noticed that all the customers were staring at the bread hungrily. She knew what to do.

"Mr. Krause wants you to take this rabbit, see?" she cried, pushing her way to the counter shamelessly, holding the rabbit high in front of her and not caring who was ahead or how long they had waited.

"And he said you're to give me a thick slice of bread for it."

"Wait a minute!" shouted a tall man who then barred her way with his thick, hairy arms.

"I can't wait!" she snapped back. "Mr. Krause said to hurry, Mr. Berte. He's in trouble with the police, as you might be, too. He said you're to keep this animal for him. He's got too much stuff, and he can't hide it all, so you're to keep it for yourself."

"What is she talking about?" Mrs. Berte asked, turning to her husband. "It doesn't make sense!"

"It does so! He's helped you, I know he has. And I'm helping him and you, and I'm going to get a piece of bread for it."

Mr. Berte glared at her. "Anyone could say that. You've never even been here before."

If she hadn't seen Mrs. Berte's face grow pale, she would have run away, but she did see it, and, what's more, she felt a shiver of excitement go through the people in the store.

"You can do as you please!" she snapped. "And so will I!"

She turned sharply away and left Mr. Berte standing there. It was difficult to reach the door because the customers were all trying to leave at once, and were fumbling at the latch, blocking her way, and Mr. Berte was shouting, "Don't let her get away!" while he pushed his wife through the exit behind the counter.

That's all right, she thought. It's perfect. And he did come up to her and pull her back and seize the rabbit by its ears, so that its eyes narrowed to a slit from the strong pull, and then, then he thrust it into the hands of the tall man, screaming, "Through the back! Take it with you!"

The rabbit's body writhed with fright, and the sight of it stretched and tore something inside her she knew could never be mended. But she got her slice of bread.

It was a big slice, but an unevenly cut slice, thick on one side and thinner on the other, because it had been cut in a hurry. What's more, she had lost part of it, the thin part, when she tore through the people out into the square and past the houses so fast she nearly missed the road leading to the bridge. She passed the two large sheep dogs and shook them loose after they had followed her for a while, and then, well, then, she felt safe, back on the broad, white, dusty road, where she could sink her teeth into what was left of the slice. But she did not. Her appetite had suddenly left her when she saw again the burnt wheat and the blue sky and no one, no living thing, about.

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MEXICO

AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT

CARLOS MÉRIDA. *The Young King,* collection of Stanley Marcus, Dallas, Texas.

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MEXICO TODAY

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MEXICO FROM THE SOUTH

BY GLADYS DELMAS

A graduate of Vassar who has studied at the Sorbonne and at Cambridge University, GLADYS DELMAS *is married to a French publisher of encyclopedias. Since 1952 she has lived in Latin America, chiefly in Buenos Aires and Mexico, and has written articles and reports for several American magazines, including the* ATLANTIC. *She broadcasts editorial comment on Latin America for the English and French networks of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and for the Radiodiffusion Télévision Française.*

Most visitors to Mexico come from the north, from the United States or Canada. Mexico is often their first contact with Latin America, and the realities of this other America seem distressingly harsh. They are appalled by the contrast between the splendors of the capital and the ragged, barefoot peasants wandering hungry amid them, by the hovels on the outskirts and whole blocks of blight festering in the ancient palaces of the old town. If they stray off superhighways worthy of the proudest engineer, they find dusty villages swarming with children who ought to be in school, women clustered about a well of dubious hygiene, men idling under the trees.

All this is part of Mexico, and it is shocking. Yet conditions such as these prevail throughout the hemisphere; and when one comes to Mexico from South or Central America, as I generally do, what strikes one is not the poverty or the social and political inequalities — one's eyes and ears have become conditioned by continual assault — but the tremendous strides that are being made in eradicating them. Everywhere in this hemisphere the heritage of medieval Spain — feudal, dogmatic, fatalistic — lies heavy over indigenous suffering and indifference. Only in Mexico does one find, at least in the higher regions of government, a modern, dynamic conception of society and a determined, effective effort to make it a reality.

Thus it is not the halo of prosperity and self-assurance hanging over Mexico City, Monterrey, Guadalajara, that most impresses me. São Paulo, Caracas, Lima, also have splendid flowery avenues and glittering new buildings in the latest architectural mode: the Iberian world has always emphasized appearances. But Mexico is no bankrupt in a palace. Behind the proud facade is the most solidly constructed economy in the hemisphere, steadily growing. The only other country in Latin America with as prolonged a growth is Brazil, but Brazil has paid for it with galloping inflation and political and social disorder, which greatly reduce the benefits. In Mexico the peso has not budged in value since 1954, and the cost of living has risen barely more than in the United States. Wage increases have some meaning in Mexico. Low as they are by American standards, they are in real terms striding steadily ahead; in the last four years the minimum legal wage has almost doubled. Spectacular increases in Chile, Argentina, or Brazil barely compensate for inflation.

There is balance, too, in the type of growth. Mexico's power elite are rarely, as elsewhere in Latin America, politicians whose first concern is the care of a clientele; they are more likely to be economists or social scientists, often educated at Harvard, M.I.T., or the London School of Economics, using modern techniques to allocate and analyze resources. Are schools or roads or irrigation most important? Before we encourage new industries, do we have

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enough electricity and steel? To what extent can we afford to automate when our chief problem is jobs for an exploding population? In very few countries have these questions even been formulated, and when they have, political considerations have often turned the answers into mere rhetoric.

Thus, Mexico's prosperity is no mere industrial boom, spewing out automobiles, refrigerators, and other consumer luxuries. The foundations of the economy — communications, power, irrigation, heavy industry — have received priority. Mexico has the second largest steel industry in Latin America (Brazil's is larger) and a road system second to none, in spite of a terrifyingly rugged terrain. But only last year were steps taken to build an integrated automotive industry. Argentina did it the other way around. At one time some twenty companies were manufacturing as many models of cars, but the Argentine steel industry is still in embryo, and the roads across the flat pampas are in such a parlous state that often nothing but a jeep can negotiate them. In Argentina the industrial boom, which has now burst disastrously, was paid for by agriculture. In Mexico, agriculture has grown along with industry.

It is not only the commercial crops — cotton, coffee, sugar, tobacco — which have increased significantly; Mexicans themselves are eating better than ever before. In 1946 they had a skimpy diet of some 1700 calories a day. Now, with 2700, they are no longer classed among the hungry. Yet their land, shaped though it is like a horn of plenty, is one of the most arduous in the Americas. Most of it is either too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; two thirds of it is mountainous, and only 8 percent of the rest can be called level.

Furthermore, half of the population live in rural areas, in a tradition-bound society where modern technology penetrates slowly. Nevertheless, thanks to irrigation, which covers one quarter of the cultivated area, and tremendous efforts on the part of government agencies in research and in the propagation of improved methods, production has risen dramatically. Production of beans, the meat and potatoes of humble Mexicans, has doubled in ten years; that of corn, their bread, has risen 67 percent. Wheat used to be imported; this year for the first time there was some left over for export, largely because of Mexico's own development of a rust-resistant variety which grows well in the dampness of irrigated fields. Mexico's achievements in agricultural research have led the Rockefeller Foundation to establish here an International Center for Corn and Wheat Improvement.

On the great plains of Argentina, a natural paradise for wheat and beef, yields are, in many cases, lower than in 1940. Chile, which once exported food from its rich Central Valley, now must import a sizable proportion of its needs. Argentines and Chileans, of course, still live better than the majority of Mexicans, whose protein comes largely from beans and corn. But an abundance of frijoles wrested from a stubborn soil may well be more satisfying, to the soul at least, than a huge steak cut from a diminishing herd.

If, in spite of all these favorable factors, there is still much misery in Mexico, the chief culprit is the explosive population growth. With no immigration to speak of, the population grew from 25 million in 1950 to more than 36 million today — a tribute to government health programs and the Mexicans' deep love for children, but a headache for planners. This means that each year, in a country already straining every resource simply to catch up, there are a million more little Mexicans clamoring for schoolrooms and nearly half a million young people looking for jobs. It also means that a plot of land which once provided a living for a given family soon becomes woefully inadequate. Clearing the jungle, irrigating the desert, providing industrial jobs, are the main solutions so far envisaged.

No one, of course, has mentioned birth control, although in an officially anticlerical country the taboo is not so much religious as emotional. Having many sons is proof of virility, of *machismo* ("maleness"), that quality prized above all others in Latin America. The planners say that with increasing prosperity the birthrate will level off, as it has elsewhere: when one has something to leave one's sons, one is more concerned that each son receive something of worth. They also say that more people means more labor, more production, more creativity; emptiness never produced a civilization.

WHEN I tell all this to my friends in South America, their immediate reply is "Sure Mexico is going ahead; it's practically an American province. If we had all those dollars, we'd prosper too."

This is a common Latin-American misconception about Mexico, symptomatic too of the complacency prevalent farther south: prosperity is just something that falls into your lap thanks to geography, geology, or a winning lottery ticket. As a matter of fact, the geographical propinquity has always been deplored by Mexico. "So far from God and so close to the U.S.A." is a rueful Mexican saying.

It is true that American dollars have aided Mexican development, but they are tourist dollars or dollars earned in the United States — and saved — by migrant laborers, the braceros, much more than investment dollars. Actually, at least 90 percent of the capital invested here during the last twenty years has been Mexican; the American stake, in the neighborhood of a billion dollars, is about as much

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as in pre-Castro Cuba, a country one sixth the size of Mexico. Nor has there been a facile recourse to foreign loans. But in the last two years, with the country's credit rating at an all-time high (Mexico alone among Latin-American countries has been able to launch a private loan on the New York market), the foreign debt has increased significantly. It is still of manageable proportions, however — little more than the income from one year's foreign trade — and is unlikely to produce the balance of payments crises that periodically convulse the republics to the south. Mexican progress is indeed a Mexican achievement.

Nor is this well-built economic structure continually menaced by the political upheavals, military pronunciamentos, and subterranean manipulations which are the common lot of so many Latin-American countries. Presidents have succeeded presidents in perfect constitutional order since the 1930s: since Ávila Camacho, during World War II, not one has been a general. Only Chile and Uruguay can equal this record, and they are overwhelmingly European, and economically stagnant. In Mexico the military, who elsewhere aspire to be more politicians than soldiers, stick to their guns. They are not tranquilized, either by handouts from the national treasury; the military budget is about one third of what goes to education. In some countries the military get three times as much as is spent on schools.

Critics say that this stability is due to the "dictatorship of a single party" — the Party of the Institutional Revolution (PRI) — and that in spite of a great measure of personal freedom, Mexico is not a democracy at all. In a literal sense this is true. The official party always wins. And it is also true that political stability when it is bought at the price of civil liberties is a meager blessing, as in Trujillo's Dominican Republic or Stroessner's Paraguay. But the political stability of Mexico is neither oppressive nor static. The PRI covers a wide spectrum, wider perhaps than the American Democratic Party, with its unreconstructed Southerners and Northern liberals. The arguments between left and right and center are thrashed out in party councils and not on the public rostrum.

If one demurs that this is not democracy, Mexicans reply, "Parliamentary democracy has never really worked outside the Anglo-Saxon countries. What we have developed here by trial and many errors is a sort of monarchy, run by a council of regents. It may not be a very tidy arrangement from a theoretical point of view, but it works."

There is, too, a noticeable trend toward some sort of open dialogue. An electoral reform law passed at the end of 1962 will grant five seats in Congress to any opposition party which wins 2.5 percent of the vote, even though it has not won in any particular constituency, and up to twenty seats as it wins proportionately more of the vote. The prospect of some sort of participation in political life has already invigorated the opposition. Some people suspect, however, that the real purpose is to invigorate officialdom by making it more sensitive to public opinion.

This is an election year in Mexico, and the system will be tested once again. The official candidate is Gustavo Diáz Ordaz, Minister of the Interior in the present administration and, somewhat surprisingly, in view of present Latin-American upheavals, no leftist. Although he is already hailed as the next president, he is campaigning throughout the country as if each vote were needed.

Once sworn in, he will be, to an extent that Americans find sycophantic, beyond the pale of any criticism. But now, in these exhausting journeys, which are part ritual, part education of a president, he is learning what matters most to people in the remote hamlets, on the farms, and in the little towns of the republic; and the people are getting to know him. From this subtle intercourse, which has little to do with parliamentary procedure and tabulated votes, will come the next government of Mexico.

Such political and economic stability is startling to those who remember the Mexico of a generation ago, in the throes of a long and bloody revolution. Those were the days when General Pershing led a punitive expedition across the Rio Grande in pursuit of the marauding Pancho Villa, when the Marines seized Veracruz to avenge an insult to our flag, when no Masses were said in the churches and priests were hounded in the remote provinces, when Cárdenas seized the oil fields and no landowner was safe on his land.

Yet it is from the Revolution and its peculiar mellowing that modern Mexico has sprung. Historically the Revolution was but the last episode in the centuries-old struggle to gain freedom, not only from Spain but from the feudal patterns that Spain imposed. Seizing the land, defying the Church, exalting the native, and brutally eliminating foreigners — these are recurrent violences in Mexican history. Hidalgo, fighting for independence in 1810, marching with his raggle-taggle army of Indians and mestizos behind the banner of the brown Virgin of Guadalupe, and Juárez, the Zapotec Indian, defeating the Hapsburg Maximilian in the name of anticlerical "reform," were each followed by a period when feudal society prevailed once again. Only with this latest of Mexico's "revolutions" has independence from an alien, and obsolete, social pattern been won. In this independence Mexico is unique in Latin America, except, of

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course, for Castro's Cuba; and the latent sympathy in Mexico for Castro no doubt stems in part from this sense of community in revolt.

The violent smashing of the old molds was long and costly: twenty years and nearly a million lives. For a time it seemed as though the price were more than any future could repay. Yet today historians feel that the Revolution and the open society stemming from it have been, more than money or technology, the instruments which put Mexico in the forefront of the Latin-American republics.

It started more as a convulsion than a revolution. Mexicans are proud that it antedates the Russian upheaval by some years, that its methods and ideals were indigenous: no German exile provided its philosophy; no technician in revolution told them how to do it. Mexicans are thus not bound by any body of dogma. The "ideals of the Revolution" so constantly stressed are an evolving, living thing, to which even the Chamber of Commerce and the Association of Manufacturers proclaim their devotion. They are a goal rather than a doctrine: the Constitution of 1917, for instance, provided that workers should share in the profits of the enterprise for which they work. Only last year was this made into law, after long consultations between management, the unions, and the government. "A true revolutionary is known by his respect for the law," the President said recently — a disturbing exercise in semantics, but a vivid illustration of how the revolutionary aura has been made to serve the modern state.

The Alliance for Progress, with its emphasis on social priorities, on planning, on such unpleasant expedients as agrarian reform and effective tax collection, has been received elsewhere with coolness, if not dismay. Many countries are not sure they want to pay this price for dollars. Mexicans have hailed the Alliance as their own: at last the United States has understood our revolution, they say.

The Revolution has also enabled Mexico to outstrip its neighbors — except perhaps Brazil — in the most important field of all: racial integration. Latin America has no color line in law, but in fact throughout the Andean countries and in Central America the lines are sharp between pure white, mixed blood, and Indian or Negro. In Peru when a baby is born the proper thing to say to the proud mother is "How white he is!" The Indian is treated little better than an animal, sometimes worse, for an animal is valuable. None has ever risen to high estate.

A Mexican is proud of an Indian ancestor, and pure white blood is a handicap in running for office. The official textbook of Mexican history used in the schools describes "the blending of two races from which you, young Mexican, spring." There are no official barriers of caste and prejudice. The problem has been reduced to the manageable realm of education and economics. While Mexicans are constantly bewailing the poverty still prevailing in vast indigenous regions, there is no doubt that progress is being made. One quarter of the federal budget is devoted to education, the highest percentage in the world, and the agrarian reform program, once a mere expropriation and handout device, is now emphasizing technical assistance, credits to improve the land and the development of agricultural industries.

This successful blend of widely disparate elements — revolution and order, Spanish and Indian — plus a sense of national achievement, has resulted in a national character as strongly defined as any in the hemisphere. A citizen of Montevideo, Buenos Aires, or Santiago wishes above all to be considered a man of the world. A Mexican is content to be himself, and anyone who tries to flatter him by calling Mexico City the "Paris of Latin America," as Buenos Aires so longs to be, is likely to be met with a cold stare.

In the torrid heat of a Southern December, Santa Claus in red flannel and white fur parades through the streets of Buenos Aires for the wonderment of small Italian and Spanish Argentines whose fathers never heard of him. In Mexico, however, the old customs, Spanish with an Indian flavor, remain. Gifts are brought by the Magi, a splendid symbol of all races united in worship, and the Northern tree has not replaced the Nativity scene, where the ass and the ox seem at home in an adobe hut amid the figures of kneeling Mexicans.

To come to Mexico from the chilly highland valleys of Peru, where Indians are rented with the land like cattle; from the coffee plantations of Guatemala, where a man gets twenty-five cents for a full day's work and labor organizers are railroaded into jail; from a payday shopping crowd in Santiago, where people are hustling to change their volatile money into something solid; from a long vigil in Buenos Aires to know which general will come out on top — to come from frustration and dismay north to Mexico is to come into a land which, for all its shortcomings, is recognizably part of the Western world: not because it yet approaches our standard of living, but because it is progressing.

I sat one lazy afternoon on the plaza of a little Mexican town. An Indian countryman came along, trotting briskly on his bare, dusty feet, carrying a toddler in his arms. He sat down beside me and called the shoeshine boy. Then I noticed that his son was wearing shoes. Proudly, gravely, he placed a little foot on the stand, and watched with satisfaction the ritual of brush and slapping rag which seems to mean so much to the Latin-American male. If you can put shoes on the feet of your son, I thought, it is not so painful to go barefoot yourself.

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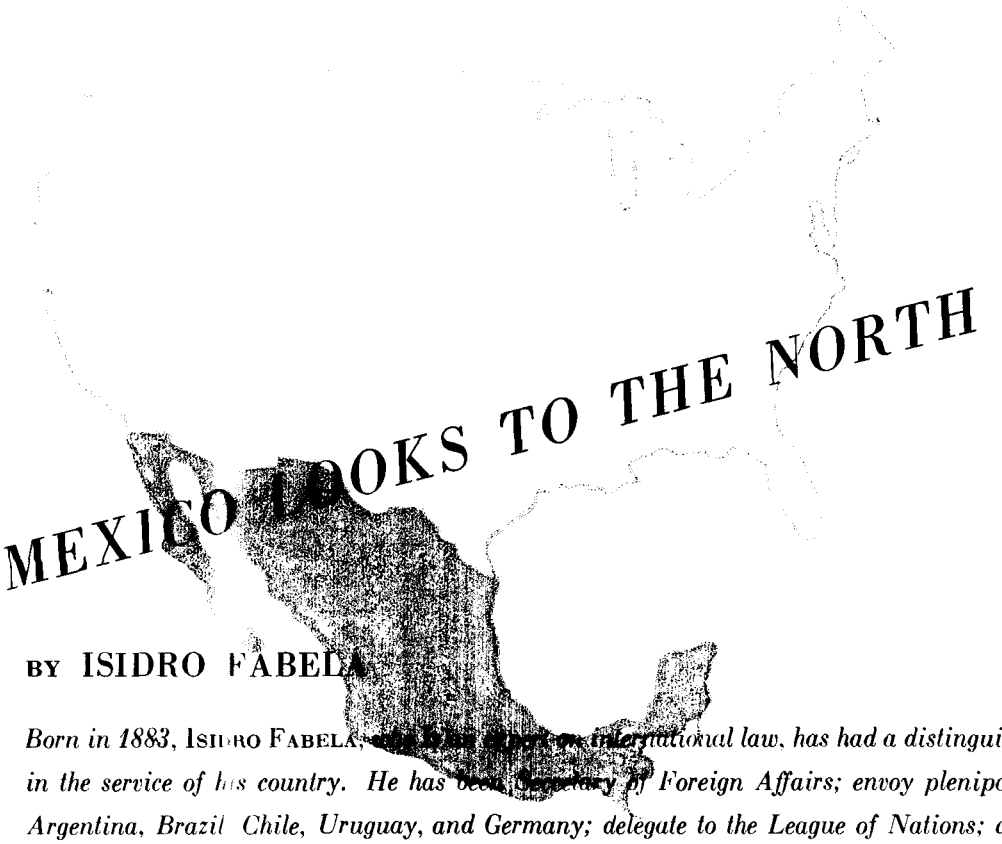

MEXICO LOOKS TO THE NORTH

BY ISIDRO FABELA

Born in 1883, ISIDRO FABELA, *noted expert on international law, has had a distinguished career in the service of his country. He has been Secretary of Foreign Affairs; envoy plenipotentiary to Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, and Germany; delegate to the League of Nations; confidential agent in England, Spain, France, and Italy; and Mexican member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration of the Hague. In 1952 he was appointed a judge of the International Court of Justice.*

FORTY-THREE years ago I wrote a book called *The United States Against Liberty*, in which I summarized the serious errors committed by North American imperialistic politicians in Latin America. Since then I have consistently maintained the same point of view in all of my books on international affairs and politics, particularly in *The Conference in Caracas and the Anti-Communistic Attitude of Mexico*, *The International Politics of President Cárdenas*, and *Good and Bad Neighbor Policy*. In all of my judgments, both moral and political, I have attacked those who wished to extend the domination of any state over another by means of force.

Consistent with this point of view, I was an admirer of the Good Neighbor policy initiated by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and of the friendly, energetic, and just policy followed by the late President John Fitzgerald Kennedy, respected by all the world as a lover of liberty and a man of peace.

I have never written with hostility toward any people, but I have proved myself to be a staunch defender of the principles universally accepted by the countries which are members of the United Nations:

1. Nonintervention of a state in either the domestic or foreign affairs of another.
2. Free self-determination of nations.
3. Equality of governments and of men before the law, without distinction because of race.

I know that people who do not know my background and motivation have considered me to be an enemy of the United States. *I protest against this fearsome misrepresentation.* I admire the people of the United States for their patriotism, their love of work, their independent spirit, their energy and character, and their full liberty of personal conscience. These qualities are generally innate in citizens of the United States; but United States policy toward Latin-American nations has not always been legally correct, just, moral, or peaceful; on the contrary, it has often been aggressive and unjust. And in *The United States Against Liberty* I made the charge, backed by documents and authentic proof, that Cuba — at the time when it obtained its independence from Spain — Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic, and other Latin-American countries were all the unfortunate victims of Northern imperialism.

Now, coming to the marrow of this article (Mexican-American relations as I see them), I will say a little about the period that included the long dictatorship of General Díaz, from 1876 to 1911. During those years there was almost no friction between Mexico and Washington. The difficulties that did occur, I should say, were primarily of protocol.

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This is logical, because when a powerful government imposes its will on another which is weak and obsequious, serious differences cannot exist.

The noted writer and politician Luis Cabrera confirms my charges when he says:

"In the last days of General Díaz it was impossible to litigate against any foreigner. If he was a Spaniard, his lawyer was Don Iñigo Noriega, who handled his case without charge and always stood in well with the majority of the Supreme Court and even with salaried magistrates. If he was a Frenchman, Limantour defended him. If he was an Englishman, Sir Reginald Tower intervened strenuously. And if he was an American, he had as his patron Henry Lane Wilson. It was public knowledge that day after day a lawyer from the American Embassy stood guard in the corridors of the Supreme Court of Justice to make sure that Americans would not be held — all lawsuits ended in writs of habeas corpus — and to exert his influence in their behalf.

"There is nothing strange, then," Cabrera goes on to say, "that the unjust privileges in favor of foreigners are counted among the causes of the Mexican Revolution of 1910. And this explains why, during that period until 1913, some foreigners were victimized, with the result that they made severe criticisms against us."

To counteract the greatly increased investment of American capital in Mexico, General Díaz granted valuable petroleum concessions to the English and signed over huge assets to them with paltry economic return to Mexico. In the face of the economic and political importance of the British investments, the United States reacted with determination and success. There came into my country an avalanche of American capitalists, who through numerous companies acquired vast lands in the principal petroleum zones of Mexico — not always honorably. The owners of the land, under a law passed in 1884, pretended to be the owners also of the subsoil, which had previously belonged to the Spanish Crown and, after Mexico's independence from Spain, to the republic.

This unpatriotic constitutional change in 1884 was instituted as a result of the pressure from people outside Mexico, and foreigners — especially the North Americans, the Dutch, and the British — gained possession not only of large areas of our territory, but also of the enormous riches of the subsoil, primarily the black gold it contained.

In 1917, under the leadership of Venustiano Carranza, Mexico adopted its new Constitution, which stipulated in Article 27 that the nation would at all times have the right to impose on private-property owners rules dictated by the public interest, in addition to the right to make equitable distribution of natural resources susceptible to appropriation and to care for their conservation. The Constitution claimed for the nation direct jurisdiction over all minerals or substances that in veins, masses, or layers constitute deposits, such as minerals from which are extracted the metals and metalloids utilized in industry; precious stones; salt deposits formed from seawater; mineral or organic materials to be used as fertilizers; solid mineral fuels; petroleum; and all solid, liquid, or gaseous hydrogen carbide.

Since these provisions were extremely disadvantageous to foreign investors, the petroleum companies (all except one) asked for writs of habeas corpus before the federal Supreme Court. In five consecutive opinions, the Court was obliged by the Chief Executive, General Álvaro Obregón, to find in favor of the oilmen, and all companies that had effected positive acts of exploration and execution in their oil fields before 1917 were exempted from complying with the constitutional provisions of Article 27.

In its deliberations on the new Constitution, the constituent Congress had approved Article 27 unanimously, and in particular had specified that the law would be retroactive in order to correct past errors. Nevertheless, in 1923 General Obregón, appropriating powers that he did not have as President of the republic, gave his personal interpretation of Article 27 and declared that it was not retroactive. His acquiescence represented the price exacted in return for the recognition of his government by the United States. The United States, of course, could have refused to recognize the Mexican government by reason of fact, political, legal, or moral; but it should not have imposed conditions for granting recognition which not only would weaken any government, but which in this case did in fact deprive the Mexican people of what they held most dear: their constitutional principles and their domestic freedom.

An earlier serious error that the United States committed against Mexico was the military occupation of Veracruz during 1914, from April 21 to November 23. This transgression caused the death of many hundreds of innocent Mexicans and also of many Americans, who like good soldiers obeyed the orders of their chiefs.

Admiral Henry Thomas Mayo was indirectly responsible for this international offense. Colonel Hinojosa and later General Morelos Zaragoza had given the most courteous apologies to the American authorities for the detention of some sailors from an American ship, and the American Secretary of State considered the apologies satisfactory. Nevertheless, Admiral Mayo, possessed of an inexplicable pride and apparently not foreseeing the consequences, told the usurper, General Victoriano Huerta, to hoist the American flag and salute it with

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twenty-one cannon shots, a demand with which the Executive justifiably refused to comply. Thereupon President Wilson urged Congress to authorize him to occupy Veracruz and blockade the Mexican coast. This decision of President Wilson was contrary to the opinion of Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, who considered the case closed with the apologies presented to the American government.

But the notorious fact was that President Wilson assumed the right to punish Mexico, trampling on its sovereignty by uselessly and tragically invading Veracruz. His action imposed on us, with no justification, the necessity of following a political line dictated by the United States. Naturally our Mexican constitutionalists disagreed, and President Carranza protested to the point of delivering an ultimatum. The issue was resolved when the United States accepted the mediation of the ABC powers, Argentina, Brazil, and Chile.

Seventeen years passed after the proclamation of our Constitution of 1917 before American policy toward Mexico brought friendly relations between the two nations. The change came about when Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a man who had a wise and sympathetic attitude toward Mexican interests, became President of the United States.

To both President Roosevelt and his ambassador, Josephus Daniels, Mexico and its people owe gratitude for their recognition of our national sovereignty and of our right to cancel the petroleum concessions given to Dutch, English, and North Americans and subsequently to expropriate the oil fields. This patriotic act imposed by Mexican justice on the expropriated companies for having refused to comply with the orders of our top judicial authorities was executed by General Lázaro Cárdenas, then president. President Carranza had been the initiator and the legislator of the political economy that was to recover for Mexico, as a sovereign state, direct authority over natural resources, but President Cárdenas got the honor of putting the changes into effect in 1938.

Latin America owes to Franklin Delano Roosevelt the cancellation of the agreement that had formerly given the United States the right to intervene in the internal affairs of Cuba. Roosevelt also ordered the withdrawal of American military forces that guarded the Nicaraguan palace, and Washington abandoned the threats of the big stick and of dollar diplomacy for the friendship of the New Deal. The changes in foreign policy resulted in the arrival in our country of true diplomats, such as Ambassador Josephus Daniels and Ambassador Thomas C. Mann, through whose wise action the procedures were developed that served as the foundation for cordial diplomatic relations. The Chamizal border dispute was satisfactorily resolved last December by an almost unanimous vote in the Senate of the United States — seventy-nine for and one against. On this point the sensible policies of our President Adolfo López Mateos and of the late President Kennedy culminated in the settlement of this long-standing boundary dispute, and the agreement has fortified the friendship between our two countries. I must give recognition both to Mr. Manuel Tello, our chancellor, and to the United States ambassador for the clarification of Mexican-American relations.

The harmony of our mutual relations is evident not only in the resolution of the Chamizal question but also in the important financial steps that the United States is taking to maintain our dollar reserves so as to protect the stability of the Mexican peso, the key point in our economy. In addition to acknowledging these helpful actions, I salute the good faith and the confidence that have helped us to secure loans for our economic development from the World Bank, from the Inter-American Bank, and from other official or private banking institutions. These loans bring a constant flow of money to my country for the industrial growth and the improvement of agriculture necessary to satisfy our needs for consumer goods and exports. These loans have a double significance: they create confidence in the national credit of Mexico in foreign countries; and they benefit the Mexican people through increased investments of foreign capital controlled by Mexicans, which create jobs for workers.

We also rely on the help of the United States for funds to assist us to build public housing, another problem affecting the well-being of my compatriots. The members of the Graphic Arts Union of Mexico have received a loan of ten million dollars from the American Federation of Labor. I believe that this kind of financial assistance opens the door to future operations of larger scope, guaranteed by the rising wages received by Mexican workers and by the solid international credit of the Mexican government.

As an essential aid to increasing understanding between our two countries, I must stress the necessity of increasing tourist travel. For North Americans Mexico should have the attraction of a neighbor with an ancient and noble history that combines the graces of manorial life with the comforts of modern living. I should like to mention in passing the Institute of Mexican-North American Cultural Relations, which already has nine thousand students in its classes, and the North American Committee Pro Mexico, both of which are doing laudable work in improving understanding. The devel-

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opment of the Alliance for Progress is also indispensable for the well-being of all our American states.

But actually, though the economic help coming from North America is of vast importance, the truly essential factor has been that for almost thirty years the United States had not taken Mexico into account, but had maintained a separation both psychological and material. Since the inauguration of the Good Neighbor policy, the Mexican people have been growing closer and closer to the people of the United States, especially since the visit of President Kennedy, who won our hearts.

Forty-three years ago I asked, "Will the future governments of the United States re-establish continental harmony, today plainly and unfortunately broken?" To my question time responded with the voice of President Roosevelt, who in his first inaugural speech in 1933 said, "In the field of world politics, I would dedicate this nation to the policy of the good neighbor, the neighbor who resolutely respects himself and because he does so, respects the rights of others."

Five years later, in 1938, Josephus Daniels said in defense of Mexico's sovereign rights, "In reality, and though we often do not agree, President Cárdenas acted strictly and clearly in accordance with the stipulations of Mexican laws. For many years before the expropriation occurred, the Mexican Constitution had required as a previous condition for foreign commercial activities in Mexico, that they accept 'clause Calvo', which required total submission on the part of foreigners to Mexican laws, without resorting to the protection of their respective governments."

The sympathetic spirit with which Ambassador Daniels conducted himself was the same as that which animated Secretary of State Hull and President Roosevelt. Proof of continuing understanding between Mexico and the United States is revealed in the recent statement of President Johnson, who on ratifying the treaty for the settlement of the Chamizal case said, "This treaty is a model of what should prevail in the resolution of the conflicts of nations."

Today I am pleased that Mexico and the United States have reaffirmed their good relations, founded on mutual respect for national sovereignty, and that they can face the dangers of totalitarian Communism standing shoulder to shoulder. It is vital that Mexico and the United States speak to one another with complete frankness, in language that both countries understand. I have always been a free man, and I will continue to be one. That is my creed. I cannot accept imperialism in any form, whether it be economic or spiritual. And I am convinced that those who believe that they can dominate the world will fail.

IMPORTANT DATES IN MEXICAN HISTORY

1700–100 B.C. Preclassical, archaic cultures.

1–900 A.D. Classical period. Mayan civilization in Yucatán and Guatemala; Zapotecan civilization in the Valley of Oaxaca. Teotihuacán, City of the Gods, thirty miles northeast of what is now Mexico City, was the ceremonial center that is one of the great question marks in Mexican history.

900–1250 The Toltecs flourished at Tula.

1325–1519 The Aztecs created the greatest empire of their time, dominating the Valley of Mexico and the Indian tribes all the way to Yucatán.

1519 Hernán Cortés landed at Veracruz with five hundred men and sixteen horses. In 1520, he reached Tenochtitlán, later Mexico City, conquered the Aztecs, annihilated their city, and destroyed their culture.

1521 Mexico began three centuries under Spain.

1810–1821 The War of Independence from Spain.

1824 The republic of Mexico was established.

1833–1836 Antonio López de Santa Ana president; became a dictator in 1834. He went to Texas to crush the rebellion; and the slaughter at the Alamo in 1836 was committed under his orders.

1841–1844 Santa Ana president again. Corruption and waste.

1844 The reform movement, under the leadership of Benito Juárez.

1846 War with the United States. In 1848 Mexico ceded 40 percent of all its territory to the United States and received an indemnity of $15 million.

1857 Benito Juárez president.

1858–1861 War of the Reforms.

1864–1867 Brief empire set up with the help of Napoleon III. Maximilian of Austria was kept in power through French arms. In 1867, he was executed, and Juárez became chief executive again.

1876–1910 Dictator Porfirio Díaz ruled the republic. *Sold land, oil fields, mines to foreign investors.*

1910 The Mexican Revolution.

1917 Establishment of the Federal Republic — twenty-nine states, two territories, and the federal district — a progressive, humanitarian democracy.

1933 FDR announced the Good Neighbor policy.

1938 Expropriation of foreign-owned companies.

1961 John F. Kennedy announced the Alliance for Progress.

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THREE POEMS BY OCTAVIO PAZ

Translated by John Frederick Nims

PAUSE

In memory of Pierre Reverdy

There come to me
Certain birds
And a black idea.

Murmur of trees,
Murmur of trains and motors,
This moment, is it arriving? leaving?

The silence of the sun
Penetrates laughter and sighs.
Sinks its goad
Deep as the stony cry of the stones.

Sun-heart, stone that pulses,
Stone of blood that matures in fruit:
The wounds open and do not hurt,
My life, very much like life, is flowing on.

HERE

My footsteps in this street
Re-echo
        In another street
Where
        I hear my footsteps
Passing in this street
Where

Nothing is real but the fog

NIÑA

Entre la tarde que se obstina
Y la noche que se acumula
Hay la mirada de una niña.

Deja el cuaderno y la escritura,
Todo su ser dos ojos fijos.
En la pared la luz se anula.

¿Mira su fin o su principio?
Ella dirá que no ve nada.
Es transparente el infinito.

Nunca sabrá lo que miraba.

GIRL

The afternoon, its lazy ways,
And night, the shadows that amass.
Between the two, a girl. Her gaze.

Forgets her essay, work for class,
Soul in that staring reverie.
Light on the wall goes black at last.

On dawn of life, on dark to be
Poring? "Oh nowhere" — vaguely, though.
Transparent, that infinity.

Was gazing where she'll never know.

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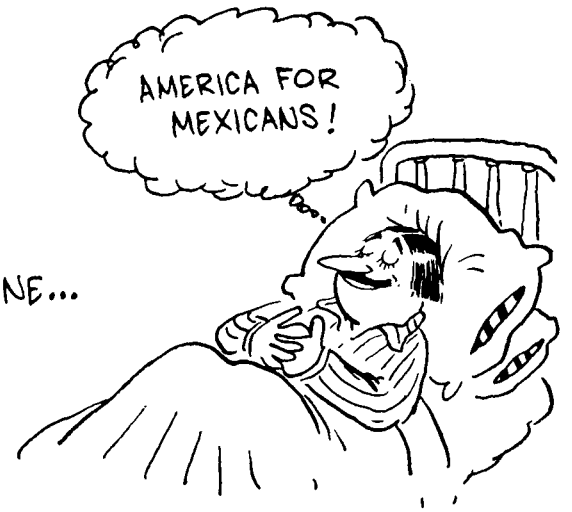
THE MOST POWERFUL COUNTRY IN THE WORLD

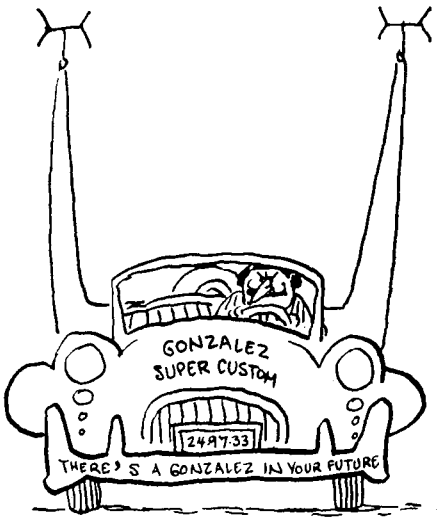
1

LAST NIGHT I DREAMT THAT **MÉXICO** WAS THE **POWERFUL** COUNTRY AND THE **U.S.** THE **WEAK** ONE...



2

THAT AUTOMOBILES SOLD THE WORLD OVER HAD NAMES LIKE "GONZÁLEZ", "LÓPEZ" AND "RODRIGUEZ"...



3

I DREAMT WE ORGANIZED COMMITTEES FOR FAIR PLAY AND ELBOW ROOM FOR NORTH AMERICANS BECAUSE SOME MEXICAN RESTAURANTS REFUSED TO SERVE THEM...

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by ABEL QUEZADA

4

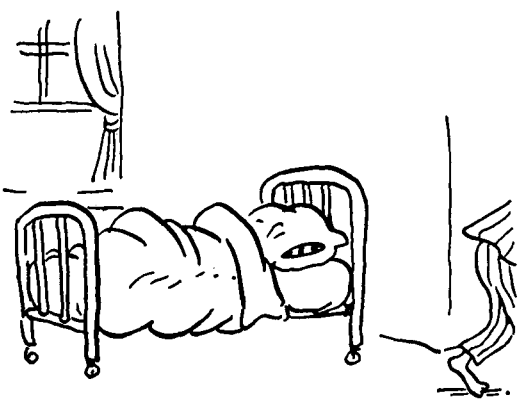
...THAT WE WENT IN FOR THE GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY AND HIRED NORTH AMERICAN FIELD HANDS TO HARVEST OUR CORN AND BEAN CROPS.

5

...THAT WE HANDED OUT **PESOS** BY THE BUCKET TO HELP THE **U.S.** AND OTHER UNDERDEVELOPED PEOPLE, CHARGING ONLY A MODEST INTEREST...

6

...AND I WOULD LOVE TO GO ON DREAMING, BUT I WOKE UP.



From the book THE BEST OF IMPOSSIBLE WORLDS *by Abel Quezada.*
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THE HILL OF THE COMADRES

by Juan Rulfo

JUAN RULFO, *one of Mexico's most gifted writers of fiction, has won international recognition through translation of his work into English, French, Italian, German, Czech, and Swedish. His novel* PEDRO PÁRAMO *has been published in an American edition by Grove Press, and his collection of short stories,* EL LLANO EN LLAMAS, *from which we have selected the story that follows, is considered a contemporary classic in Mexico. Mr. Rulfo was born in Sayula in the state of Jalisco in 1918.*

THE Torricos, the ones that died, were always good friends of mine. Perhaps they weren't liked in Zapotlán, but speaking for myself they were always good friends, up till just before their death. Besides, it doesn't mean a thing if they weren't liked in Zapotlán, because I wasn't liked there either, and none of us who lived at the Hill of the Comadres ever had any use for the people of Zapotlán. That's how it's been from way back.

It's also true that the Torricos never got along with anybody at the Hill of the Comadres. There was always some kind of quarrel. The Torricos owned the land and the houses on the land and everything, even though the biggest part of the Hill of the Comadres was divided up equally among the sixty of us who lived there. The Torricos just had a piece of the hill and a maguey field. that's all, but since most of the houses were on their land, the Hill of the Comadres belonged to the Torricos. The field I worked belonged to them too, it belonged to Odilón and Remigio Torrico, and also the fields down below, a dozen and a half of them. There wasn't any need to investigate all this. Everybody knew it was so.

But little by little the people started leaving the Hill of the Comadres. Somebody would just go away; he'd just cross the stone wall near the tall tree there and walk straight ahead into the scrub oaks and then wouldn't come back. The people just went away.

I wanted to find out what was keeping them there on the other side of the hills and wouldn't let them come back, but I liked the Hill, and I was a good friend of the Torricos.

The field where I grew my corn and beans was high up on the Hill, up where it slopes into the big gully they call the Bull's Head.

It wasn't such a bad field, but when the rains started it got muddy, and it was full of hard, sharp-edged rocks like tree stumps, and every year it seemed as if they got bigger. Even so, I could grow good corn there, and the ears I got were as sweet as you'd want. The Torricos always had to have salt from the salt flats on everything they ate, but they didn't need it on my corn. They didn't even mention using salt on the corn I grew at the Bull's Head.

In spite of all this, in spite of the fact that the fields down below were even better, the people kept on leaving. They didn't go toward Zapotlán, they went in the other direction, where the wind keeps bringing the smell of the scrub oaks and the sounds of the mountain. They went away with their mouths shut, without saying anything and without any fighting. It's certain they wanted to fight with the Torricos, on account of all the bad things they'd

Lithograph by Pablo O'Higgins.

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done to them, but they didn't have the heart for it. I know that that's what happened.

Even after the Torricos died nobody ever came back. I was waiting for them, but none of them ever came back. At first I looked after their houses: I mended the roofs and put branches in the holes in the walls. But when I saw they weren't coming back I didn't bother anymore. The only things that kept coming back were the rainstorms in the middle of the year and those winds that always blow in February, the ones that almost tear your sarape off your back. Now and then the crows would come here too, flying close to the ground and cawing in loud voices, as if they thought the place was deserted.

So that's how things went on even after the death of the Torricos.

Before, when you sat where I am sitting now, you could see Zapotlán as clear as anything. Day or night you could see the big white spot that Zapotlán used to make off there in the distance. But now the jarillas have grown up so thick that even if the wind moves them back and forth, you still can't see anything at all.

I remember how it used to be, when the Torricos came up here too and would squat for hours and hours until it got dark, looking down without getting tired, as if this place gave them ideas or made them want to visit Zapotlán. I didn't know till later that they weren't thinking about that. All they did was look at the road, the wide sandy lane you could follow with your eyes from where it started to where it disappeared in the ocote trees, over there on the hill they call the Half-moon.

I never knew anybody who could see as far as Remigio Torrico. He had only one eye, and it was dark and half shut, but it seemed to bring things so close that he almost had them right in his hands. It didn't matter what was going along on the road, he always knew what it was. So when his good eye lit up, when it had something good to look at, the two Torricos ran down from their lookout and stayed away from the Hill of the Comadres for a while.

Those were the times when everything was different with us here. The people brought their animals out of the caves and tethered them in their yards. Then you knew they owned sheep and turkeys. And it was easy to see how many piles of corn and yellow squashes were sunning in their patios. The wind that came over the hills was colder than usual, but everybody said — I don't know why — that the weather was fine. You could hear the roosters crowing at dawn, the same as in any other quiet place, and that made it seem as if everything had always been peaceful at the Hill of the Comadres.

Then the Torricos came back. You could tell they were coming long before they got here, because their dogs would go racing out to meet them, barking all the way. Everybody could figure out when they'd get here, and what way they were coming from, just by that barking. Then the people hurried up and hid their belongings again. That was the kind of fear the Torricos brought with them when they came back to the Hill of the Comadres.

But I was never afraid of them myself. I was a good friend of both of them, and sometimes I wished I wasn't so old so I could take part in what they were doing. But I wasn't much use anymore. I could tell I wasn't on the night I went out to help them rob a mule driver. I could tell I was lacking something. It was as if my life had wasted away and couldn't stand any more strain. I could tell it that night.

It was about the middle of the rainy season, and the Torricos invited me to help them bring back some bundles of sugar. I was a little surprised. First of all because it was pouring, one of those storms when the rain seems to wash the ground out from under your feet. Also because I didn't know where we were going. And that's when I could tell I wasn't fit to go rambling anymore.

The Torricos said the place wasn't very far. "We'll be there in a quarter of an hour," they said. But when we got to the road to the Half-moon it was already dark, and by the time we got to where the mule driver was the night was well along.

The mule driver didn't get up to see who was coming. He must have been waiting for the Torricos all along, and it didn't surprise him to see us get there. That's what I thought, anyway. But during the whole time we were carting those bundles of sugar back and forth the mule driver didn't move a finger; he just sprawled there in the weeds. I mentioned this to the Torricos. "That one that's lying down over there, I think he's dead or something."

"No," they said, "he's probably just asleep. We left him here to watch, but he must have got tired of waiting and fallen asleep."

I went over and kicked him in the ribs to wake him up, but he just went on lying there.

"He's dead, all right," I told them.

"Don't you believe it. He may be a little dazed, because Odilón had to hit him on the head with a piece of wood, but he'll get up later. When the sun comes up and he starts feeling a little warmer, he'll jump up and go straight home. Look, grab that other bundle and let's get out of here." And that's all they told me.

I gave the dead man a last kick, and it sounded just as if I'd kicked a hollow log. Then I hoisted the bundle onto my shoulders and came back in the lead. The Torricos came back behind me. I could hear them singing for a long while, almost up until daybreak. But then I couldn't hear them anymore. There's a wind that always comes up just before

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daybreak, and it took their song away. I didn't know they were still following me until I heard their dogs barking all around.

That's how I know what the Torricos were looking for when they sat by my house on the Hill of the Comadres.

I killed Remigio Torrico.

By that time most of the people had already gone. At first they left one by one, but toward the end they left in a crowd. They just packed up and left, before the cold weather got here. I remember all the years when the cold weather ruined the crops in just one night. It was the same that year, and that's why they left. They must have thought it was going to be the same all over again, and they didn't want to go on putting up with the bad weather almost every year and the Torricos almost all the time.

So when I killed Remigio Torrico, the Hill of the Comadres was empty, and so were the lands around it.

This must have happened in October. I remember there was a full moon, because I was sitting outside my house when Torrico arrived. The moon was so bright that I was sewing up the holes in one of my sacks.

He must have been drunk. He stood in front of me and swayed back and forth, blocking and unblocking the light I needed for my work.

"It isn't right to behave that way," he told me after a long while. "I like to keep things straight, and if you don't like to, that's your bad luck, because I'm here to straighten them out."

I went on mending my sack. I was giving all my attention to sewing up the holes, and the big long pack needle worked very well whenever the moonlight shone on it. Probably that's why he thought I wasn't listening to what he said.

"I'm talking to you!" he shouted at me. He was angry now. "You know damned well why I'm here."

I felt a little scared when he came up close and almost shouted that in my ear. But I tried to see his face to find out how angry he was, and I kept on looking at him as if I was asking him why he'd come.

That worked all right. He calmed down a little and said that with people like me you had to catch them off their guard.

"My throat gets dry," he said, "talking to you after what you did. He was as good a friend of mine as he was of yours, and that's the only reason I've come to see you, to find out how you explain how Odilón died."

I was listening to him carefully. I put the sack down and sat listening to him without doing anything else. I knew that he blamed me for having killed his brother, but I didn't do it. I remembered who did do it, and I'd have told him except that he didn't give me a chance.

"Odilón and I used to fight a lot," he was saying. "Odilón was kind of thickheaded, and he liked to argue with everybody, but it didn't go beyond that. You could calm him down by just hitting him a few times. And that's what I want to know: if he said something to you, or tried to take something away from you, or what really happened. Maybe he wanted to beat you up and you got ahead of him. Something like that must have happened."

I shook my head to tell him No, I didn't have anything to do with it.

"Listen," Torrico said, "Odilón had fourteen pesos in his shirt pocket that day. When I went for him I searched his pockets and I couldn't find those fourteen pesos. Then yesterday I heard you bought a new blanket."

That was true, I did buy a blanket. I knew the cold weather was coming, and my overcoat was all full of holes, so I went to Zapotlán to buy a blanket. But I sold two goats to pay for it; I didn't pay for it with the fourteen pesos. He could have seen that if the sack was full of holes, that was because I had to carry the smaller goat in it, because it was still too young to walk as fast as I wanted it to.

"You might as well know, once and for all, I'm going to pay back what they did to Odilón, no matter who it was that killed him. And I know who killed him." He was right on top of me when he said that.

"And you think I did it?" I asked him.

"Who else? Odilón and I were good-for-nothings, and I don't say we didn't get around to killing people sometimes, but we never did it for so little money. That's what I want to tell you."

The big October moon was flooding the yard with light, and it cast Remigio's shadow against the wall of my house. I saw him move away from me toward the tejocote tree, and I noticed that he grabbed the machete I always had hanging there. Then I saw him coming back with the machete in his hand.

But while he was out of my light the moon glittered on the pack needle I'd stuck in the sack. I don't know why, but all of a sudden I began to have a lot of faith in that pack needle, so when Remigio Torrico came up to me I pulled it out and just jabbed it into him right next to his navel, without waiting for anything else. I jabbed it in as far as it would go, and left it there.

Remigio bent over as if he had the colic, and started to collapse onto his hams, little by little, until finally he was sitting on the ground. I could see the fear and surprise in his one good eye.

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For a moment I thought he was going to get up and hit me with the machete, but he either changed his mind or didn't know how to do it, because he let go of it and bent over again. That's all he did.

Then I saw he was beginning to look unhappy, as if he'd been taken sick. I had not seen such a pitiful look in years, and that's why I felt sorry for him. I took the pack needle out of his stomach and jabbed it in a little higher up, up there where I thought his heart was. And I was right, it was there, because he just gave two or three kicks like a rooster when you've chopped its head off and then lay still.

He must have been dead when I told him: "Look, Remigio, you'll have to excuse me, but I didn't kill Odilón. It was the Alcaraces. I was around when he died, but I remember perfectly well that I didn't kill him. It was the Alcaraces, the whole family. They all jumped on him together, and by the time I knew what happened, Odilón was dying. Do you know why? In the first place, Odilón never should have gone to Zapotlán. You know that yourself. Sooner or later something had to happen to him there, because so many people remembered all about him. The Alcaraces didn't like him either. You don't know any better than I do why he got mixed up with them.

"It happened all of a sudden. I'd just finished buying my sarape and I was going to come back when your brother spit a mouthful of tequilla into the face of one of the Alcaraces. He did it as a joke. You could tell it was just a joke because it made everybody laugh. The trouble is, they were all drunk, Odilón and the Alcaraces and everybody. So they jumped on him. They pulled out their knives and jumped on him, and by the time they were finished, Odilón wasn't worth anything at all. He died a little bit later.

"So you see, I wasn't the one that killed him. You've got to understand very clearly that I didn't have anything to do with it at all."

That's what I said to Remigio after he died.

When I came back to the Hill of the Comadres with my empty harvest basket, the moon was already down behind the scrub oaks. I dipped it in the stream a few times before putting it away, so as to wash off the blood. I had to use it for other things, and I didn't want to keep seeing Remigio's bloodstains every little while.

I remember that all this happened in October, during the fiesta in Zapotlán. I say I remember because that was when they were shooting off skyrockets in Zapotlán, and every time one of the rockets exploded, a whole flock of buzzards flew up from the place where I dumped Remigio.

That's what I remember.

Translated by Lysander Kemp.

THE MONTH OF JUNE

BY HOMERO ARIDJIS

Over the month of June the rain is falling
tokens posted
on every door that has a hand in the matter

Deep in your heart the young girls laugh

The spirit of woman in love
runs in your flesh — takes off its clothes in
the streets

No disenchantment in this day
only a brightness — secret fire
and within you a cry as of spirits laid to rest

In everything man
and the spirit of woman in love

Life in the corners
sustains the world's equilibrium
with a something of God that rises out of the ruins

The sons of man make their universe
on a paper boat that founders
yet happiness is not precisely there
but in the projection of another universe

Nothing should postpone its going
September will return and April later
and the friends that were not at our side this spring
these will be with us in a foreseeable winter

Thus I have come again on the lost images
dead bonfires from other seasons of bad weather
and mourning long delayed for the stiffened
limbs we cherished

I love this time
when dogs are holy
and insects hesitate at the pane

I love you — you as ephemeral — as suffering
the cold

The lights of the city come on for further exploits

Translated by John Frederick Nims.

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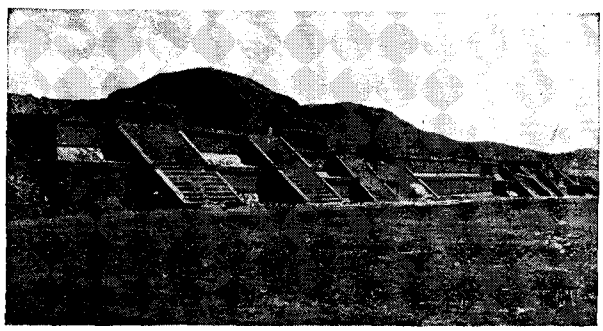
The Treasure of Teotihuacán — NEW ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES



Little is known about the people who built this huge metropolis, occupied it for a thousand years, and then abandoned it around 850 A.D., five hundred years before the Aztecs arrived. In 1963 alone, Mexico spent more than a million dollars to probe its secrets. In this article, DR. IGNACIO BERNAL, *one of Mexico's leading archaeologists and the director of the new museum at Teotihuacán, describes the work of excavation and restoration.*

by IGNACIO BERNAL

TO THE Aztecs, the history of Teotihuacán was as unknown as it is to us today. Ignorant of the historical truth, they decided that the huge metropolis must have been the home of gods or giants. And though we do not attribute the construction of Teotihuacán to gods or giants, its impact on us is as powerful today as it was on the Aztecs. Thirty-three miles northeast of Mexico City, Teotihuacán lies in the valley which is united to the great basin of Mexico. Its ruins occupy more than twenty-five square miles. They are at the same time both a paradise and a nightmare for the archaeologist.

Explorations during the last forty years have shown that Teotihuacán belongs to the Classic period — the highest peak of Mexico's indigenous cultures. Its flowering as a great city may be placed between the beginning of the Christian era and about 650 A.D. In Mexico at that time many highly urbanized cities came into existence in many regions — great sites which in the Nahuatl language were called Tollan. This is why there later arose a confusion in identifying Teotihuacán with Tollan, capital of the Toltecs, now the city of Tula in the state of Hidalgo.

The magnificent cities of the Classic period were not simply ceremonial centers. They were industrial focuses with all the structural facets of a formal state. Carefully designed, these cities had many sections. On the outskirts of the vast area were the living quarters of the common people, while toward the center stood the palaces of the nobility and the priests. In the very center was the ceremonial zone, the heart of the city. This description is especially applicable to Teotihuacán, which was the largest city of all the Western world in pre-Hispanic times. It would be risky to give a definite estimate of the number of inhabitants who dwelt there. We are not sure what language they spoke, and we have only the vaguest ideas regarding their social and political organization.

Judging from available data, we are safe in believing that a powerful theocracy organized the labor of the populace into the construction of immense truncated pyramids and the temples which crowned them. This theocratic organization, at the beginning, gave a tremendous impulse to cultural achievement and produced splendid works of art. But it seems reasonable to assume that once it had reached its peak, the theocratic group limited its thought and activity to preserving what had been gained, and became fossilized, thus losing its interior strength. Sometimes such conservative groups become the victims of the first newcomers to appear; or they wither away, sunken under the weight of their own creations.

Polytheistic religion is a characteristic of Middle America. Tlaloc, the God of Rain, ruled first, together with Quetzalcoatl, the Plumed Serpent. At Teotihuacán can be found most of the divinities which existed centuries later in the better known

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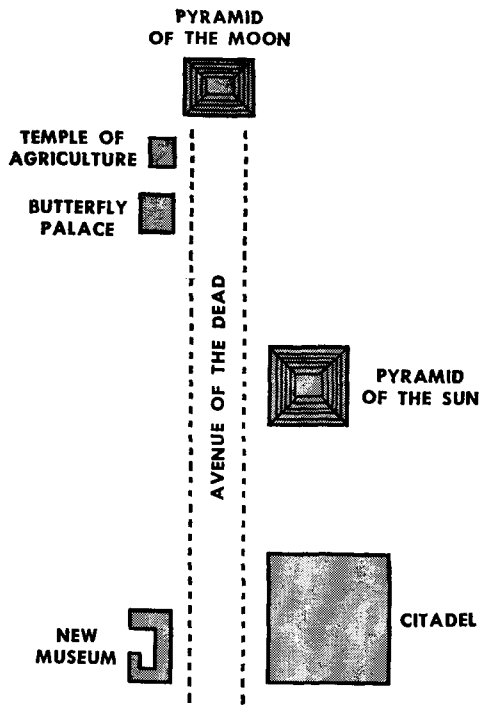
Aztec civilization. The ceremonial center at Teotihuacán was laid out along an axis that pointed north toward the Pyramid of the Moon. This great street, which the Aztecs named the *Micaotli*, or "Avenue of the Dead," is about two miles long. On both sides stand mounds which the Aztecs thought were tombs, but which are in fact platforms and bases of temples. To the east rises the overwhelming mass of the Pyramid of the Sun, and toward the southern end of the avenue lies what has been named the Citadel, which encloses the magnificently decorated Temple of Quetzalcoatl. Prominent among its many stone sculptures is the plumed serpent, symbol of this divinity. Effigies of Quetzalcoatl's head alternate with masks of another deity.

In the ceremonial center the builders sought to create a beauty based on long and straight lines, austere, uncomplicated by ornamentation. This balance of forms causes the buildings to stand together in harmony, and the whole metropolis fits beautifully into the natural setting of the surrounding mountains. All of this produces a feeling of eternity, as if everything had been constructed in order to elevate the spirit of the spectator. Even today, a thousand years after its collapse, after a millennium of sacking, the sacred city is still awe-inspiring, and the austerity of its great open spaces sensitively combines with the majesty of its monuments.



Since September of 1962 we have been fortunate in having the opportunity to realize another and more ample exploration in Teotihuacán, thanks to the interest that the President of the Mexican Republic has taken in archaeology. When I speak of the exploration of Teotihuacán it must be understood that not for one moment do I mean a total exploration of the city. Our fundamental aim is to understand, as far as possible, Teotihuacán history and the culture or cultures which in succession occupied the city. Until 1962 work had not been concentrated on a single building or cluster of monuments, but had been spread over the metropolis as a whole. Each building is so complex that it would be an enormous task to explore every aspect of it in every one of its periods of construction, uncovering all its architectural and stratigraphic details. The area is so large that a minute exploration could give us results only if we were willing to wait fifty years.

Even though such a project would be extremely interesting, to achieve complete exploration in all the structures would lead us to a constant repetition of the same data and to the discovery of details whose scientific significance would perhaps be negligible. Because of all these considerations we have worked in different ways, depending upon the particular structure. A few buildings have been or are to be totally explored, a process which will reveal their entire history. Many others are being examined only in their last period of construction. When information obtained from the final period is meager, either part or all of the earlier periods are analyzed.

In Middle America it was a rule rather than an exception that edifices be covered over periodically with new layers of stone and masonry. The buildings which have not been fully explored have been left in such a way that future archaeologists will be able to investigate the older periods of construction.

Experience in excavating large cities in other parts of the world has demonstrated that the first fieldwork in a great metropolis generally yields a high percentage of new data; subsequently, new information is scarce, and repetition of known data becomes common. In years to come new techniques will appear, together with more advanced methods, that will enable us to obtain exhaustive information. Today this is not feasible. Therefore, we must leave the road open for future exploration, not only at Teotihuacán but in the thousands of other great archaeological sites in Mexico. It would be unprofitable to undertake a total investigation of any of these zones. This is why we have left some of the digging and reconstruction of Monte Albán and Chichén Itzá unfinished.

At Teotihuacán we have limited excavation and reconstruction to the last epoch in some cases, even when we suspected that the underlying struc-

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ture was finer or more interesting than the outer shell. We have preserved the temporal unity of the city — that is, the metropolis as it stood at its last great peak. In addition, remains of certain buildings representing a culture later than Classic Teotihuacán have been preserved. Although these are inferior to the older structures, they give us a clearer picture of what the great city was when it had lost its rank as a leading capital and was inhabited by people of a lower culture who were incapable of recognizing the greatness of the fallen city.

In organizing our work during 1963, we divided the city into eight zones; but since it was indispensable to preserve the basic unity of the exploration, we set up a laboratory which in fact became the headquarters of the entire investigation. All of the objects discovered are taken to this laboratory, are washed, repaired, numbered, classified, and preserved. There is also a photographic center, another center for maps and plans, yet another for drawings. Expert restorers cope with the complex problem of how to preserve the mural paintings as they are discovered.

It is impossible to state with precision the number of buildings that have been explored, since some of them may be considered a single structure or a multiple one. Thus, until our work is finished, a cluster of rooms may be conceived of either as a single palace or as several united houses. In the same way several superimposed buildings may be counted as one unit or as several structures.

Our main work has been undertaken in the area known as the Plaza of the Pyramid of the Moon, in all the buildings that surround it, and in the structures on both sides at the northern end of the Avenue of the Dead. The Pyramid of the Moon, together with the building attached to it, forms the largest mass within the area described. It was erected over at least three separate periods. We carefully cleared the pyramid of brush and superficial dirt and rubble, though only parts of its southern facade and its southeastern and southwestern corners have been explored. The parts to be reconstructed are the facade and the two corners, since the total reconstruction of this immense monument would be too costly for the present. Information obtained in our explorations indicates that the great sloping walls of the pyramid which still exist are in good enough condition to show exactly what the monument was like. The southern facade above the attached building has not yet been touched. This will be done when work on the pyramid is finally terminated.

From the beginning, the data indicated that the building attached to the pyramid was composed of at least four parts. However, by the middle of last March our excavations showed that there might be five, an idea reinforced by later investigation.

The immense central stairway seemed to present overwhelming difficulties of reconstruction. Not only had it been taken apart completely in pre-Hispanic times, a thing that had occurred with almost all the stairways and elements made up of cut stone in Teotihuacán, but previous excavators had opened an enormous hole in the very center of the building where the stairway should have been.

Thanks to an extraordinarily careful exploration carried out by Ponciano Salazar Ortegón, it has been possible to reconstruct the stairway completely, exactly in the way it should be. Of the original stones, 565 were scattered at the base of the pyramid. These had come from the stairway

An eagle alighting, as represented in Tetitla, Teotihuacán

and had been left behind when the demolition took place. Only one stone was found *in situ*, but it was of fundamental importance. It was the cornerstone of the west balustrade. The width of the stairway could be computed from the base of the pyramid, which preserved its original stucco. The height and width of the steps were calculated from the original stones.

With the height of the stairway still visible on the masonry and with the knowledge of the inclination of the stairway (thanks to the stone *in situ*), there was no theoretical problem in the reconstruction of the thirty-nine steps. On the other hand, the practical problem was tremendous. Just filling the hole represented the necessity of carting many thousands of cubic yards of material, in order to place it behind the steps as the reconstruction was carried out. Two other stones turned out to be extremely important. Stucco remaining on one of these matched that on the bottom step of the west balustrade, and on the other, the top of the third flight of the east balustrade. Not only did these

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stones prove that the reconstruction of the stairway is correct, but they also gave us the clue to placing corresponding stones in the balustrades of other monuments, a procedure that had been uncertain previously. Now we can assert confidently that such stone steps are always at the height of the upper moldings of the main part of the monuments. Since well-preserved balustrades had not been discovered previously, or had other data been studied sufficiently, this new architectural element had not been known until last year.

The excavation of various monuments has given us a much clearer picture of the construction methods used by the people of Teotihuacán. In many places we have managed to find indications which definitely make clear how they built their roofs. In rooms attached to the south side of Building I in the Plaza of the Moon we found the impression left on the floor when the roof collapsed. This provided important evidence that the roof had been built of beams of wood approximately five inches in diameter, placed side by side. Jorge Acosta has reported the following data about the great hall that served as a foyer to the patio of Quetzalpapalotl:

> Remains of carbonated wood were found on the stucco floor and in one place even a section of the roof, which collapsed during the fire that destroyed the building. This is of great importance, as it definitely shows us the construction system of Teotihuacán roofs and in this case even the thickness

In Building I of the Plaza of the Moon, Acosta discovered that the stucco had not been applied in the usual form but had been molded on the surface of the building the way plaster is put on a wall. This is the same technique used today in molding concrete. The same method has been found in architectural structures attached to the pyramid and to Building VII in this plaza, but not in others in the area; nor do we yet have data which would indicate that it exists in other parts of Teotihuacán. This suggests a close contemporaneity of the three structures and the possibility that they were built by the same architect. We also observed that all the edges of the buildings were rounded, and we have reconstructed the missing edges in this manner.

The Plaza of the Moon, which covers almost two acres, has been thoroughly cleaned of rubble, as has most of the Avenue of the Dead. Except for the Temple of Agriculture, which is too damaged to be rebuilt, the work on all the edifices of the Plaza of the Moon has been nearly completed. The most thorough explorations since 1962 have been carried out in the southwest angle of this plaza at the Quetzalpapalotl Palace. The communicating stairway, very incomplete, was decorated with two serpent heads. In the main patio, surrounded by four rooms facing the main points of the compass, hewn stone blocks were scattered.

The exploration demonstrated that these and other such stones, found in a large hole in the center, were parts of pillars which surrounded the patio, where they had been thrown when Teotihuacán was destroyed, perhaps in the seventh century. Some were lying farther away. Fortunately there were sufficient remains of these pillars to enable us to accomplish an absolutely true reconstruction. The main motif here represents a combined quetzal bird and butterfly, from which the group of buildings takes its name, the Butterfly Palace.

In view of the importance of the recent discoveries, it was decided to carry out a detailed excavation here, to which all of 1963 was dedicated. A series of substructures, some magnificently preserved, and a complete palace surrounding the west patio of Quetzalpapalotl have appeared. When all the previous structures, one built over the other, have to be examined, work on a building of this type is extremely complex. In Teotihuacán this situation is even more difficult, as the excavation of one room leads us to various others. Aside from its aesthetic value and the possibility of very complete reconstruction, this architectural complex has produced a great quantity of archaeological information of major importance. In regard to the architecture, we found buildings with profiles quite different

One of the columns of Quetzalpapalotl, the Butterfly Palace

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from the usual ones in the zone. There are wooden doorjambs and lintels that show us exactly how these structures stood more than a thousand years ago, roof fragments which can be reconstructed with exactitude, balustrades decorated with serpents, roofs with friezes sometimes undecorated and sometimes adorned with crenelated ornaments, and battlements in many different styles. Actually, all the architectural elements in Teotihuacán are found in the complex surrounding the Butterfly Palace.

With the exception of the central section of the eastern side of the Avenue of the Dead every platform along this avenue was found to be in excellent condition; even when the bases were partially destroyed, all the necessary data could be found here. These buildings form a succession of pyramidal bases for temples, and there are platforms on which undoubtedly stood rooms dedicated to ceremonial purposes, although behind these rooms there are others which were probably living quarters. Very likely these were for the use of priests or leading personages. Two very long platforms are situated one in front of the other, and the temples are more or less balanced. This indicates an urban planning that took into account not only the general lines of the city but also a balanced distribution of masses.

Jaguar sculpture, alabaster

The east side in general was in poorer condition than the rest of the zone. Aside from pre-Hispanic destruction and the ravages of time, former explorations had left open holes in many places. Nevertheless, we have worked through the entire section from the Plaza of the Moon to the area close to the great complex of the Sun Pyramid. In front of this group of structures, on the west side of the avenue, exploration has been almost terminated, and reconstruction has been well begun. While a drainage system in Building I of this section was being repaired some important paintings were discovered, and a much more detailed examination of the pyramidal base was therefore considered necessary. A series of substructures was uncovered, the paintings being found in the next to last period of construction.

The area in front of the Pyramid of the Sun turned out to be the most damaged of all, to such an extent that many of the small structures have almost completely disappeared. It is not yet possible to determine their former aspect, but explorations are well advanced. One of the great difficulties here is an irregular wall about 220 yards long. This undoubtedly is post-Teotihuacán, and it either cut into or overlapped the buildings of the Classic period, thus destroying their alignment and their harmony.

We cannot yet say what the object of the wall was, but it might have enclosed the Plaza of the Sun. The wall is of a construction far inferior to the usual magnificent Teotihuacán technique. All of the existing part of this wall will be left intact so that visitors will realize that it came after the great period when the culture of Teotihuacán was at its peak. Even though it has little aesthetic value, it marks a period in the history of the city.

The data given us by the avenue itself, which follows the natural contours of the ground from north to south, are most interesting. In its northern section may be seen steps that compensate for the slope toward the south. This inclination presented serious problems in an architecture whose canons were rigid; and because of this slight slope, the buildings begin at a higher level on their north side than on their south side.

Farther south there are stairways that at intervals divide the avenue (which is really a series of elongated plazas). It was difficult to understand how these stairways were built, but fortunately part of one, perfectly preserved and with all the original stones *in situ*, was found on the west side of the avenue. These stones are well cut and adjusted, as all those in Teotihuacán stairways must have been. In the ceremonial zone the fact that there is not one Teotihuacán burial demonstrates that interments were not customary there. This is exactly the opposite of what took place in Monte Albán in Oaxaca, for example, where there are magnificent tombs in the ceremonial area. On the other hand, burials from later periods than Classic Teotihuacán have been discovered. Even though we have not found any ceramics to help to date them, the position of the tombs proves that they were made after the destruction of the city.

Various ceremonial offerings have been uncovered. We are planning to publish detailed descriptions of these later, but in general it can be said that they were rifled after the Spaniards came. On many occasions we have found pits dug especially to contain offerings, but empty. When offerings were related to a building, they generally occupied a fixed position — in front of the stairway, in front of the balustrades, or in the corners. It is evident that the ransackers knew where they were located. This simplified the task of finding the booty and carrying it off. It is possible that the great pre-

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conquest tunnel of Mound I in the Plaza of the Moon was constructed to make removal of objects easy.

In spite of the systematic sacking, in a city as important as Teotihuacán it is inevitable that some ceremonial offerings will have been overlooked, such as those which came to light in the West Patio of the Quetzalpapalotl Palace. Among other things this collection contained alabaster vases decorated with fresco painting.

A wide variety of objects, most of them found among the rubble, hold great interest for us. One piece of sculpture of large proportions has appeared. It is a great jaguar head, incomplete, on the stairway of the room of Quetzalpapalotl Palace that faces the plaza. Many small pieces of sculpture have been found, especially the masks that are so characteristic of Teotihuacán. In the North Room of Quetzalpapalotl, Acosta found an alabaster jaguar eight inches high. The jaguar is similar to one in the British Museum. The lower part of a tablet, made of the same semiprecious stone and representing a priest with the attributes of a jaguar, was found in the West Room. Archaeologist Contreras found a battlement in the form of a jaguar, also made of alabaster.

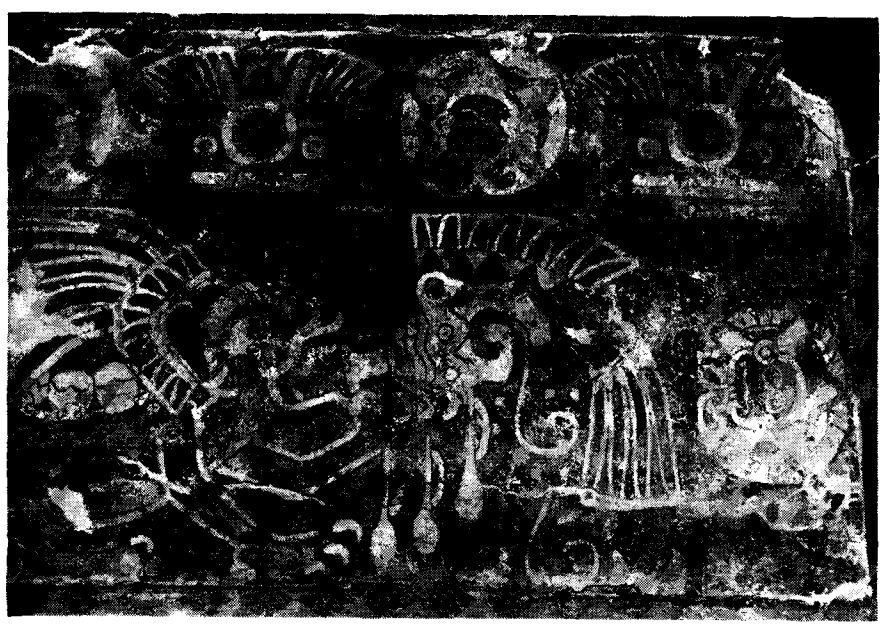
Many stones with bas-relief decoration have come to light, the columns of Quetzalpapalotl Palace outstanding among them. In addition there are many carved stones from destroyed monuments, some adorned with discs or with other motifs.

In its next to last period of construction, Teotihuacán reminds us of Renaissance Italy because of the abundance and magnificence of its mural paintings. We receive the impression that every available wall was painted. Through previous explorations we had become acquainted with a large number of murals, but fieldwork in 1963 has revealed a great many more, some of them splendid. There is an extraordinary jaguar in the Tetila zone, and an eagle with its wings open at the moment it is about to light. Jaguars playing a conch-shell musical instrument in Quetzalpapalotl Palace are magnificent, as well as ocelots, all red, trapped in nets. Outstanding is a group of small animals — jaguars, fish, doves — brought to life in brilliant colors on a background of red lines flowing like water. A line of splendidly dressed priests represents either real persons or perhaps priestly ranks or titles, since each figure is accompanied by a different glyph.

It is too early to try to describe correctly, much less interpret or study from an aesthetic viewpoint, this pictorial treasure, as the mural paintings are just now being cleaned. In some cases it is necessary to transfer these murals to aluminum sheets in order to assure their permanent preservation.

A wealth of data is being accumulated that enables us to understand more fully the history and culture of Teotihuacán, and thus to give to the world a vision of this city of extraordinary beauty, an incomparable monument from an ancient civilization. But it is not possible to re-create the real soul of Teotihuacán, since the temples that crowned the pyramids and the color that covered the stones are lacking. Nothing will ever erase the damage resulting from the passing of time, and the devastation caused by man in Teotihuacán.

Translated by Doris Heyden.



Detail of mural painting, showing a jaguar playing a conch shell

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MUSIC IN TRANSITION

BY JOAQUÍN GUTIÉRREZ HERAS

Born in 1927, JOAQUÍN GUTIÉRREZ HERAS *was educated at the National University and at the Conservatory of Mexico. He came to New York on the exchange-visitor program sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation, and studied at the Juilliard School, and later at the Paris Conservatory. He has lectured on music for Radio Universidad and is now in charge of its musical programs.*

To THE foreign visitor in Mexico our music seems to consist entirely of folk music. During the past decades Mexican painting and architecture have gained attention and admiration abroad, and lately some Mexican literary works have begun to cross the frontiers, but little is known about our non-popular music. Carlos Chávez and Silvestre Revueltas enjoy a certain prestige, and a few connoisseurs are familiar — more out of curiosity than from musical interest — with the experimental works of Julián Carrillo. But the spirit of Mexican music that is carried abroad continues to be typified by mariachi airs and Veracruz tunes.

Why is it that along with such internationally noted painters as Rivera, Orozco, Siqueiros, and Tamayo, we can include only the names of Chávez and Revueltas? And worse, still, where is the musical counterpart of the new wave of Mexican painters who have shown their worth in international competitions? Today there is little to justify the statement made a century ago by Madame Calderón de la Barca: "Music in this country is a sixth sense."

Notwithstanding, there were good beginnings. The attempts of José Rolón, Candelario Huízar, and Manuel M. Ponce to give an individuality to Mexican music; the nationalistic group around Chávez, along with Blas Galindo and Pablo Moncayo; and finally the beginnings of a movement to go beyond folklore influences when Silvestre Revueltas spoke of "music without tourism" and Chávez stepped along paths paralleling Bartók — these all gave promise of a good future. The nationalistic period, which reached its peak during the presidency of Lázaro Cárdenas, brought about a flowering in Mexican music which has not been repeated. We can note certain dates: 1921, *Chapultepec* (Ponce); 1924, *Los Cuatro Soles* (Chávez); 1928, *Imágenes* (Huízar); 1930, *Cuauhnáhuac* (Revueltas); 1933, *Sinfonía de Antígona* (Chávez); 1936, *Sinfonía India* (Chávez); 1936, *Homenaje a García Lorca* (Revueltas); 1938, *Sensemayá* (Revueltas). To these works, some of them admirable, can be added others which, because of their clever handling of folk material, have gained a certain popularity in our concert halls — for example, *Sones Mariachi* by Galindo (1940) or *Huapango* by Moncayo (1941).

In spite of everything, this period came to an end abruptly. It seems that in the year 1940 the creative spirit of Mexican nationalism was snuffed out. What followed has simply been a warming over of the old nationalism or a withdrawal from folk themes in order to search for a more personal style. It would have been interesting to see which path Silvestre Revueltas, who died in 1940 precisely, might have taken when the nationalistic phase came to an end.

The effect of European neoclassicism is apparent here. At its apogee this movement was so sure of itself, so argumentative, that it made vassals of all

Drawing by Mario Micossi.

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who had no real cause to defe d. Only those stubborn nationalists, and the sec arian and forgotten musicians who continued beli ving in the curious theory of dodecaphony, cons dered outmoded in the 1930s, were saved.

If neoclassicism in Europe failed to produce many works comparable with t ose of the beginning of the century, it could hard y be expected that such secondhand inspiration v ould offer a fruitful impulse in Mexican music. It s true, for example, that in the works of Chávez a l Galindo one notes a certain preoccupation wit counterpoint, but these minutiae of composition scarcely indicate or even prove a "return to Bach " And with this we touch upon an important poi t in our music: To what past can the Mexican m sician return?

The situation is easy for pa nters and sculptors, since archaeology provides the with a history and a prehistory. One cannot sa the same for pre-Columbian music. In spite o the advances made in research into the field of I dian music, as well as a growing enthusiasm for o r musical past, it is not likely that it can be turne into a living source of musical inspiration. It will go on being as unknown as Greek music. Thus, he reconstruction of pre-Columbian music, usually based on traditional tunes, on historical documents and on musical instruments found in excavatio s, will be no more than an archaeological game g ided by the musical empathy of the composer. As n authentic expression of Mexicanism it is of litt interest. We must accept the fact that native mus , refined and grandiose as it might have been, ould scarcely resist the impact of a tradition wh h already knew a Machaut or a Josquin des Pr s: and that bowing before this tradition, it grew i to those warm and vibrant rhythms which admir bly and unconventionally embody our cultural i ixture.

To the present-day Mexica Indian music is as exotic as any other; the pen tonic scales sound like Chinese music to him, an the pre-Columbian instruments do not say much to him unless they strike some chord deep in his acial subconscious. The Mexican composer, whet r he likes it or not, is enrolled in the European tra tion, even though a native element, with its adv ntages and disadvantages, may place him in a peripheral spot. Awareness of this is precisely the reason for the Mexican artists' ambiguous at itude toward European art, especially on the par of those who claim they express an authentic Me can art cleansed of all European influences.

Furthermore, music is influ nced by the same factors that affect the other rts which toy with folk material: it too is created with an eye to the foreign market. It was no acci ent that the nationalistic and archaic-style compo itions of the group around Chávez enjoyed more s ccess in the United States than with the Mexican public. In actuality, it is clear that the Mexican composer who writes for his countrymen does not need to add Mexican curios; instead, he will use a language that is more natural — that is to say, an idiom embodying the occidental and the mestizo tradition. The best allies of the cult of the indigenous continue to be foreign visitors and Mexicans with international tastes or those who are most removed from their native traditions.

The nationalistic movement in Mexican music has lost both its vitality and sureness. Silvestre Revueltas is gone; Carlos Chávez has evolved a style which, though it occasionally shows ties with our ancient heritage, still cannot be called Mexican. It would be nice to say that we are in a period wherein Mexican music is producing works which are not imitations of anything from abroad and do not draw attention solely by their exotic peculiarities: that our music has reached the point where it ceases to be a dialect and acquires a language of its own. But this has not happened. The fact is that in the past twenty years no new notable figures have come forward. On the one hand, we have the more or less sincere exponents of nationalism whose works cannot be compared with those of the previous period; on the other hand, we have those docile followers of European fashions who cover their lack of substance with the motto, "It's necessary to be up-to-date," and who shift from neoclassicism to the twelve-tone system as easily as they once went from nationalism to neoclassicism. And it cannot be said that this ability to shift gears is their own, because they have copied it from Igor Stravinsky, the Dorian Gray of modern music, whose stylistic versatility and fear of being called passé have infected hosts of minor composers.

However that may be, young composers find themselves in a situation where they are not required to follow one style or another. No official style exists, and their works will not be judged on the basis of their greater or lesser folklore content. But certain things operate against them. The first and most serious is the low level of musical education. It is not surprising in a country still struggling against illiteracy that musical training is not fostered in the schools. The National Conservatory of Music, poor in resources and disorganized, barely accomplishes its tasks, even though it has some competent professors. Worse still is the situation at the School of Music of the National University, where they have not even bothered to put up a music building on this huge and highly publicized university campus. Wherever one looks, the music picture is the same: not enough teachers, shortage of material, lack of interest. As a result, the aspiring

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musician is left to his own resources, or he must depend on foreign scholarships, which often do little more than make him aware of his own educational shortcomings. One should not be surprised, then, at the fact that in a country of thirty million inhabitants, in whom music "is a sixth sense," there is only one acceptable symphony orchestra.

Of course, there are sociological reasons for this cultural lag: musicians are usually drawn from the poorer classes because a musical career takes fewer years of preparation than any other, and even a badly trained performer can in a short time earn money in radio and in theater orchestras. Among the well-to-do, music offers no enticements as a serious career. It is looked upon instead as a way to spend occasional moments of leisure. As a profession it would signify a drop in social status. The picture has changed in recent years; it cannot be denied that music is beginning to be seen in another light. But the conditions described above have created a kind of vicious circle between the quality and training of the performer and his earning power, a situation from which it is difficult to escape. Those who succeed either belong to the middle class, which has a musical tradition (usually foreign), or are individuals with extraordinary talent and intelligence.

Doubtless, these difficulties would not be so important if they were not linked to the lack of a firm tradition in serious music. Mexican popular music draws its vigor and naturalness from being backed by centuries of uninterrupted folk tradition. Serious Mexican music is a relatively recent arrival; until the nineteenth century the musical scene in Mexico was dominated by foreign performers, and whatever small tradition developed, if one can speak of a Mexican tradition in relation to music, failed to survive the violent periods of the Revolution.

The performance of music is really the most bourgeois art (as Russian soloists have shown); it demands a long peaceful tradition and stable material conditions. A musician may do without one of the two requisites, but not both at the same time, as was the case in pre- and post-revolutionary Mexico. Our musical tradition, at best, extends back no further than fifty years, and this explains many things. Nor can this tradition properly be called revolutionary. Although the Mexican Revolution, like the Russian Revolution, inspired artists in other fields, it did nothing for music, creating no new instrumental or compositional techniques. Unfortunately for us, we had no pre-revolutionary school of music that we could carry on. Our music had to begin at the beginning. But at least we can now begin to speak of a Mexican music, not merely of music in Mexico.

To what kind of public does the Mexican composer appeal? Sad to say, the public is just as poorly prepared for contemporary music as the professional musician. If radio programs are any indication, the music enjoyed by the bulk of the population is at the lowest possible level. There are exceptions: one radio station (one of the least powerful) specializes in "classical" music, and the radio transmitter of the National University remains a reassuring cultural oasis in a desert of commercial music, in which modern songs in the style of Augustín Lara compete with ranchero songs that are really parodies on folk music.

Naturally, the "educated" public keeps up with the musical celebrities and pays to see them. In a sense, music serves them just as any other institution does whose high prices generate an atmosphere of exclusiveness — a worldwide occurrence. Brilliant violinists and pianists will continue to pack audiences into the Palace of Fine Arts; the opera will glitter from time to time with a Maria Callas or a Mario del Monaco and studiously avoid such audacious undertakings as *L'Heure Espagnole*, *The Consul*, *Peter Grimes*, *The Rake's Progress*, *Il Prigioniero*, or *Wozzeck*, for it is quite clear that the musical taste of the public is still hung up in the nineteenth century and on *bel canto* opera. Of course, modern operas are known through recordings, but unfortunately for our music the Mexican public has entered the electronic era without having cultivated the habit of music.

Thus, recorded music, which for the European is a complement to experiencing live music, has come to be the actual musical experience for us. The radio and record industry tends to turn into mere buyers and consumers of music those who might have been participants and performers. Since Mexico is intimately linked to the sociological-industrial development of the United States, the do-it-yourself slogan applies here even to music. People do not have to study or learn music; they need only build their own hi-fi sets. Naturally, it is easier to make money and buy a machine than to dedicate a good part of one's time toward mastering an instrument. Certainly the electronic reproduction of music would not be objectionable if it turned us into real listeners. But as things go, the usual outcome (not only in Mexico) is that music has been reduced to being part of a modern comfort, a mere adjunct to daily living. Nowadays there is no place where music is not consumed, there is no public place in which we are safe from it, and the cretin with a transistor radio has finally invaded the last remaining corners of silence.

Despite this enormous consumption of music, there is a notable indifference toward contemporary music and a wide gap between composer and public. It is ironic that Mexico should suffer from this state of affairs to the extent that it enters into modern civilization. Recently born, serious Mexican

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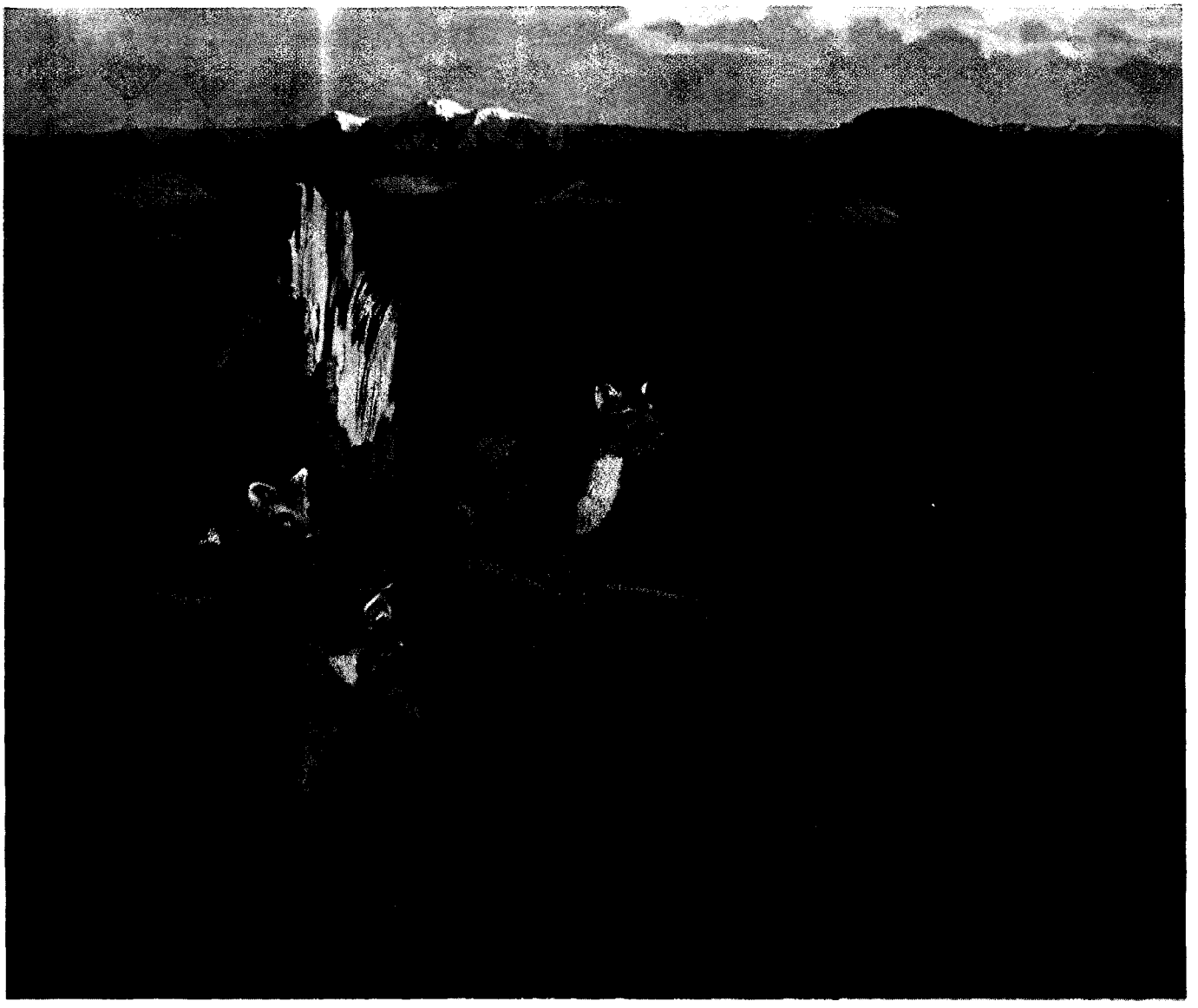

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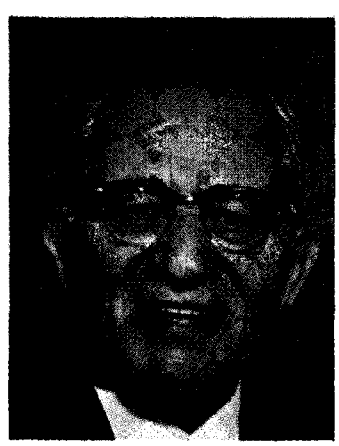

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music suffers the same incomprehension as its older sisters: the music of Chávez is not widely appreciated in Mexico; that of Revueltas, Moncayo, or Galindo is listened to principally for its folk elements.

Reflecting upon the differences between technical advances and the cultural lag, and if we believe in Western decadence, we might feel like the last passenger on a train heading for derailment. What other thoughts can be drawn from the picture of a healthy and smiling peasant with a transistor radio in his hand, or from a tiny, innocent village enveloped by the roar of a jukebox?

Now, after having looked at this picture sketched in solemn tones the reader may ask, with good reason, What are the positive aspects in our present-day music? In reality, the panorama seems more discouraging, perhaps, than it is. Thanks to the freedom our music has won, and continues to win, in most cases Mexican musicians now occupy the posts that once would have been held by foreigners. The National Symphony really deserves its title; there is now an opera company capable of presenting dignified opera and offering a suitable frame for first-class singers. And we can even claim a school of Mexican composers.

For the rest, if in recent years it has been clear that government-sponsored music institutions have failed owing to the inability and selfishness of their directors, one can also note an increase in musical activity among musicians and amateurs. Groups of young composers have sprouted; so also have fans of pre-Bach music or of chamber music — all with the healthy conviction that it is of no avail to wait for officially sponsored music. At the forefront of this movement to decentralize music is the National University, which has admirably contributed to musical culture through its concerts, radio programs, and courses, and through the reconstitution of its symphony orchestra.

Even government-sponsored music institutions have tried to correct their ways. During the past three or four years a decision has been made to reorganize the National Conservatory; and Carlos Chávez, clearly disillusioned with his old disciples, has organized a "composition workshop" for young composers, in whose ranks one finds some musicians of obvious talent. We hope this workshop will not spawn a new generation of bureaucrats and musical opportunists, but rather, masters who will reinvigorate our musical world.

And now, What sort of music is being composed in today's Mexico? As we have already mentioned, the old nationalistic group continues nursing the style it developed during the 1930s, followed more or less faithfully by some disciples. These, in turn, are regarded with a certain commiseration by those who conform with the latest fashions and obediently follow everything the European avant-garde has declared to be the last word. There is no doubt that the majority of young and not-so-young Mexican musicians, whether nationalists or neoclassicists, are deserting the old ranks and are entering the serial system. No one wants to be old-fashioned. Electronic music has as yet no representatives. Nor can there be any without laboratories or experimental studios. There have been some examples of concrete music (for a ballet and a motion-picture short), but the majority attempt to write in the twelve-tone system. There has been some talk of creating a serial nationalism, but as yet no work has been executed which might confirm this rumor.

Whatever the situation may be, there is an atmosphere of expectation, a feeling that the time is ripe for the emergence of musicians who can inject life into faded music and bear comparison with the older generation. Times have changed. To be revolutionary today indicates conformism, while nationalism has become a static and decorative habit. On the other hand, is it necessary to ask, To what point does the serial system correspond to the needs of Mexican composers? Our culture moves in leaps, but perhaps it is too great a jump to pass from pentatonic or diatonic modal music to the twelve-tone serial.

If we put aside idle speculation, one thing seems certain. The first stage of Mexican music has ended, leaving some notable works. It is unlikely that our future masterworks will be huapangos or Indian symphonies: we already have too many recordings in the field of authentic folk music. The Mexican composer finds himself in the same situation as composers in other countries. His social function is debatable; the demand for his works (with eight centuries of music at the disposition of the consumer) is practically nil. He is not needed and scarcely wanted. His role is like the modern poet's. But even under such conditions, for better or for worse, it is now the young who have to give expression to Mexican reality.

Translated by James Norman.

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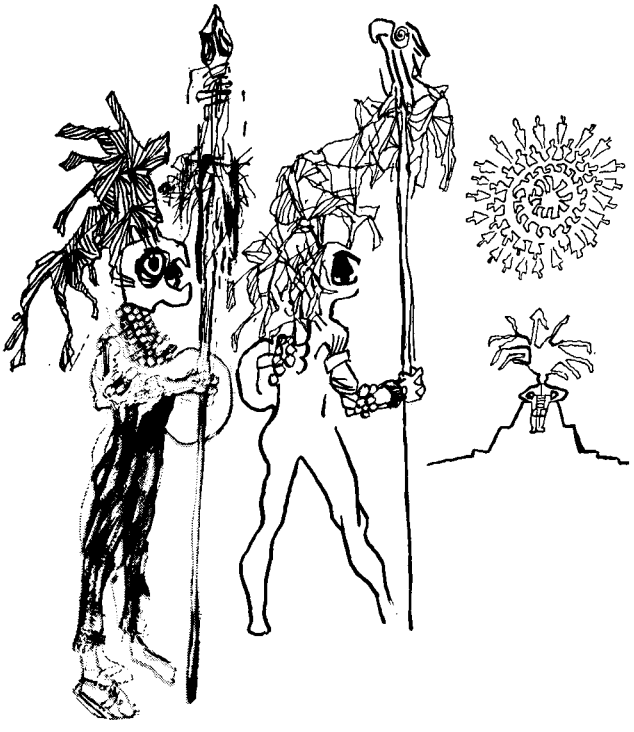
Deer Dance of the Yaqui Indians

The Ballet of the 1910 Revolution

Veracruz Fiesta

Dance of the Quetzales



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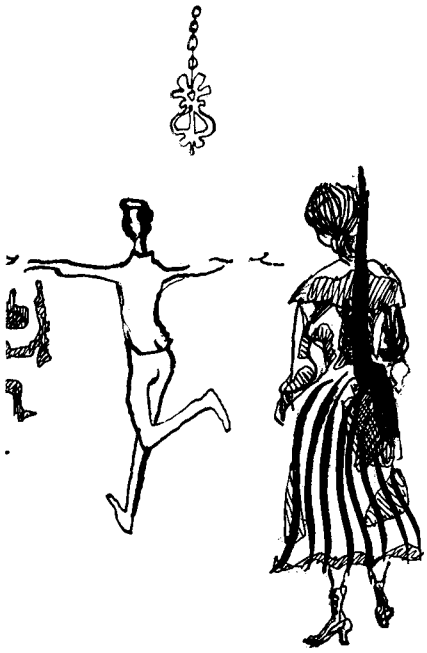
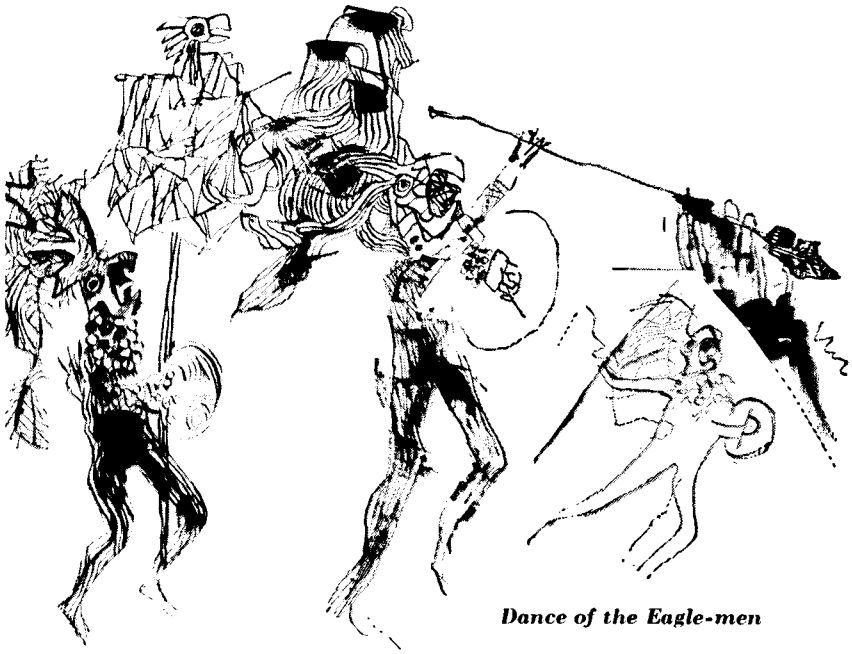


Mexican Hat Dance

BALLET FOLKLÓRICO DE MÉXICO

Drawings by VLADY

Veracruz Singers



Dance of the Eagle-men

Warrior Dance

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HECUBA'S TESTAMENT

BY ROSARIO CASTELLANOS

A tower, no ivy, I. The wind was powerless,
horns lunging round and round me like a bull's.
It stirred up clouds of dust to north and south
and in quarters I've forgotten or never knew.
But I endured, foundations deep in earth,
walls broad, heart strong
and warm within, defending my own brood.

Sorrow was closer kin than any of those.
Not the favorite; not the eldest. But a kinsman
agreeable in the chores, humble at table,
a shadowy teller of tales beside the fire.
There were times he went off hunting far away
at the masculine call
of his steady pulse, his eye sharp on the target.
He returned with game, consigned it
to a helper shrewd with the knife
and the zealous care of women.

On retiring I'd say: What a fine
piece of work my hands are weaving out of the hours.
From girlhood on I kept before my eyes
a handsome sampler;
was ambitious to copy its figure; wished no more.

Unmarried, I lived chaste while that was right;
later was loyal to one, to my own husband.

Never a dawn that found me still asleep,
never a night that overtook me till
the beehive hum of my home had sunk to rest.
The house of my lord was rich with works of my hand;
his lands stretched out to horizons.

And so that his name would not die
when his body died,
he had sons of me; they were valiant sons; had stamina.

Of me he had virtuous girls
that all made a suitable match
(except for one, a virgin, that held aloof,
as offering, it well may be, to a god himself).

Those who knew me called me fortunate.
Not satisfied with receiving
the happy praise of my equals,
I leaned to the little ones,
to sow in these a harvest of gratitude.

When the lightning bolt came probing
that tree of the conversations,
he who was struck by it raged about injustice.

I said not a word, for my way is
to listen to one thing only: bounden duty.
Disaster spoke; I obeyed:
a widow without reproach, a queen made slave
without loss to her queenly pride,
and mother, ah, and mother
orphaned of all her brood.

I dragged along old age like a tunic
too heavy to wear.
I was blind with years and weeping
and in my blindness saw
the vision that sustained my soul at its post.

Helplessness came, the cold, the cold,
and I had to surrender myself to the charity
of those alive. As before I had
surrendered myself to love, and to misfortune.

Someone cares for me in my final sufferings.
Makes me
drink down a harsh docility,
which I more and more learn to accept
so that all be fulfilled in me: those ultimate mysteries.

Translated by John Frederick Nims.

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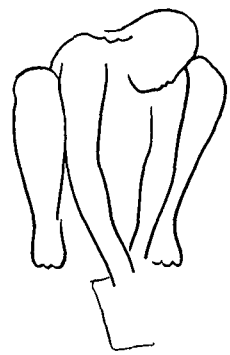
LOVE AND AUTHORITY



Educated at Harvard and Oxford, MICHAEL MACCOBY *taught at Harvard and at the University of Chicago. In 1960, he went to Mexico on a U.S. Public Health Fellowship from the National Institute of Mental Health. He is working with Erich Fromm on a study of a Mexican village which they call Las Cuevas. He is also practicing as a psychoanalyst, and he teaches at the National University in Mexico City.*

A Study of Mexican Villagers by Michael Maccoby

OVER half the people in the world live in peasant villages. Social scientists who have observed rural life in many of the developing nations report that peasants from Latin America, India, and the Near East seem more like one another in many ways than like their urban compatriots. In Mexico, the city-trained technician or agricultural worker who enters the peasant village feels himself almost as much a stranger as does the North American, and has as little understanding of the peasant character. Mexicans experience the same frustration and puzzlement when their plans for agricultural improvement or community development meet the solid wall of peasant indifference and distrust. The Mexicans are not alone; peasants everywhere distrust townspeople.

In the peasant village we have studied, many problems stem from the same factors that have plagued peasants in other countries and in other eras. His small plot of land — all he can physically handle with slow, unprofitable methods of farming — and his loss of profit to city buyers have determined the peasant's life for centuries. He may switch from a wooden to a steel plow, but this makes no essential difference in the forces that control his existence. Only in the United States has industrialized agriculture all but wiped out the peasant population.

Erich Fromm, who has worked in Mexico for thirteen years, teaching and training Mexican psychoanalysts, first began the study six years ago, with financial support from the Foundations Fund for Research in Psychiatry. He had noted that almost all the anthropological studies in Mexico focused on Indian communities, which constitute no more than 10 percent of the population and which reflect a history significantly different from that of the Spanish-speaking mestizo, the descendant of mixed Spanish and Indian ancestry. Dr. Fromm was particularly interested in studying a mestizo village which had once been a hacienda (a large, semifeudal plantation) to discover how the character of the peasant, formed by generations of semifeudal peonage, has changed since the Revolution of 1910, which apportioned lands to the ex-peons and for the first time gave them the opportunity to direct their own destinies.

Las Cuevas, the village chosen, has a population of 850, small enough so that we can study each individual intensively. It is picturesque, dominated by a stone aqueduct built in the seventeenth century and by the ruins of the hacienda building, burnt early in the Revolution. Some of the older men served in Emiliano Zapata's army, which was formed from this district. Others fought against him. Many wished only to be left in peace, like Don Mardonio, who says that when Zapata's men entered the village, he would dress in the white manta shirt and trousers of the revolutionary, and when the government men came, he would hurriedly change his clothes. Others hid in the mountains and barely managed to survive.

While the village is reminiscent of the past, there are many signs of change. Although some people live in huts of sticks and sweep floors of packed dirt, others have houses of adobe, brick, or cement, with large patios shaded by banana and avocado trees, with purple bougainvillaea on the yellow

Drawings by Jean Charlot from photographs by Bob Schalkwijk.

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walls and wild poinsettias blooming in the winter. The streets are unpaved, but within the last five years the village through its own efforts raised enough money to install running water and electricity. Over half the households have radios, and there is a television set in the town hall and in the houses of a few rich peasants.

Surrounding the village are some of the most fertile fields in Mexico, planted mainly with sugarcane, and in the summer rainy season, rice. In the distance, mountains separate the village from Taxco and Acapulco to the west and Mexico City to the east.

Just as striking as the setting of village life are the human problems that mar it. Many people lack work and barely manage to subsist. Others do not take advantage of what they have. They plant their fields with crops that pay little, or they neglect their work. Twenty percent of the adult men are alcoholics, and another twenty percent are heavy drinkers who waste at least two days of work a month and money desperately needed by their families. Alcohol leads them to magnify quarrels and insults, and a friendly exchange in a canteen may end in a machete or pistol fight; a misinterpreted look can be the cause of murder.

There is little deep friendship among the villagers. Few feel trust or fellowship outside their own families. Unless a common enemy threatens the group, the villagers seldom join together for community projects. Although they are ashamed of it and wish to be thought modern, most of the villagers are superstitious, suspicious that some women are witches, and will blame a child's illness on the evil eye. Although they respect modern medicine, they still turn to traditional curers to treat illnesses that resist the doctor's treatment, especially those of psychosomatic origin.

The villagers are not blind to these problems, for their ideals constantly clash with reality. They know that they gained from the Revolution. The land which was once part of the hacienda was parceled out to the villagers in *ejidos*, plots of rich land, averaging five acres in size, which belong to a man as long as he works them. *Ejido* land is meant to be inalienable and indivisible, to be passed on to a wife, son, or daughter. The *ejido* land symbolizes Zapata's ideals, which the villager willingly accepts. He is meant to be a free man and to work with his fellows cooperatively, in the spirit of the community. What keeps him from realizing this ideal? What are the roots of alcoholism, violence, and despair?

When Dr. Fromm and a group of his students, all Mexican psychiatrists, first entered the village, they told the leading men they wished to study just these problems, in the interest not only of this village but of other villages which suffered equally.

It is fair to ask why the villagers accepted the study and the many hours of answering personal questions, responding to inkblot and other projective tests. For most of them, such an abstract project made little sense, but they probably decided that the help promised — medical care and aid in working on the town plaza — were worth the bother; and in any event, they seemed to enjoy talking about themselves. The image of a new patron for the village fitted the dreams of many. But one leader, more intelligent and honest than most, had doubts. "I shall be frank," he told the group of investigators. "You say you are interested in helping us and in understanding us. I don't know what the others expect from you. But it has been my experience that when someone from the city comes to a peasant village, it is for one of two reasons. Either he wants to exploit us or he is interested in becoming senator or governor." The investigators told him there was some truth in what he said, but they asked him to give them a chance to prove that for once in his life, this reasoning could be wrong.

Our study has had three general aims: first, to describe the character of the villager, or the range of character types, in terms which, while not based on the value judgments of our own society, accurately portray his strengths and his weaknesses; second, to trace the major formative influences, the factors in his social and economic experience, in his beliefs, in his family background, which prove most pertinent to the molding of the villager's character; and finally, to determine whether violence, alcoholism, distrust of self, and lack of initiative are mainly his reactions to poverty and exploitation — expressions of anger and despair which would disappear if conditions changed — or whether they would persist even if the peasant saw before him the path to a better life?

The study is based on lengthy interviews, mainly given by Dr. Felipe Sanchez, a Mexican physician who has also treated the villagers' illnesses and delivered their babies for more than five years. Two anthropologists, Dr. Theodore Schwartz and his wife, Lola, lived in the village for a year, observing the people at work and at leisure. Besides investigation by interview and observation, new stimuli have been introduced: readings in good literature (the villagers particularly liked the peasant stories of Tolstoy, and *Grimm's Fairy Tales*), weekly movies followed by discussions, a library, and an agricultural club for boys.

Except in those indigenous communities where land and religion are unified in mystical observances and where the society is self-contained, the conditions of peasant life in Mexico do not encourage love of land and agricultural work. A Mexican

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villager sees nature symbolized by the hot sun that drains his energy, or the land that gives him little for his effort: Five acres of sugarcane result in a year's profit of only forty dollars. Despite his industry and initiative, a planting of better paying crops can be ruined by bad weather, insects, or disease, and even if he has the luck to escape nature's displeasure, the market may be saturated. Under these circumstances, many peasants look with envy at the factory workers, sheltered from the elements, with less backbreaking work and more security.

Despite the hardships, a few peasants express love for their work. Perhaps in these peasants love for the land is part of appreciation for the experience of creation, of nurturing a plant, animal, or child, of seeing labor bear fruit. But a carpenter or skilled mechanic might feel the same way. Possibly this reaction is characteristically Mexican.

As a part of their intensive interview, all of the villagers were asked for their concept of love. Their answers tell a great deal about their attitudes toward life. The villager whom I shall quote first is one of 70 *ejidatarios* (55 men and 15 women). Doña Teresa, as I shall call her, is about fifty and has never attended school. She is unmarried but has a fifteen-year-old daughter, and she supports her younger sister who was left with two children by her husband. Doña Teresa's family is one of the oldest in the village; her ancestors worked in the hacienda. Although she does relatively little manual work on her own land she runs a canteen and raises pigs and chickens profitably on her house site. She is passionate by nature, suspicious of outsiders, loyal and affectionate to her friends, violent and unforgiving to her enemies. She says:

"Love is very sacred, because without love there would not be the world we would have if we loved each other, because even though there is friendship, it is not enough. One must love. Beginning with love of parents, of sweethearts, love of a husband, love of children, love of a good friendship; even to raise an animal one must love. It is incomparable, because people even commit suicide if they do not know love. The love of a father is eternal. The love of friends one retains even when they are away. Love of God, one must have also, for God sends us love in the form of understanding."

Doña Teresa's answer is more detailed than those of many who share her attitude but some 15 percent of the villagers answer in a similar way. What these villagers express in their concept of love is the knowledge that love is not a bewitchment or a sexual attraction, but a deeply rooted trait of character, a respect for someone or an interest that is always different, depending on the person or object loved, but always essentially the same.

Don Nicolas, a peasant of fifty-eight years, states the same idea more briefly: "Love is a force that makes a person seek the well-being of those he esteems." Don Fortunato, a young farmer aged twenty-seven, says, "There are many kinds of love, for a plant, for the land. First, there is love of God. Second, for a father or mother. Love is to love a woman, the love that one's sons grow and develop. One has many loves."

Many villagers without an active, loving orientation express concepts of love that nevertheless move the listener by their authenticity. Their thoughts are deeply felt, but they react with passivity or resignation to the hardships which have eroded confidence in their own powers. Instead of creating love, they wait to be loved, and they receive little from the land or from others who also feel their inability to give.

The concept of love most often stated by villagers reflects the feeling that all good things of life lie outside oneself, beyond reach; one must await passively the experience of happiness or love, being grateful if it arrives but without power to keep it. For these receptive people, joy lasts only momentarily, if at all. It may remain no more than a dream, a promise that never materializes, but which soon sours into disillusion. Of course, these villagers are not so different from other people. Few in any society have developed an active loving orientation to others and to their work, or a sense of self not dependent on outside supports. But the villagers have more cause to lack hope than most people.

Some people with hoarding characters tend to apportion their love, like a limited supply of money, to those children who merit it by obedience and good behavior. Says Doña Soledad, "I cannot feel as much affection for a son who acts badly as I do for one who treats me well." In work as in love, the hoarding orientation implies storing one's forces, avoiding spending too much interest and energy. Such peasants make good storekeepers, and as farmers they are seldom lazy. They earn a better living than the poorest, but they stick to old methods and are suspicious of anything that demands a new burst of activity.

Why is it that some peasants are able to develop an active orientation to love and work, despite conditions that foster despair in others? Perhaps they were born with a stronger will to live, or they were fortunate to experience the loving care of parents who nurtured the force necessary for growth. A simple reason for the depth and beauty of the average Mexican peasant's concept of love, despite economic scarcity and lack of formal education, is that love is what interests him. What does he have to think about, other than his own feelings and those of his fellow villagers? The routinized work, unchanged for centuries, demands little thought or planning. It does not occur to him

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to start a new industry, partly because he lacks models and capital. In fact — and this is common to other peasant societies — he opposes projects initiated by any village entrepreneur. He believes the village's resources have been parceled out once and for all; a new use of them presages one person's gain at the cost of others.

CULTURALLY, life is barren, without the traditions, legends, and rites of Indian communities. Television has arrived only recently. There are occasional movies or dances. Las Cuevas, which wishes to be progressive, has done away with *jaripeos*, local bullfights. After work, some young men, the most productive, play basketball. The others hang around the plaza or the bars. Nothing in the experience of most villagers leads to thoughts of life outside, except as alien and dangerous. In these circumstances most minds are dulled; some people leave, and the best of those who remain refine the experiences that do come to them, by directing their intellect into familiar channels.

As in all societies, the peasant develops the kind of intelligence that fits his needs. And it is noteworthy that our tests do not measure the kind of intelligence the peasant most values. The peasant may learn to detect fine differences in the state of a plant, an animal, or the weather. He studies people, trying to understand what lies behind their gestures and expressions. He does not respond to words alone, because he knows words often hide feelings or are meant to be polite. He may formally agree with another person, even though he does not mean it, in order not to insult him, and he is surprised when the man from the city who accepted his polite assent to some project then reproaches him for lack of responsibility. The productive peasant has developed his mind not as a machine, finely tooled to solve abstract problems, but in order to stimulate life and growth in all that he respects.

Don Guadalupe, aged seventy-five, who has never been to a school, tells us how a father should treat his sons. "If the Architect of the universe sends you a son, tremble. You cannot know if his soul will be good or evil. All you can do is to be a loving father, protecting him until he reaches the age of twelve. From twelve until he is twenty, be his teacher. And from twenty on, be his friend."

Why so few villagers develop productive characters is a complex problem, similar in peasant communities everywhere. Among other reasons are economic factors and social and psychological forces. The most important is based on scarcity — hunger, the vagaries of the market, lack of land and of the rational use of it. A few peasants by their industry have transcended these conditions, but many lack the hope or life force necessary to mature. As long as peasants are saddled with rudimentary methods of farming on small plots and remain subjugated to the cities, they will remain distrustful and fatalistic.

In the village today, despite the peasants' greatly improved conditions, the psychological attitudes of the peon persist. Peasants lacking faith in themselves still seek patrons with whom they act the part of humble supplicant. In fact, when the land was partitioned, some villagers refused to accept *ejidos*, because they feared that the old hacienda owner would return to punish them. The competitive and distrustful attitudes characteristic of all peasants were more deeply etched by the hacienda experience and persist even though they conflict with the revolutionary ideal of cooperation.

These social attitudes mirror family relationships in which bonds between brothers are weakened by the tie to parents. The parents, like the hacienda owners, demand strict obedience from children, although their treatment of infants who have not yet developed a strong sense of self is warm, giving, and undemanding, and mothers show a deep sense of responsibility for children combined with a willingness to sacrifice for their well-being. Their strictness is rooted in the idea, perhaps historically planted, that willfulness and independence are signs of *lo malo* ("badness") that must be eradicated. With this attitude parents probably saved their children from getting into trouble with the hacienda masters, but now it cripples the growth of self-reliance. It persists both because of its self-perpetuating effects and because peasant fathers and mothers imitate the child-rearing techniques of their parents.

After the age of six, when boys must work in the fields and girls in the household, the child is expected to obey without question. He is taught that what is right is what his parents consider right. He constantly feels guilt and seldom learns to distinguish between his own rational conscience and the fear that he will transgress a parental commandment. Since parents often punish but hardly ever reward, the child lacks a sense of doing anything worthwhile; it is enough to avoid trouble.

The chance that he might rebel against this irrational authority and band together with his peers, as children do in the United States and Western Europe, never materializes. Parents discourage play with other children. Furthermore, the society lacks models for fraternal cooperation. Even the games of children, unlike our games such as hide-and-seek and ring-a-levio, lack the symbolic acting-out of the group banding together to home-free-all their comrades from the central authority. Rather, in their hide-and-seek, called "burnt leather," the boys run from the central person, who has the right to whip each child he catches with a leather belt.

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Until the study entered the village, the young boys had never played such cooperative games as baseball or soccer, although a group of young men have been playing basketball, which was introduced twenty years ago by a schoolteacher.

The feudal heritage weakens the peasant's self-reliance and undermines the moral supports of reliability, cooperation, and fellow feeling. Those who assume authority tend to fall into the irrational, exploitative pattern of the hacienda system, and many of the most able villagers, to escape being a target for hostility and distrust, refuse to accept elected positions of command. One villager elected to office fell ill and remained ill until another person was chosen to replace him. Often the official positions fall to weak figureheads who excite no one's suspicions. The villagers distrust the community leaders, suspecting that those who institute communal projects siphon off the profits into their own pockets, whereas if a man openly assumes the role of patron for gain, they are more likely to admire his virtues and flatter him, seeking his favor.

Anyone who tries, as we did, to introduce new projects into the village runs up against the peasant's attempt to place him in the category of either a hypocritical do-gooder or an openly exploitative but manageable patron. It is deceptively easy to fall into the role of patron, cushioned by the flattery of the village and by the feeling that only in this way can anything get done. We had the idea of helping the boys of the village to start an agricultural club. The aim of this club, founded by Dr. Schwartz, has been to teach the boys new methods of farming and animal-raising, to give them the opportunity of earning some money by their work, and to stimulate a sense of responsibility and an experience of cooperation with their peers.

Perhaps we made our first error by giving them too much to start with, including hybrid seed, corn, chickens, milk-producing goats, pigs, and a cow. Instead of assuming responsibility, the boys treated us as patrons to whom they must remain submissive, awaiting orders. When because of bad luck and our inexperience, animals fell ill or the crops yielded little, the boys became apathetic and despairing instead of working harder. A volunteer from the American Friends Service Committee moved into the village to supervise the boys, but they worked well only so long as he was there. If he left for a few days, animals went thirsty and the fields stayed untended.

After two years of little progress, we decided to try to analyze with the boys the attitudes and feelings which caused their lack of initiative. Together with Señor Antonio de la Torre the volunteer from the AFSC, I began to meet with the boys for two hours a week for a kind of group psychotherapy centered around the problems of work. At first the boys blamed their neglect of the animals on lack of time and lack of knowledge, but they soon saw this as a rationalization for deeper problems, since they had plenty of time to play and they avoided learning what we were eager to teach them.

What blocked their energy and self-development was the same feudal pattern of behavior that keeps the village from progressing as much as it might. Each boy felt his only bond within the club was his tie with us, the patrons. Cooperation meant only that if he worked more, others would work less and cut into his reward. Despite a new system of profits based on individual work, the boys still saw their fellows as rivals who were trying to get the most out of the club with the least work. Even in our meetings, when one boy spoke to another, it was to accuse him, never to support him. When the boys spoke to me, their words were tinged with guilt, as though they feared that whatever they did, I would be dissatisfied.

During the first meetings most of the time passed in painful silence. Finally I asked them to say what was on their minds. No one would speak, until Candido, the bravest and most responsible, admitted that he had been thinking about going to a dance that night. But he was afraid to tell me, sure that I would be angry. I said that I did not want to schedule meetings that conflicted with dances and that they were free to go, but I asked that we talk some more at the next meeting about their fear of saying what was on their minds.

In what followed we discussed the ever-present guilt that each boy felt before his parents and any other authority. He had been taught that to anger the authority for whatever reason meant punishment. Therefore, with parents, with employers, or with us, it was better to remain silent, to do only what one was told to do, to avoid any initiative. I pointed out to them how this attitude was rooted in centuries of hacienda life and how as long as they kept it, they would remain peons in their souls and never be free men. By accepting the idea that the right thing to do depends on another's judgment, they could never develop their own sense of right, they could never be the masters of their own activity, and they would always be more interested in escaping punishment than in their work.

After this meeting there was a surge of initiative and responsibility, but when I asked the boys what had happened when Antonio left for a few days, they all turned their eyes sheepishly to the ground. "I heard that you did a good job by yourselves," I said. Yes, it had been true, but they were unable to give themselves credit. The other side of guilt about disobeying authority was the conviction

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that nothing they did could be praiseworthy, for no one had ever stimulated the sense of satisfaction in a job well done. Their only rewards resulted from obedience.

We tried to interest the fathers of the boys in the club so that when we left, there would be a continuing direction. The club had by now grown to the stature of a small business with valuable animals and some 350 chickens which produce 220 eggs a day. But the parents either lacked interest or felt that like every other cooperative enterprise begun in the village, this would fail. Naturally, this attitude, well known by the boys, weakened their confidence.

In a last attempt to enlist the support of the fathers and mothers, we called a meeting. When the parents heard about the difficulties the boys had in cooperating, and the losses due to negligence, they were all for giving up the club. One father said, "You should move the club to a village that will appreciate it."

"Why do you waste your time?" asked another. "These boys are not worth it." We assured the fathers that the boys had done a great deal, and that we would not leave until the club was financially solid, but privately we wondered how the club would carry on without help from the older generation and how the boys who were present at the meeting would react to their fathers' fatalism and lack of hope.

At our next reunion, I asked them what they had thought of the meeting. By this time the group of boys who came to these discussions had shrunk from twenty to a hard core of six of the older boys, who always came. One said that the meeting seemed fine. He was immediately challenged by the others. "What do you mean fine?" asked Cheque. "They have no interest in helping us, they think we are no good, and they want the club to end." Cheque and others realized that they could expect no support from their parents, and they decided that they could do without it. "Already we know more about chickens than they do," said one boy, "and we have learned how to market the eggs. Even if they were to help, they would only order us around and take the profits."

After this discussion the boys began for the first time to cooperate in setting a day in which each one took the others' animals to pasture. Together they built a roof for the corral in which their goats were quartered. They demanded that others cooperate or leave the club. Those of the older boys who had before shunned any leadership in order not to seem to put themselves ahead of others accepted the fact that if they did not lead, nothing would be done. They organized a dance to raise money; and taking advantage of the Mexican love of lotteries, they sold chances on a pig, realizing a greater profit than they would have made in the market. They began to think of new projects, such as fixing up a village bathhouse, long run-down by disuse, and charging a few cents for showers. They petitioned and received village approval for the project.

It is still too early to conclude that these changes in attitudes will last. These boys who are now fifteen and sixteen years old will soon leave the club, marry, and work for their own families. Then the test will be whether they maintain the fraternal ties of the club, based neither on family nor on personal advantage but on shared work and play. As adults, will they have both the interest and ability to help another generation of boys? As fathers, will they encourage their sons' independence?

The aim of this project was not to change the village but to see whether the young people on their own could respond to opportunity. It is interesting to note, although statistically speculative, that just as 15 to 20 percent of the adult population can be characterized as loving and productive, so five out of twenty of the boys have become responsible and cooperative. Perhaps our project has done little more than encourage the growth of those who with maturity might have developed anyway. But these boys are becoming different from the older peasants, who are still limited by the feeling that community progress is impossible and that love and interest are rooted only in the family and their own land. Unlike their fathers, the boys are learning that leadership does not invariably mean exploitation, that a man can work with another who is neither his patron nor his peon.

Fatalism, distrust, and hopelessness were born in the experience of the hacienda and reinforced by the scarcity of land and living, common to peasants everywhere. Since the Revolution, some peasants have taken advantage of the greater opportunities. Others have fallen back into old ruts. Still others have left the village to work in the city or, under the bracero program, have traveled to the United States for a few months a year, where they earn more than they could make in the village. In the future, economic necessities will probably move more peasants from the villages into the cities. Industries will need more workers; good land is scarce, and the small holdings of the peasant are inefficient for a nation which must increase its food supply. Many of the young boys say they would go to the city if they could be assured of a good job, such as that of auto mechanic. A few aspire to be teachers, doctors, or engineers. But almost half of the others prefer to work in the fields, if they can make a living. To Aristeo's remark that when tilling the soil one is only burned by the sun, they answer that in an auto-repair shop one cannot breathe. "Besides," says Candido, "here in the country one can work with animals. And I like to be in the hen house, because the chickens sing to me."

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TWO SKETCHES

BY

JUAN JOSÉ ARREOLA

JUAN JOSÉ ARREOLA, *born in Zapotlán in the state of Jalisco in 1918, is the author of two collections of short stories, a play, and a novel. He is a versatile writer who handles themes of tragedy and comedy in a style that a Mexican literary critic has called "as precise as a game of chess."*

BALLAD

THERE'S a plaza in Zapotlán that's called the Ameca Plaza, no one knows why. A broad, stone-paved street leads into it and then divides into two. It's the same street that leads out in the other direction to the cornfields.

That's the Ameca Plaza, with its eight corners and its houses with their great wooden doors. On a certain afternoon, many years ago, two rivals met there. But there was a girl between them.

The wagons rumble through the plaza all day long, and their wheels grind the dust in the ruts till it's finer than flour. The dust stings your eyes whenever the wind blows. There used to be a water trough in the plaza, with bronze faucets and a stone basin.

The girl arrived first, coming down the street that divides into two, with her red pottery water jar on her shoulder. The rivals came up the two streets on either side, without suspecting they'd meet each other at the juncture. It was as if all three were following the map of fate, each on his own street.

The girl turned on one of the faucets. At the same moment the two men saw each other and knew that they were rivals. The streets joined there, and neither man wanted to come forward. They stood glaring at each other, and neither one would lower his eyes.

"What are you looking at, my friend?"

"There's nothing wrong in looking."

Perhaps they said this without speaking. Perhaps their looks said it instead. The plaza was empty at that moment except for the two men and the girl. It was as if the neighbors had kept away on purpose.

The stream of water was filling the water jar, and at the same time it was filling the two rivals with the desire to fight. It was the only sound that disturbed the silence. The girl turned off the faucet when she saw the jar was overflowing. She lifted the jar onto her shoulder and turned away, so frightened that she almost ran.

The rivals were on the verge of attacking each other, like gamecocks just before they're loosed, and their eyes were fierce black points. The girl hurried toward the sidewalk on the other side of the street. Suddenly she stumbled, and the water jar shattered on the pavement.

That was the signal. One of the rivals had a dagger, but it was this long, and the other had a machete. They stabbed and slashed at each other, shielding themselves a little with their sarapes. There wasn't any sign of the girl except that puddle of spilled water, and the two men fought over the broken bits of the jar.

Both of them were brave and skillful, like good gamecocks. When it was all over they both lay face up, one with his throat slashed, the other with his head cut open. One of them was still breathing.

A little later the plaza was crowded with people,

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and the women began to pray. One of the rivals was still able to murmur something; he asked, "Did I get him too?"

The word got around afterward that they'd fought over a girl. The girl with the water jar was blamed for the fight. They say she never married. Even if she'd gone to Jilotlán de los Dolores to live, her bad name as a flirt would have got there before she did.

THE FABLE OF THE CORN

Juan Tepano, first Elder, is working in the fields with all his people. With all his people who are owners of the land and work it day in, day out for others. They're full of hope right now, as if they were going to plant it next year for their own use.

Juan Tepano, first Elder, is contented. He recites a few verses and old sayings. Bits of a Christmas play. Then he dances a few steps of the Dance of the Rattles. And when he sees Layo aiming his shotgun at a crow, he speaks to him about it.

The crows go flying through the cornfields, cawing over the furrows. They stop and peck at the ground as if they were hunting for something.

"Don't shoot at the crows, Layo. Just scare them away. They're Christians like us, and they don't do any harm to the fields. They just keep hunting and hunting among the furrows. They're hunting for kernels of corn. As if they remembered where they buried them and then forgot again."

It's time to eat, and the workers are gathered around the fire, heating up their food. They put some jerked beef and some tripe over the fire to eat with their tortillas. They eat slowly, in the shadow of a tree, while the oxen walk down to the spring and then rest.

"Just scare them, don't shoot them. The crows are like you and me. They're sorry about what they did, so now they keep hunting and hunting for what they ate on the way, the time they came flying back at night, each one with a kernel in his bill. Poor things, it isn't their fault they couldn't resist the temptation. None of you remember it, but the crows brought the corn back to Zapotlán after the people of Sayula, Autlán, Amula, and Tamazula took it away from us. They all came here and took our corn away. Out of sheer jealousy, because ours was better than theirs. It grows better here than anywhere else, and that's why our land was called Tlayolan, which means that corn is our way of life. But all our neighbors started attacking us. First they took our salt away; then they took our corn away, all of it, without leaving us even a single kernel we could plant. And they built a wall around their fields and guarded all the gates so no one could get in. That's why Tlayolan was called Zapotlán, because we didn't eat corn anymore; we ate zapotes and cherimoyas, calabazas and mesquites. We grew so weak that we couldn't fight. But we had a king and his totem was a crow. He could turn himself into a crow anytime he wanted to, because of the ancient powers of Topiltzin and Ometecutli. Our king turned himself into a crow and went flying over the other people's fields, along with the crows of Sayula, Autlán, Amula, and Tamazula. And he saw they were all planted with the corn that was taken away from us. And since his totem was a crow, he knew that crows hunt for things and then hide them. So he used the ancient powers of Topiltzin and Ometecutli and taught all of us how to turn ourselves into crows. And one year we cleared our fields because they were full of weeds and scrub. We cleared and plowed them as if we had corn to plant in them. And when the rains began we turned ourselves into crows at sunset and went flying away to hunt for the corn that the people of Sayula, Autlán, Amula, and Tamazula had planted in their fields. Every one of us came back with a kernel of corn in his bill, to hide it in the fields in Zapotlán. But since it was hard work to find the kernels and we were all anxious to eat corn again, our Crow King said that anyone who swallowed his kernel would have to be a crow forever, flying over the fields and cawing, always hunting for the hidden kernels. And a lot of them couldn't resist, so they swallowed their kernel instead of planting it in our fields. So they never again became human beings like us.

"Don't shoot at the crows with your shotgun, Layo. They brought the corn back to Zapotlán. And the ones that couldn't resist the temptation, they weren't to blame. They wanted to eat something else because they were sick of eating zapotes and cherimoyas, calabazas and mesquites. That's why they're still flying over the fields.

"The people of Sayula, Autlán, Amula, and Tamazula found out we were harvesting corn without planting any, because we didn't have any to plant, and the corn they planted themselves didn't come up, so they made peace with us, and let us go to the salt flats in Zacoalco to get our salt."

Juan Tepano, first Elder, is as contented this year as if the fields had been given back to him and all his people. He sings bits of a hymn and recites verses and old sayings. He dances a few dance steps. At mealtimes he tells a story. And when he sees a crow fly over the ashes of the fire, cawing, he laughs and shades his eyes with his hand and says, "Look, Layo, there's another Christian flying by."

Translated by Lysander Kemp.

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ART IN MEXICO

A Dealer's View

BY INÉS AMOR

Daughter of a distinguished family, one of six sisters who have made their mark in the cultural affairs of Mexico, INÉS AMOR *has been the director of the Galería de Arte Mexicano in the national capital for thirty years.*

IN RECENT years, Mexico, like many other countries of the world, has developed an overwhelming interest in the plastic arts. Not only are we working to reappraise the treasures of pre-Hispanic and colonial times, but we are studying the nineteenth century; we discuss passionately the revolutionary period of the first half of the twentieth century; and we encourage any current artistic manifestation whatsoever. Never before has so much attention been devoted to the artistic culture of Mexico. Never before have such large amounts of money, time, and effort been spent in the restoration and installation of ancient collections and in the construction of new places to preserve past, present, and future art treasures.

In Chapultepec Park, the National Institute of Anthropology and History is now constructing a large and impressive museum in which will be exhibited most of the movable works of sculpture that are in its care. The National Museum of History already houses in Chapultepec Castle its rich collections of colonial painting and sculpture, its portraits and landscapes of the nineteenth century, and its magnificent murals by Siqueiros and O'Gorman. As if all this were not enough, the government of Mexico has begun the construction of a Museum of Contemporary Art at the entrance to Chapultepec Park, which will become the most important artistic center in the country.

Workmen are putting the finishing touches to the Anahuacalli, the fine building which Diego Rivera bequeathed to the people of Mexico, with its vast, choice collection of pre-Hispanic art which he spent most of his life gathering together and in which he invested the greater part of his fortune.

The University of Mexico, in its museum and its galleries, is developing a program of excellent exhibitions from Mexico and abroad. In the Palace of Fine Arts, the National Institute of Fine Arts honors many of the better Mexican artists through exhibitions of a national character. It introduces the work of painters who for some years have not been considered "officially" acceptable. It fosters the participation of Mexico in important international competitions. And it makes every effort to bring to Mexico the best art from abroad.

People like Isidro Fabela and Franz Mayer are giving Mexico their own residences, filled with numerous works of art. Large corporations, like the Ford Motor Company and the company that makes El Aguila cigars, set up pictorial exhibits in their own factories for the enjoyment of their workers. More than forty different galleries offer the public an average of six openings every week. And in many public gardens and parks, every Sunday one can see rows of easels displaying the work of beginning painters.

Now, then, all these activities are brought into being by citizens aware of the attention which art deserves. It is fair to ask what the producers of art are accomplishing.

For one thing, they proliferate. In Mexico City alone, there are several hundred men and women who are beginning to create "art." Some are impelled by a certain anxious need to realize their own existence, and to express it. Others, led by a desire for profit, follow the current fashion, paint in mass production, and distribute their crop well supported by showy publicity schemes that often are convincing to an ignorant public, complacent critics, and imprudent museums. Many, avoiding more difficult professions, adopt the romantic personality of the "artist" (for which neither aptitude nor technical knowledge nor broad academic training is required) with the object of being indulged and sup-

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ported by a tenderhearted society determined to prevent the repetition of the illustrious poverty of a Van Gogh, a Gauguin, or a Modigliani. And a few, perhaps with great talent and an authentic vocation, are confused, lost, and undervalued in this disconcerting flood spilling from our pictorial horn of plenty.

PAINTERS as unlike as Diego Rivera, Siqueiros, and Tamayo lead the list of excellent artists who created the modern Mexican school. What common denominator exists in all of them that makes them recognizable and acknowledged as Mexicans everywhere? It is not their ideology — far from it — or their pictorial technique, or hardly their use of color. Is it not, rather, the image of Mexico which is reflected in them all?

Yet this image is not perceptible in the work of our beginning painters. Instead, the majority of them follow the foreign influences that have spread everywhere. And it is a mistake to look among them for the representatives of the new Mexican painting. The painters who are doing truly creative and lasting work are those who over the years have come to accentuate their own voices within the total contribution which Mexico makes to the art world.

In thirty uninterrupted years as director of the Galería de Arte Mexicano, I have seen at close hand an endless procession of painters who are struggling to establish their individuality. Knowing that all personal judgments are necessarily partial, I would like to mention a few who in my opinion have succeeded.

In prison at sixty-five, David Alfaro Siqueiros preserves intact the power of his dynamic painting, which since 1935, in his experimental workshop in New York, has exercised an unquestionable influence over so many artists of the United States and Latin America. Rufino Tamayo, discoverer of the most beautiful forms and colors in Mexican art, conqueror of all the provinces of art, eternal nonconformist, pursues mysterious byways and gives us day by day the marvelous fruits of his conquests. Carlos Mérida, who at seventy-two reaches perfection in his unwearying search for harmonious balance between the Mayan legacy and the new forms, always delights us with his pure abstract magic. Is it not the same as in Europe, where Picasso continues to be a better painter than all the Spaniards of the "new wave" put together?

Other Mexican painters of this generation are still active, and when occasionally they dare to defy oblivion, to which they have been relegated by the violent impact of the new values, their work offers a true oasis of artistic enjoyment. For example, the recent delightful exhibit of Antonio Ruiz was applauded, as Carlos Orozco Romero, Agustín Lazo, and Jesús Guerrero Galván are when they show their canvases from time to time.

Very few young painters have had the opportunity to do any mural painting. This, which brought so much fame to Mexico in the first half of this century, is continued today by such outstanding painters as Siqueiros, Juan O'Gorman, José Chávez Morado, Alfredo Zalce, and González Camerena, within lineaments that can be called classical. I should like to point out that there is a certain tendency to substitute the fresco in mural decoration in order to achieve various effects more in accord with modern architecture. Mérida has experimented unceasingly with materials such as cement, granite, and mosaic, to achieve absolute architectural-plastic integration. Chávez Morado executed his magnificent bas-reliefs in stone at the Medical Center of the Mexican Social Security Institute. Tamayo painted his beautiful movable murals in oil at the Palace of Fine Arts. Giving free reign to his imagination, Mathias Goeritz employs on the walls of churches, houses, and gardens whatever material strikes his fancy: cement, stone, tinplate, glass, or even nails. Manuel Felguerez, a young artist, has used wood in the construction of his fine mural in a moving-picture theater in Mexico City.

New meaning has also been given to contemporary easel painting in Mexico by isolated painters whose eminently creative work defies classification. I met Guillermo Meza twenty-four years ago, when Diego Rivera described him to me in a letter of introduction as "a young man of talent whose interesting work promises great things." Meza has never followed the beaten path already marked out by his immediate predecessors. With childlike simplicity, ecstatic before Rivera's mastery of drawing or Tamayo's magic use of color, Meza nevertheless endeavors to express his own thought in his own way. Humbled before the limitless Mexican landscape, which he has painted a hundred times as if stirred to the core, he feels also the bruising presence of the Indian that dwells within him. He searches for abstract formulas to express his anguish. And he pours it out, as he experiences it.

Gunther Gerzso, on the other hand, elaborates within himself all of his world. His search is introspective, unsparing; grief does not terrify him if through it he can fathom the intimate recesses of the spirit. He takes from the eternal only what is indispensable to give him dimension: infinite distance, abysmal depth. The skies of Mexico, the sacred wells of Yucatán, are suggested in his work with incredible mastery.

Ricardo Martínez began to paint in 1939 small baroque canvases: angels and acolytes, groups of women; since then a continual despoliation. No

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painter has sacrificed so much to arrive at the identical essence of things. And his subjects are reduced to a very few: a man, a woman; at most, a couple, scarcely hinted at in beautiful areas of opalescent colors. The important thing for Martínez (and for all): the existence of man. The artistic statement comes through beauty of drawing and harmony of colors.

In 1940, when I visited the School of Painting and Sculpture of the Esmeralda, the fine sculpture of Pedro Coronel caught my attention. In the years since then, I have come to admire his painting also. Savage, illuminated by the monumental heritage of pre-Hispanic art, his work has at the same time the explosive gaiety of folkloric Mexican colors. In the vibrant paintings of Coronel we obtain simultaneously a new view of our roots and a suggestion of our vigorous present.

I suspect that in kindergarten José Luis Cuevas, instead of paying attention to his lessons, must have devoted himself to watching his teachers. They surely must have seemed large and monstrous to him. It is possible that he has felt the urge ever since to put his terror on paper through the medium of pictures. In all his thirty years of life he has not been able to transform this peculiar apparition of the horrible, or to spare us the cruel truth of his invalids, his madmen, his eccentrics. He directs his anger not against them, but against those who decline to acknowledge their existence. Impertinently he shows them to us, urges us to accept them. He provokes astonishment; he is imitated by dozens of artists; but in the final reckoning he emerges as the unique current exponent of that "dark" vein of Mexican painting exemplified by Posada and later by Orozco.

It was scarcely ten years ago that Rafael Coronel emerged into the panorama of Mexican art, and from the beginning he has worked impetuously. Each passerby, each child, each woman sitting in the market, each rambling clown, is a subject for a picture. Clear-sighted, Coronel penetrates into the soul of his subjects. He works with delicacy and a sobriety of form and color rare in so young a painter.

It would be possible to mention many other Mexican painters. Some, like Luis Nishisawa or Juan Soriano, have abandoned the descriptive realism of their early period for freer forms of expression. Others, on the contrary, like Luis García Guerrero, are forsaking abstract poetry to comply with classical precepts. Several of foreign origin, but already rooted in Mexico, like Leonora Carrington. Antonio Rodríguez Luna, and Enrique Climent, enrich our painting with their work.

I believe that the confluence of all these voices can project a faithful image of Mexico on the panorama of contemporary art.

Translated by Emily Flint.

A Critic's View

BY ANITA BRENNER

Born in Mexico, ANITA BRENNER *got a Ph.D. in anthropology at Columbia University, was the art critic for the Brooklyn* EAGLE, *and wrote for* ART NEWS. *She is the author of several books, including* IDOLS BEHIND ALTARS *and* THE WIND THAT SWEPT MEXICO, *and in recent years has been the editor of* MEXICO/THIS MONTH.

As THE Italians sing and Frenchmen cook, Mexicans relish making things. The universal yen for beauty in visual form is taken for granted to be a need as natural as love and as ancient and accessible as frijoles. It proliferates in everything: from the carefully made arrangements of color and form in the fruit and vegetable markets to the daring of entire buildings covered with mosaic murals.

The story of human existence in Mexico can be traced, in fact, through its persistent expression in form and color and their profound at-oneness with it. Everywhere the plow turns up carved and painted fragments, and road building or any heavy excavation almost invariably uncovers major finds of sculpture, temples, ball courts, observatories. The range of expression, moreover, gets into every phase of living: toys, caricatures, portraits, reportages of ceremonies, dancing girls and death masks, animals and bugs, and in all the plastic "styles" mankind has discovered.

Several deeply marked and unmistakable characteristics emerge over and over again in Mexican art throughout many thousand years of history, of which the most enviable, in modern terms — and the secret of its vitality — is its instinctive identification with day-to-day living and human use. After the destruction of the old cultures and the implantation of sixteenth-century Spain, builders, artists, and artisans took over the making of Spanish churches and palaces, while they also continued to produce their usual supply of household wares. They happily absorbed European and Chinese ideas and techniques from colonial imports, and recasting them in their own outlook, maintained and continued the position of art in Mexican life as a staple.

And yet, the complete identification of the artist with his community was gone. While delighting in the beautiful range of new possibilities opened up to him via European artisanship, the artist was nevertheless also struggling with alien concepts and customs in art. This split in concept (paralleling the traumatic cleavage between Indian and European

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that is still unhealed in the Mexican psyche) marks Mexican art through three hundred years of colonial rule and another hundred years of stormy struggles for independence, integration, and stance. It is reflected in the sugary uneasiness of what could be called "official" art, and in its almost uniform weakness, as well as in the vigor and gaiety of folk-crafts, so that one can almost say that genuine creativeness rises in degree as the mercantile value drops.

The lostness that is the cry of artists everywhere in our time started to be heard in Mexico, also, at the beginning of the twentieth century, and is expressed in the familiar gamut of romantic yearning and despair. Typical of that period's mood are heroic-size paintings epically describing Moctezuma's court, and the fantasies of such painters as Julio Ruelas, a sort of Mexican counterpart of Aubrey Beardsley.

In the year 1910 the Díaz dictatorship was suddenly disintegrated, and a blur of rebel yells, dynamited trains, dust clouds of guerrillas, fire, chaos, desolation, and high exhilaration became ten years of utter and complete upheaval. And there emerged a nation almost as definitely new as the Spanish flooring on the charred ruins of Indian Mexico was in 1520. Its cry, articulated with high, ferocious joy by the artists, poets, and philosophers of the first post-revolutionary years, was, Let's all now be Mexican! But what this meant precisely had to be searched for, and, in fact, not only discovered but created. The Indian past, the colonial takeover and reshaping, the play of fantasy and laughter in the popular arts (priced like throwaways) were explored and seized upon, taken home, and imbibed attentively — with love.

Presently the art world of New York and Europe discovered Mexico, and the by-products of many murals became oils, watercolors, drawings, with steadily rising dollar value. First one gallery opened in Mexico City, and then another and another. The benefits of increasing security and scope for artists in the rise of a buying public, both national and foreign, were accompanied by the discomforts of business competition. Publicity became prized, cultivated, fought over, as elsewhere. The natural jealousies of sensitive people, hardened into militant groups, little armies with banners, similar to those in every cosmopolitan center today, were aggravated by a nationalism that had curdled from the affirmative, enormously creative Let's be Mexican to Down with aliens!

The most fervent search through Mexico City's galleries and studios today is likely to give a very fragmented and confusing picture of what goes on. One is likely to see the artists or practitioners who have managed to cop the best showcases or who command the publicity systems that make "ins"; and one will most certainly miss quite a number of very serious and gifted people who tend to withdraw from the brassy, jostling push of business or even the more dignified forms of what is disquietingly known as "selling oneself."

Let us take an Olympian look, with a skeleton blueprint of who, what, where. First in time, and mostly in quality, too, comes the Heroic Wave of the twenties. Of the Heroic Wave, Orozco and Rivera are dead. Rivera's close friend and artistic follower Juan O'Gorman is both architect and painter, who oscillates between a Le Corbusier approach in architecture and socialist realism in painting, but who sometimes magnificently fuses the two arts and produces such items as the famous library of University City, a building done entirely in stone mosaic murals. Working also mostly in architectural settings, Carlos Mérida pioneers and elaborates what can be done with indestructible media for outdoor building use and has greatly influenced the look of modern Mexico City.

Two other artists of the Heroic Wave have remained more closely identified with architecture ("public property") than with personal portables. They are German Cueto and Federico Cantu. Cueto works directly with architects. Cantu has been pre-empted by the national Social Security Institute to decorate hospitals, housing units, and social-welfare centers with insistently poetic and symbolic sculpture and bas-relief. The facade of the theater unit at the Independencia housing unit in Mexico City is probably his best job to date.

Of the so-called Big Three, only Siqueiros is still living. He is in jail because of politics. Though he is in poor health, he paints, and brutal as it sounds, the enforced isolation has rescued him as an artist, so that now, turned in upon himself, he is drawing upon the reserves of tremendous talent and depth of feeling that he had in his youth. His most recent work — small oils, watercolors, drawings — is very beautiful indeed and enlarges his claim to the title of the Big One.

Irrelevant as comparisons are, this is a title that can also be claimed by Tamayo on purely artistic grounds, and from the other end of the political rainbow. For years Tamayo has been the target for barrages of political attack from the Communist circles, because he has maintained himself severely, doggedly aloof from the politicking and trafficking that go on in art circles everywhere, but somewhat more virulently in Mexico. Instead, day in, day out he works, having gained bit by bit his audience and his market, which is very lucrative indeed.

Other artists belonging to the Heroic Wave are rather scattered. Jean Charlot lives in Hawaii and works in the same rich vein of tenderness and gaiety that he introduced into the mood of the twenties. Carlos Orozco Romero, whose work always comes as a surprise to people who hear only

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DIEGO RIVERA
Mural in the National Palace
Detail: Corn

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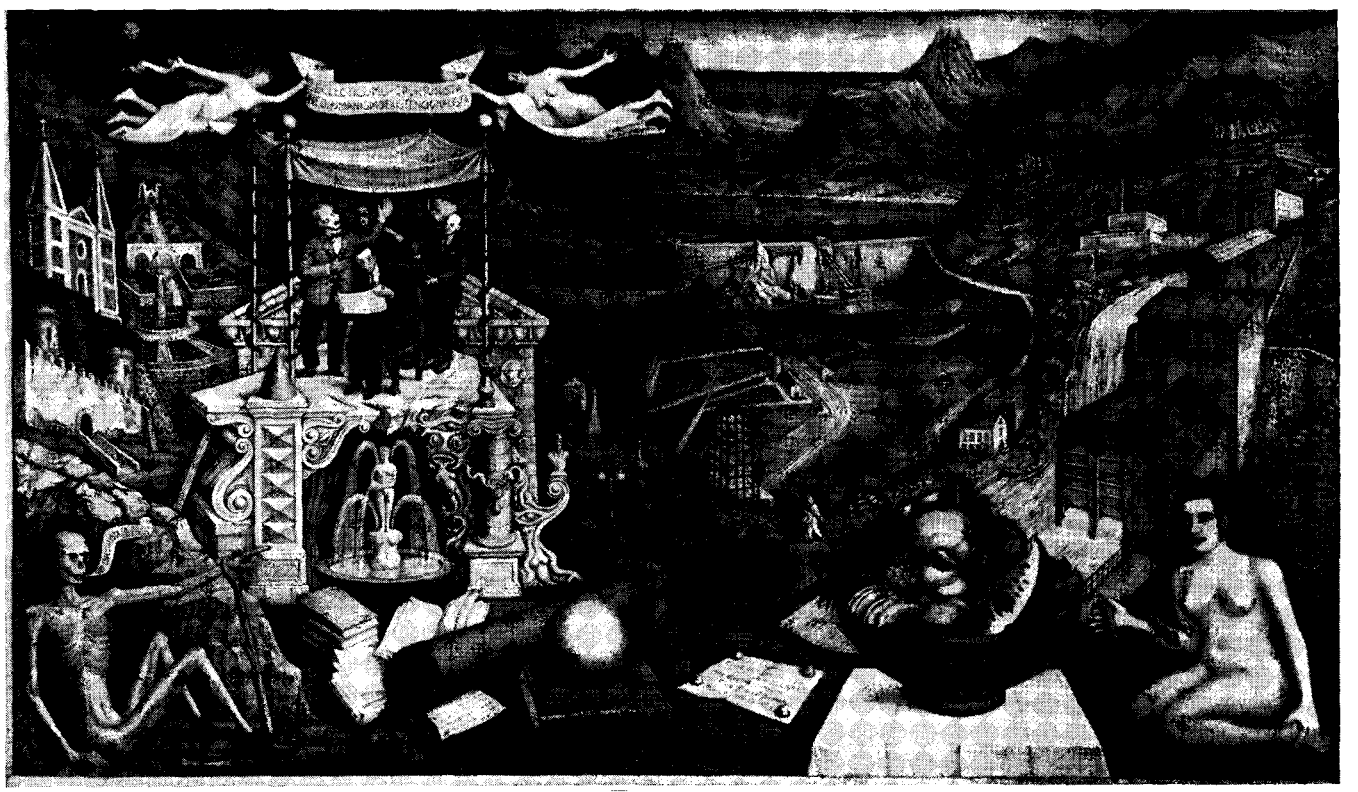
JOSÉ CHAVEZ MORADO
Figuras, 1962
Collection of Mr. A. A. Rosen
New York, New York
Photograph by José Verde O.



JUAN O'GORMAN
Entre la filosofia y la ciencia hay bastante diferencia, 1953
Photograph by José Verde O.

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JEAN CHARLOT
Mother and Child
Photograph by Bob Schalkwijk

FRANCISCO ZUÑIGA
Two Women
Photograph by Vazquez Castellanos

FRANK GONZALEZ
Contrast No. 1, 1962
Photograph by Crispin Vazquez C.

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PEDRO CORONEL
El grito del tiempo, 1960
Collection of Dr. Ramón de la Fuente
Mexico

JOSÉ CLEMENTE OROZCO
Mural in the National History Museum
Detail: The Political-minded Clergy

CARLOS OROZCO ROMERO
Cabeza

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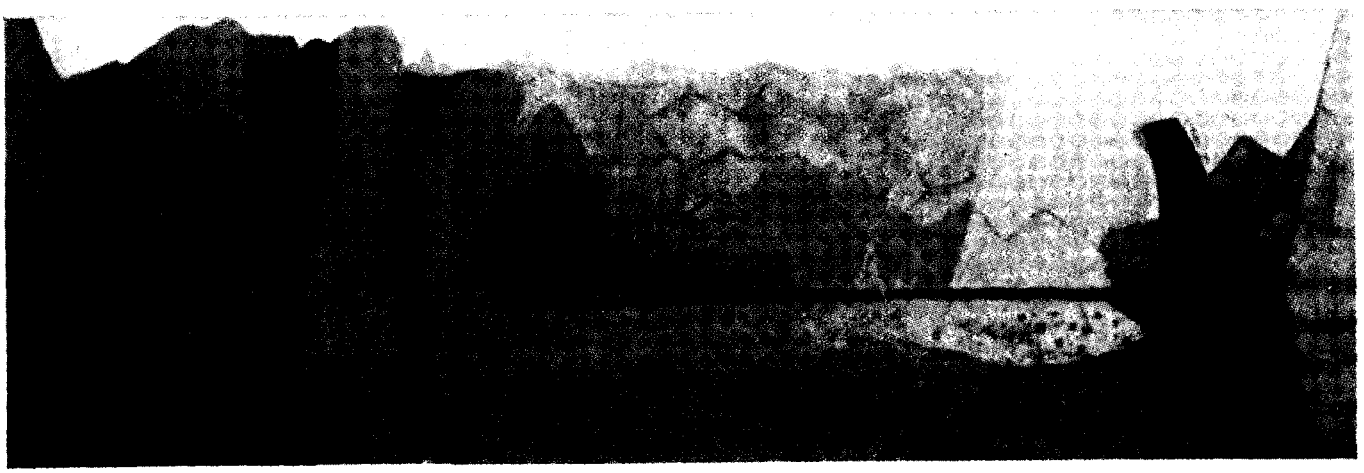
DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS
Figuras blancas, 1961
Collection of Sra. Angelica Siqueiros

VLADY
Muros de Agua



RUFINO TAMAYO
***Mural for the Ship* Shalom**
Photograph by Tor Eigeland.

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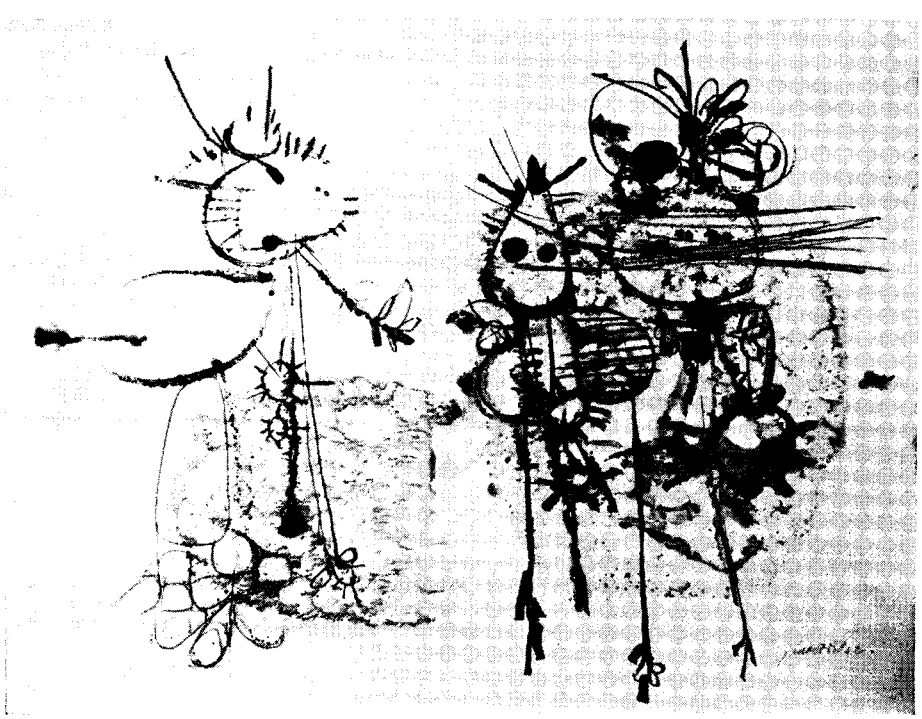
MATHIAS GOERITZ
The Butcher, 1956



GILBERTO ACEVES NOVARRO
Drawing

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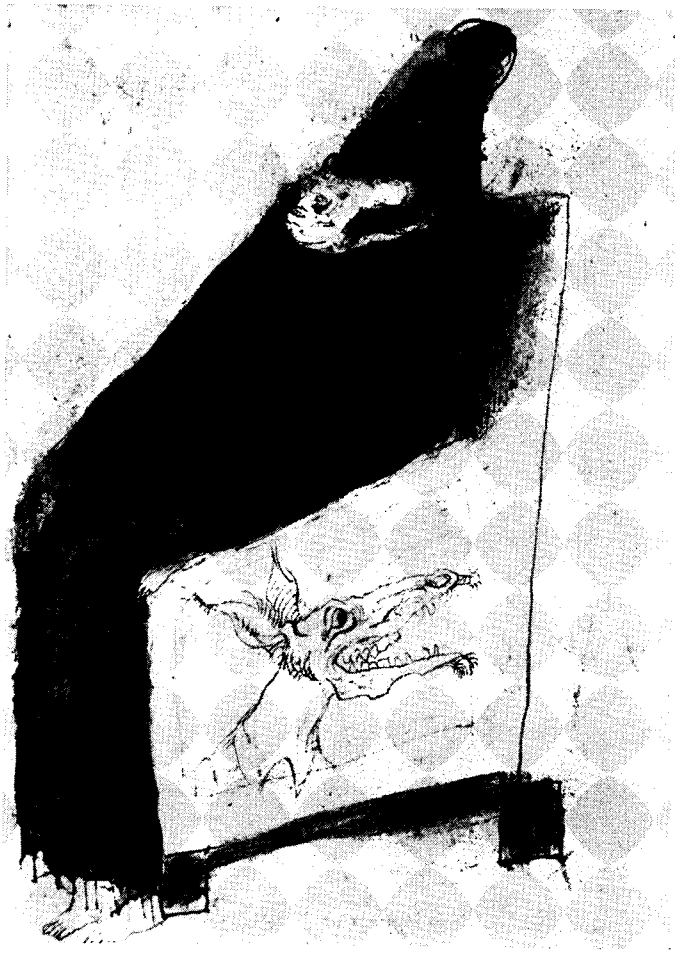
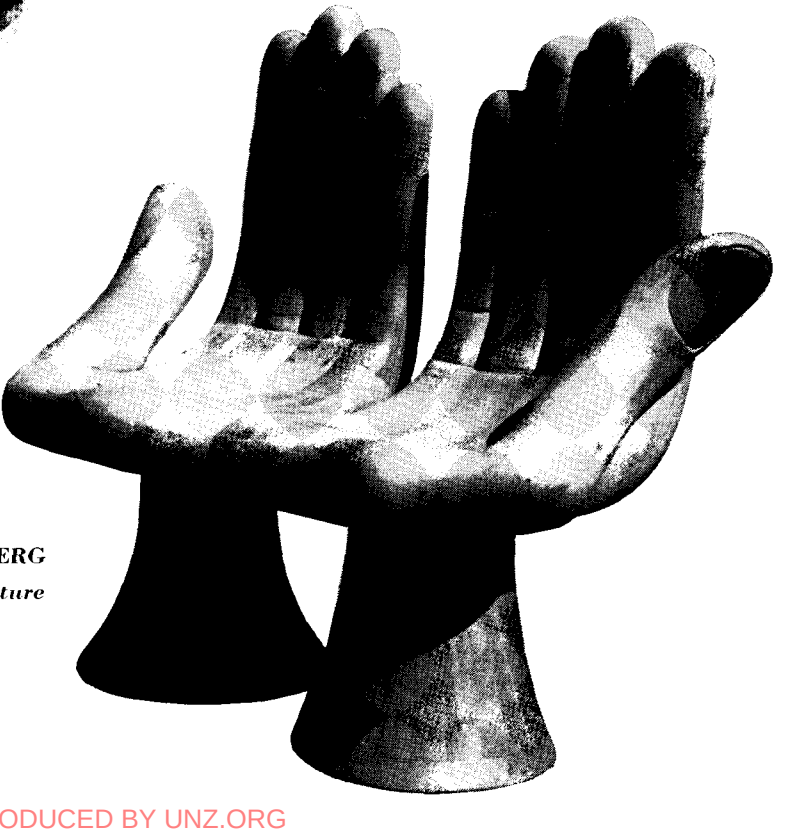


JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS
The World of Kafka and Cuevas, 1957
Photograph by Albert B. Kligerman

ALFREDO ZALCE
Lithograph
Photograph by Bob Schalkwijk



PEDRO FRIEDEBERG
Wood sculpture

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LEONORA CARRINGTON
Opus Animus
Photograph by Bob Schalkwijk

JUAN SORIANO
Bird Man

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the currently fashionable names, has gone along much the same basic path as Tamayo, working steadily and growing in purity and sensitivity as well as strength. Alfredo Zalce lives in the provincial city of Morelia, where he runs a workshop. Although more reportorial in style than either Tamayo or Orozco Romero, fundamentally he follows the same road: he paints; and if it's something very Mexican you want and yet good modern, then Zalce is more than likely your man.

There are several younger artists who descend from the artistic line of the Heroic Wave, among whom the most considerable is probably Guillermo Meza. At the same time that he goes directly to his country's scene for his material, he also works in the path opened by Tamayo: color, and yet more refinement of color, in which he accomplishes, sometimes, sheer magic. Also spun off the Heroic Wave are such engravers and draftsmen as Leopoldo Mendez, Hector Xavier, Díaz de Léon, and Dosamantes. They work in graphic black and whites, a medium that was a favorite in the twenties for its cheapness and its punch in newspapers and posters.

Following World War II, the jolt of industrialization and the increasingly closer connections with other lands gradually forced some of Mexico's attention outward. In the art world the self-absorption was disrupted by the sudden arrival of refugees, among whom there were a high proportion of very gifted people. There has also grown up a vigorous and productive group of artists of mixed origin whose work belongs to the art trends of Europe, but who have been changed and vitalized by their connection with this volcanic land.

Of these artists, there are three who are of major importance: Leonora Carrington, Vlady, and Mathias Goeritz. Miss Carrington, a Celtic aristocrat who matured as an artist in the surrealist school of Paris, is in painting what the great Isak Dinesen was in writing: Gothic in mood and imagery, magical in color, projecting a world of fantasy at once medieval and very ancient. Vlady is the son of the very considerable Russian novelist Victor Serge. He arrived in Mexico about twenty years ago — with his father, who died here — by way of Siberia, France, Spain, and Santo Domingo. He is a painter of no school or style, ranging from portraits done realistically, with great penetration and delicacy, to what could be called fugues and symphonies of color, stenographic and with colossal emotional impact, which convey his great experiences and loves: the sea, the jungle, horses.

Goeritz, who by now is quite well known in New York and Europe, is a refugee who was born in Danzig and grew up in the Dada and Bauhaus groups. Technically a sculptor, in Mexico he has become a sculptor-in-architecture, inventing forms and solutions to architectural problems, such as the towered entrance to Satellite City and the wrought-iron and hand-blown-glass windows in the Cathedral and other metropolitan churches. A master technician and an enormously imaginative artist, as well as a fine, unforgettable teacher (in the School of Architecture at the National University), his dramatic, provocative work has made its mark on many of the younger artists especially, but on his contemporaries also. Of all the refugee artists, Goeritz and Vlady are remarkable for the far-reaching value and depth of their discoveries and explorations, for many of the younger men. For example, José Luis Cuevas was in his beginnings encouraged and assisted on his way up by both these artists. Cuevas is definitely the most interesting among the youngest group, but having got his cape and sword in magnificent black and whites, he has not quite dared so far to meet the challenge of color.

Very unlike him, but also enormously talented, is the witty Pedro Friedeberg, inventor of continuous forms and formulas of enchanting satire both in art and in the norms usually called "social criticism." He is the sort of humorist who is not satisfied with tongue in cheek; the Friedeberg method is tongue in cheek-within-cheek-within-cheek, so preposterous that even when his wildly schizophrenic dream palaces make you a bit nervous, you end happily hypnotized by them.

The world of art in Mexico City — the styles, the people, the preoccupations and problems and achievements — is rapidly becoming a counterpart of the world of art in any twentieth-century metropolis. As is only natural, this means increasing contact with other art centers. There has been resistance to this necessary and healthy push, so that artists of other countries meet obstacles to the showing of their work, and the great names of modern art today in all the world are almost never exhibited in Mexico.

Part of the reason is commercial: these artists are dangerous competition. But there is a positive reason, too, in that Mexico is still young and unsure of itself, from centuries of colonial domination, and it therefore needs to solidify and affirm its own identity to the point where inner security is strong enough to match talents with anybody, without the protective tariffs of nationality or passport. This point is being very rapidly approached. And as development goes on, one begins to see the outlines of the ancient, perennial, and powerful characteristics of Mexican expression in the arts emerge in modern form. Once again, as in the days of the Toltecs, Mexicans find themselves irresistibly drawn to building, on a huge sweeping scale, with a boldness and lack of inhibition that stagger visiting architects. Once again there is a profound need to integrate art with daily living, giving it human proportion and accessibility.

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VARIETY AND CONTRAST

THE NEW LITERATURE

RAMÓN XIRAU *was born in Barcelona, and was educated in France and Mexico. He is the author of many books and magazine articles, and he has taught at the National University of Mexico, at Mexico City College, and at Pennsylvania State College. Since 1953, he has been assistant director of the Centro Mexicano de Escritores.*

THERE are three writers of special significance in current Mexican literature: the novelist Agustín Yáñez, the playwright Rodolfo Usigli, and the poet and essayist Octavio Paz. To understand more precisely the literary directions of the younger generation, we must consider briefly each of these writers. Yáñez, born in 1904, Usigli, in 1905, and Paz, in 1914, have produced their most significant work since 1940; and all three have had an important influence on the young Mexican writers.

Agustín Yáñez attained his maturity as a writer with three novels: *Al filo del agua*, 1947, recently published in English under the title *The Edge of the Storm; La tierra prodiga* (*The Prodigal Earth*), 1960; and *Las tierras flacas* (*Meager Lands*), 1962. The Mexican novel before Yáñez — properly speaking, the novel of the Revolution of 1910 — ran to realism, often social realism, and to the accompanying narrative technique. The novelty of this kind of fiction was rather in its subject matter than in its style. And it was not until the novels of Yáñez that the stylistic innovations of the European and American novel were effectively introduced: a variety of actions occurring simultaneously, psychological analysis of character that reminds one of Proust, stream of consciousness, and parallelism between the thoughts of the characters and the action. Conceived as great nocturnal melodies, the novels of Yáñez are more than novels of characterization; they create, from the perspective of each character, the life of real towns in Jalisco before the Revolution or the life of symbolically named hamlets that are at the same time real. Of a baroque, lyrical complexity woven from human emotions and landscapes in a period when man and his world are reacting fiercely on one another, Yáñez's novels inaugurate a mood of implacable destiny.

In his first years as a dramatist, Rodolfo Usigli was strongly influenced by Shaw and also by Pirandello. His most mature work is found in two plays: *Corona de sombra* (*Crown of Shadows*), 1943, which is the story of the tragic end of the Empress Carlota, and *El gesticulador* (*The Trickster*), 1943, which reveals violently and without concessions a critical portrait of an opportunistic demagogue and climber who, having come out of the Revolution, uses it for his own ends. One can see in this play a skeptical and bitter parable of human behavior; it is the work of a professional dramatist who has achieved genuine mastery among Mexican playwrights. Usigli is, whether the younger generation likes it or not, the maestro of the new school of Mexican theater, which demands rigor, form, and knowledge of new techniques.

Octavio Paz, who has had his work translated into English, French, German, Swedish, and Italian, won the international prize for poetry for 1963 given in Belgium. He has achieved one of the highest peaks of lyric poetry written in Spanish in the twentieth century. In a carefully thought-out es-

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say, *El laberinto de la soledad* published in English by the Grove Press under the title *The Labyrinth of Solitude*), Paz analyzes the history and character of the Mexican people, and at the same time philosophizes on his own central preoccupation: solitude. Solitude is for him both original and derived. But solitude is not an end in itself for Paz, as it was for two great poets that preceded him, José Gorostiza and Xavier Villaurrutia. It is instead a point of departure, a springboard.

Paz conceives of man as once having been in his origins a complete being. But this total being is, on this earth, a being that is split, shattered at its very core, a fallen being. Merely half-beings, men seek the lost half, which once found will permit them to be complete again. Such fullness, or realization, is achieved in three privileged experiences: in the poetic image, in love, and in the feeling for the sacred. Thanks to these experiences we can return to our origins and abandon our solitude. We live whole again.

The poetic image is revelation. But what does it reveal to us? The unity of man, far beyond all the contradictions of life. "The poet," Paz writes, "names things: these are feathers, those are stones, and suddenly the poet affirms the stones are feathers; this is that. . . . The image shocks because it defies the principle of consistency: that which is heavy is light." In our daily lives we generally distinguish between the "one" and the "other," the interior and the exterior, ourselves and all the others — men, stones, stars, or gods. What the poetic experience tells us is that the one and the other have ceased their opposition, that we may live in the unity of opposed tensions, that we are at last open to communicate with ourselves and with the world that surrounds us.

A similar union of opposites exists in love, in which there is both unity and eternity: "All is coexistent, all the centuries exist in this present moment," Paz tells us. "In love we live with intertwined pronouns." The "I" realizes itself in the "you," and the "you" acquires its full meaning in the "I." In love we are "we" once we have captured, again, the "lost unity." Our experience with what is sacred, with "the other shore," the term which Paz uses to describe the sacred, has its genesis in love and has the character of poetry. Like love, the sacred manifests itself ambiguously: it both attracts and repels us. But beyond all contradictions, beyond all perplexity and doubt, when the sacred becomes a genuine experience, it culminates in the communion that is "the experience of the one."

Octavio Paz's four great books of poetry — *La estación violenta, Piedra del sol, Libertad bajo palabra, Salamandra* — reveal, in the truest sense of the word, an experience of conversion. His message is that our lives have meaning only if we are capable of getting outside of ourselves to draw our strength from others. Can we ever know ourselves? More than that, by turning toward others, we ourselves live, and in others find our true being.

Before offering a brief outline of the work of the more recent writers in Mexico, it is necessary to make some general remarks about the circumstances — the economic, social, and spiritual life — in which the Mexican writer moves today.

In the first place, the contemporary Mexican writer has reached an economic level which, although it does not yet allow him to live entirely on his literary efforts, is beginning to open up the possibility that he will soon be able to. Two factors are principally responsible. The first is the Centro Mexicano de Escritores, founded in 1951 by Margaret Shedd under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation. Under Miss Shedd's direction, the Centro annually gives fellowships to young Mexican writers so that they may work on a novel or a collection of stories, essays, or poetry somewhat relieved from economic pressure. In the thirteen years of its existence the Centro has given ninety-two fellowships, and Mexican aid to the project has been considerably increased, both from the government and from private sources. Among the gifted writers who have received awards are Juan Rulfo, Juan José Arreola, Alí Chumacero, Rosario Castellanos, Tomás Segovia, and Marco Antonio Montes de Oca.

The second factor which has improved the lot of the writer is the development of publishing in our country. Houses such as Imprenta Universitaria de la Universidad Nacional, Imprenta Veracruzana, and Fondo de Cultura Económica, publish the work of both new and established writers; and the most recent houses, ERA and Joaquín Mortiz, are dedicated exclusively to creative literature. Twenty-five years ago the normal first printing of a novel was two thousand copies. Today a first printing is usually five thousand, and it can go as high as twenty-five thousand copies. It can rightly be said that although the increase is still insufficient, the situation is at least promising, particularly if growth continues.

Among the problems that most affect the Mexican writer of today, the desire for self-knowledge and at the same time for universality is primary. Since the Revolution, many Mexicans have felt an obligation to know the meaning of life, to determine what is specifically different about things Mexican. Current Mexican literature participates in this desire for self-knowledge, not merely in theory, as was the case some thirty years ago, but also as

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a way of life. To this probing into the depths of the inner self — a probing not necessarily nationalistic, but rather a penetration of one's own substance in order to achieve universality — a number of writers have made important contributions: Samuel Ramos in *Profile of Man and Culture in Mexico*, published in English by the University of Texas Press, Octavio Paz in *The Labyrinth of Solitude*, Leopoldo Zea, Daniel Cosio Villegas, and many other historians, philosophers, psychologists, and sociologists. Research into the pre-Hispanic civilizations has also been important, especially the studies of literature before Cortés by Father Angel Maria Garibay, and *Aztec Philosophy* by Miguel León-Portilla. Mexican writers are no longer surprised by their Indian past or by a cultural inheritance that is as much pre-Hispanic as Spanish; they integrate both strains in what we may call a cultural mixture.

The post-war anguish and the different ideologies that came out of it have influenced the new Mexican writers both directly and indirectly. Existentialism, Marxism, and the new liberal ideologies inform all their assumptions, spoken and unspoken. The Mexican writer is absorbed in the problems of our times, particularly as they relate to Mexico and to the destiny of Latin America. It is not surprising that Mexican literature today, feeding on hope and despair, as in fact does current Western literature generally, should tend toward seriousness, criticism, and at times, disgust. Literature has stopped being a game and has become the living manifestation of the anxieties and hopes of the writer. This does not mean that current Mexican literature is limited only to social protest. It means simply that both the literature concerned with social problems and the literature of a more creative nature are scarred by the gravity of the times.

These are some of the factors which influence Mexican letters today. But what predominates in this literature is variety, a variety which yields richness. It manifests itself primarily in fiction and poetry, but it also exists in the theater.

In the field of the novel and the short story a number of writers should be mentioned: José Revueltas, a revolutionist with an inclination toward the social, and the metaphysical as well; Emma Dolujanoff, the author of some very beautiful stories of the Indians of northwest Mexico; Sergio Galindo, a critic of the middle class; Guadalupe Dueñas, who writes stories of irony and fantasy; Tomás Mojarro, a brilliant storyteller of fields and countryside; Juan García Ponce, who, with a style that is direct and clear and at the same time mystical, probes the everyday mysteries; Vicente Leñero, the most disciplined of the young fiction writers. But to indicate clearly the principal currents of present-day Mexican fiction we should concentrate on four writers whose work has already reached maturity: Juan Rulfo, Juan José Arreola, Rosario Castellanos, and Carlos Fuentes.

Born in 1918, Juan Rulfo is the most original innovator in the new generation of short-story writers and novelists. In his novel *Pedro Páramo* as in his collection of stories *El llano en llamas* (*The Plain in Flames*), Rulfo writes with a sage mixture of popular language that is never imitative but always fresh, and with a deep poetic intuition. Both these aspects of his work blend to produce an organic unity, a unity where the fantastic and the real, the dreamed and the experienced, merge and are involved with one another under the common denominator of solitude and death.

In the story "Nos han dado la tierra" ("They Have Given Us the Earth") a group of men try to survive in an inhospitable land, in "this hardened cow's hide that is called the plain," and see themselves condemned to misery and death; in "Luvina" we are in a town where only the wind exists, "a town with one plaza only, without a single weed to stop the wind." In every Rulfo story threads of reality appear; each one is narrated in the first person, acquiring the intimacy of the confessional, as if the characters had to get rid of the solitude that exists in them by communicating it, in their monologues, to the reader. Thus the stories of Rulfo occur in an immediate present that comes alive in the memories and associations of the omnipotent and central character. It is of special significance that the word "remembrance" appears in the majority of Rulfo's works. In some moment of their lives the characters have to remember — sometimes in order to try to forget — their past. The time that Rulfo uses is a closed time. The future remains closed, buried by stone and mortar. There remains only the present of remorse intertwined with the violent facts of the past — with murder, crime, and death.

Hence the profound sadness in the work of Rulfo. Hence also its no less profound fatalism. Bound by what has already occurred, the characters of Rulfo are petrified before an implacable destiny. Life leads to no escape.

The negation of time, which is only partial in *El llano en llamas*, is total and final in the novel *Pedro Páramo*. It has no plot. Presided over by the shadow of Pedro Páramo, owner of lives and land, the novel is related only to the past, and in it play the shadows and the echoes of those who sometimes lived. The novel, an incarnation of nothingness and the nobodies that are the characters, is like a present and reiterated remembrance of death.

The work of Juan José Arreola, born in 1918, is

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very different. He is the author of two collections of stories, and a play and a novel which are on the way to publication. He is a master of stories that are fantastic, imaginative, and at the same time as precise as a game of chess. Sometimes Arreola reminds one of Kafka, as in "El guardagujas" ("The Switchman"), where imaginary passengers wait for trains that never arrive. At other times he reminds one of Jorge Luis Borges, when he creates imaginary worlds that come to replace reality. But Arreola is differentiated from the other two by his humor. For example, Arreola writes, "After long experience, the agriculturalists came to the conclusion that the only efficient weapon against the mole is the hole. One must trap the enemy in his own system." In the use of symbols and metaphors, Arreola is the most precise artificer and artist among the new Mexican writers.

Rosario Castellanos, born in 1925, is an excellent poet and novelist. Her work is not only a testimony to the life of the Indians in Chiapas but also a protest against the miserable condition of their lives. This same protest reappears in *Oficio de tinieblas*, framed in a magical and primitive world, with a cyclical fate and no escape.

Somewhat younger than the other three authors, Carlos Fuentes, born in 1929, initiated his career with a little book of surrealist short stories, *Los días enmascarados* (*Masked Days*), 1954, which reached only a very small audience. His first success, not only nationally but internationally, was *La región mas transparente* (*The Clearest Space*), a panorama of urban life in Mexico conceived to a certain extent in the manner of John Dos Passos. Of similar style is *La Muerte de Artemio Cruz* (*The Death of Artemio Cruz*), a violent attack on the heirs to the Revolution, who, in Fuentes' view, altered the meaning of the Revolution when they put it at the service of the bourgeoisie. The background of social protest in Fuentes' novels should not make us forget one important fact: the highly creative imagination of the author, which is revealed in one of his best stories, *Aura*.

Between 1945 and 1955, the predominant literary genre in Mexico was fiction, but we should not overlook the theater and poetry, which have always been extremely fertile areas in Mexican literature. Current drama has not yet reached the level of the other literary forms. But some playwrights have achieved effectiveness in discipline and technique. The most common type of play in the theater is the *pieza*, the name used for the comedy of manners. Emilio Carballido in *Rosalba y los llaveros*, a delicate psychological piece; Sergio Magaña in *Los signos del zodiaco*, a play about the worried young people of our day; Luisa Josefina Hernández in *Los sordomudos;* and Hector Mendoza in *Las cosas simples* have done the best work of this type. But neither the theater nor the authors have limited themselves to producing only comedies of manners. Carballido has written fantasies such as *La zona intermedia*, a medieval religious pageant on modern themes; Magaña has written a fine historical drama, *Moctezuma II;* and Luisa Hernández, a tragedy, *Los frutos caídos*. The best representatives of the lyric art theater are Elena Garro, whose play *Un hogar sólido* is a concise, crystal-clear, humorous symbolization of death; and Hector Azar, a writer of works which are rooted in the tradition of the picaresque, as much Spanish as Mexican. It should be added that at least four of these new playwrights are also novelists: Carballido, Magaña, Luisa Hernández, and Elena Garro, whose *Recuerdos del Porvenir*, soon to be published, is one of the best of the recent novels.

Poetry in Mexico after Octavio Paz is, generally, a poetry that seeks discipline, equilibrium, and harmony in a reaction against surrealism and the other isms of the twenties and thirties. The generation that began writing in the forties includes an excellent group of poets. They live in a mechanized world, a world between peace and war, a fact of life which has had its effect on Mexican poets as it has on all other poets in the modern world. They are witnessing also a spectacular increase of urbanization in their country. Both of these conditions lead them to believe that a poet must not consider himself as being apart, and that he should be an artisan much more than a creator of symbols. Of course, these poets are distinguished from one another by their individual differences; and within the limits which I would dare call artisan, each one is an original poet, full of promise.

Among those who are making their mark are Rubén Bonifaz Nuño, Jaime Sabines, Tomás Segovia, Manuel Durán, Marco Antonio Montes de Oca, and two very young poets, Homero Aridjis and José Emilio Pacheco.

It has been said many times that Mexico is a land of contrasts. And this is true. Snow and the tropics, life and death, wealth and poverty, are facts of the physical Mexico as well as of the spiritual Mexico. Mexican literature is also variety and contrast, and it has had to struggle to establish itself. This means that our literature is dynamic and on the road to progress, if by progress we understand growth toward the innermost spiritual essences and not just a meaningless advance. And we already know from the classics, from Heraclitus, that progress comes out of change and that opposites, if they are not dissonant, create unity, a living unity like that of the bow and the cello.

Translated by Juan M. Alonso.

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The Hidden Signs

BY JUAN VICENTE MELO

Born in Veracruz in 1932, JUAN VICENTE MELO *was educated in Mexico and received a scholarship to study medicine in France. At present he is director of publications for the Casa del Lago of the National University of Mexico. He is the author of three collections of short stories:* LA NOCHE ALUCINADA, LOS MUROS ENEMIGOS, *and* FIN DE SEMANA.

HER voice reached him through the sound of the running water: "It's getting late. You'll be late. It's already eight o'clock." He could picture his wife, naked and fat, scrubbing her shoulders and soaping her armpits, her mouth open under the shower, in a cloud of steam. He hesitated for a moment. Then he went over to the window and raised the blind.

In the dazzle of morning light the building across the street seemed to have turned black: it was a dark, shapeless, shimmering mass. The half-open windows gave off blue and reddish glints that changed in the light wind and were reflected on the walls and on his face. He closed his eyes until he stopped seeing rings of color. Then he tried to find some sign or omen in the sky, in the street, in the lightness of the air, in the people walking calmly along; some least hint of danger; something that would oblige him to say *I won't go,* to find any excuse at all — *I'm sick: it's this damned rheumatism* — to stay there, tranquil, protected, invulnerable, inside the house, guarded from harm by that fat woman who was shouting to him, "Are you still here? You're going to be late again." *After all, she's always been worried about my health.*

He breathed deeply and tasted the soft fragrance of the roses in his throat. There was a garden in front of the building across the street, and a group of children were struggling to see who would be the first to get on the bus. At the corner a girl was trying to keep the light, hot wind from lifting her skirt. Two women greeted each other at the top of their voices — "How are you? Isn't it hot!" — and he loosened the knot in his tie.

He closed the window and let the blind fall down, secure in his belief that it didn't make the slightest noise. As he passed the bathroom door he stopped, heard the running water, heard his wife singing, as if she were gargling, "Your love has brought me so-o-omething, I don't know wha-a-at," and smiled. At that point she'd be washing her huge, flaccid belly, which was covered with little black scars as if she'd had a baby at some time. He knew this because he once went into the bathroom without knocking and saw her. He closed the apartment door carefully, and as he went down the stairs he congratulated himself on the masterful way he'd learned to deceive her every morning. He stopped at the corner to look up the horoscope in the newspaper.

"Monday, August 20. Pisces. If you were born between February 19 and March 20, you should avoid arguments. A favorable contact. Prosperity in business affairs."

But he said to himself, *it isn't so, there's got to be something more, something different. Something has to happen.* And as usual he rehearsed the shape and size of things, very slowly and carefully: first the building in front of his house, the closed or open windows, the garden; then the sky, the street, the

Woodcut by José Julio Rodriguez.

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trees. He remembered the morning when a loud and sudden opening and closing of windows coincided with his bumping into somebody at the corner, the result being that his right knee hurt him even worse; he had stayed in bed for two whole days, doing nothing but massage that hot, red, formless bulge. The horoscope had not said a thing, at least not anything in particular. "Prosperity in business affairs. Avoid arguments." The same as on every Monday. He also remembered how motionless everything was on that other day: the strange, mysterious look of the street, incredibly deserted at that hour, and the frightening sense of emptiness that surrounded him. The horoscope hadn't said a thing, at least not anything in particular. "A favorable contact. Avoid arguments." That was — *yes, I'm sure of it* — that was the morning when one of the secretaries died a sudden death in the office. *Margarita.* Her head fell onto her typewriter. Her lips were twisted, her eyes wide open. *Poor Margarita.* And every day was like that, especially Monday, with the horoscope always saying the same thing, with the sky always telling the same lies, always hiding the signs. And the people, the street, the windows, the air, the light: more than enough of everything, inspiring confidence, waiting for the right moment for the fatal blow. He tightened the knot in his tie so hard that it hurt his throat, with the same quick, nervous gesture he'd used to cover his genitals as a boy during fights at school, as if by tightening his tie he could protect himself from something, some invisible and all-powerful enemy, some hostile or vengeful element, some silent attack.

I'm glad it left. It was full. Besides, those buses are uncomfortable, and they stink. I'll wait for another one.

But when the next one came by he didn't signal for it to stop. *Too old. A wreck. It's buses like that that get into accidents at every corner.* Quarter past eight. *I'll be late again. But I don't care. Better late than never.* He tapped his foot impatiently and felt that horrible twinge in his knee. He put his hand on his shirtfront for a moment, feeling the steady rhythm of his heart; then, with two fingers he gently traced the course of a vein in his neck. Another bus went by without stopping, without heeding the signals and insults of the people who were waiting there beside him and who might be accomplices in the day's deceptions, in the false innocence of everything. *I'm going to take a cab. It's getting late.* It was always the same: he let three or four buses go past, looked at the people standing beside him at the corner, and decided to take a cab. *It's more comfortable. None of those smells. None of those germs in the air.*

Half past eight. By this time the boss would be dictating letters, talking on the telephone, issuing orders; his wife would have finished showering; she'd be cutting her toenails or deodorizing her armpits. Suddenly he had the feeling that something had changed, that the air was lighter, that the light was different, that it was growing cold, that the persons and things he saw had a different weight, that they were all flying away. He had the feeling that someone was watching him. But no one was watching anyone. Nothing had changed. *Fever. I've got a fever.* He took his pulse. *I'm definitely going to change newspapers. This horoscope business is a fraud, just like the lottery. Prosperity in business affairs. How stupid can you get? They've all ganged up, I'm sure of it. I'm sure something bad's going to happen to me.*

When he finally noticed it, there was a taxi parked nearby. The driver was changing the meter. He stuck out a finger — a slow, stiff finger, its knuckles withered and deformed — and pointed at an indeterminable point. He opened the right-hand front door, then closed it. *That's the suicide seat. I wouldn't have a chance.* He opened the rear door, got in, and slammed it behind him.

"Can't you read?"

"What did you say?"

The driver pointed to a decalcomania in red letters: "Please do not slam the door. I listen to station XMEX."

He read it out with a very slight movement of his lips, repeating every word. The driver grunted, said something he didn't understand, and started off. He had to tell him the street and number twice.

"Speak up, speak up."

The taxi gave a sharp turn, and its wheels skidded on the fresh asphalt. He felt as if the street were falling on top of him, as if the buildings were collapsing. He was sure he'd heard the sound of broken glass in his ears. He wiped his brow. *I'd have done better not to have got into this cab. Something told me I should never have got into it. I'm going to get out right here.* Another turn. Stop. Quick braking. The squeal of tires. Just barely in time, just the minimum distance to avoid colliding with another car, to avoid crossing the white line, to avoid dying with that sound of broken glass in one's ears. Go. Fast, faster. The driver smiling, insulting other drivers, making the car weave in and out, making it dance, faster and faster, tuning the radio with one hand, his other hand on the steering wheel, faster, smiling, his lips fat and purple, his teeth yellow and uneven, a scar on his forehead, crossing himself as he passed a church, speeding up, slowing down. And his passenger clutching the door handle, looking at the photographs, the pictures of saints, the words written on the roof, the words

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written on the windshield, next to the decalcomanias of the traffic department, watching the driver smile, seeing the smooth, clean streets — they looked clean, anyway — and the houses and the pedestrians, the long dark tunnel, the cloud of dust over the streets and houses and pedestrians. *I'm going to die right now, I'm sure of it, right now, he's going to crash head on, I'm going to vomit, I'm going to die, I'm going to live somewhere else, this can't go on, I can't let it, I can't let this character murder me, somewhere else, I'm going to live somewhere else, by the sea, by the sea, I knew this would happen.* Traffic light. Another. Red light. Attention. Danger. *I'm not going to get there, ever. It's like going on a trip. You can't live like this, you can't live here in this city. Everything is so far away. Somewhere else. By the sea, by the sea. Here, you could die at any moment. Everybody could die. This city is going to be empty.*

"Look at that, the way they squashed that guy."

He saw the truck crushing, piercing, destroying the little blue car. The photographs, the pictures of the saints, the phrases, the decalcomanias, all of them were dancing. "Your lo-o-ove has brought m-e-e something, I don't know wha-a-at." He heard the driver shouting something, shouting something, shouting something. He felt that dreadful pain in his knee, as if a spear had been driven through it.

Nine o'clock.

He decided that the office where he'd worked for ten years was not as ugly as they said. He leaned against the wall and felt somewhat calmer. A few moments later, as he took the elevator, as he entered his tiny office, as he sensed the cool dampness of the ledgers, he wanted to smile, to be amiable, to smoke less than he did, to be overly grateful for the cup of hot coffee brought to him by the girl who took the place of Margarita, the poor secretary who died one morning without knowing what was happening, without uttering a word, with no more than a stupid grimace on her lips, a victim of the city, of himself and everyone, of the hidden signs he would never learn to discover.

Translated by Lysander Kemp.

SMOKE

BY RUBÉN BONIFAZ NUÑO

It's smoke, the star, a broom
of nothing but smoke, its light; of dusky water
its serpent cloud, its jingle bell.

And someone shudders to feel himself
half drunk, half by himself, half loved,
and if I'm the one, at halves completely.

For when with a gesture of my hand I turn
the corner I had in mind, and when it's raining
and there's something I'm waiting for, some miracle
in the gray streets, at the wrong time, and I'm
staring,
I find my mirror, face to ravaged face,
and each goes wide with laughter.

And thus they call it, refer to it as *mine*
my house, my food, my little stove:
a face of smoke, a den of smoke, a tiger
of glittering smoke, jewel tiger,
jewel of sonorous smoke, a coat of arms.

Perhaps if you understood, if you knew
perhaps, in what direction — then the dove
of the spirit would rise triumphant
over the serpent, and the most immaculate
conception of the warrior crowned
with blood to the taste of his throat.

And a sun hung crosswise there for my salvation,
and a necklace guillotined and a string
of skulls, and I'd have
the ear of corn with its yellow teeth
and the hungry orbits.

The thing we are, you were; before
I sipped my blood from your tablespoon,
you were, already, the thirst that multiplies
by exactly zero the chant of happiness
and rescues the choleric scepter.

I — what's to say; or what orders give, what
charges,
what should I leave, with hunger for all my inheritance;
and the hunger of my brother, the half hunger
of my father's poor little parents, of my grandsons.

Next to the war my house was situated;
its coat of arms burns hoarsely in the rain.
All is a land in blossom under the smoke,
all is a cornfield of fire.

Is the battle too. Not a man to come
will understand, perhaps, that my heart has strength
to turn back round; is sending forth
its plumage all of flame, its scarlet tree,
its train with the posthumous scales a-glitter.

Translated by John Frederick Nims.

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MEXICO LOOKS TO THE FUTURE

The Need for Democracy

by Pablo González Casanova

Director of the School of Political and Social Sciences at the University of Mexico, PABLO GONZÁLEZ CASANOVA *holds a doctor's degree from the Sorbonne, where he specialized in sociology. He is the author of a number of books, and his new book,* DEMOCRACY IN MEXICO, *will be published next summer.*

WHEN a foreigner makes his first trip to Mexico and compares the situation there with that in an affluent society, or with his conceptions of comfort, he is not aware that there has been a miracle. He discovers the ancient ruins, the cities and towns, Hispanic and rustic, the folklore, and the poverty, and he exclaims: "How curious!" "How exotic!"

"They are so poor," he says, and he wants to know why there are so many children who beg for charity. When he makes his second trip, he discovers Mexico's miracle: new roads and highways, dams and schools, factories and social services, all indications of development.

The miracle is always somewhat relative. Mexico must be considered in comparison with the past and in comparison with other countries in Latin America, where people are impoverished and despairing. In Mexico there is at least hope, and considerable numbers of people are in fact better off than the masses elsewhere in this area of the world. Mexico's development is an undeniable reality.

In Mexico the gross national product computed at constant values has tripled since the middle of 1939; real wages per capita almost tripled between 1929 and 1962, even though there was a population explosion during this same period. But more than that, there was a gigantic redistribution of wealth, in particular of agricultural property: the Mexican government distributed more than 19 million acres of land among 2.5 million heads of families. The part of the population which is rural has been gradually dropping, from 80 percent in 1910 to 49 percent in 1960, and agriculture, which in 1910 employed 72 percent of the population, in 1960 employed 53 percent.

There has been in effect a tremendous mobilization of the people in the interest of national development; and the economic development of the country has coincided with a gradual rise in the standard of living for many people, as a result of which the Mexican's life expectancy has risen from twenty-seven years in 1910 to sixty-two years now. One important gain has been growth of the middle class, from 7.8 percent of the population in 1895 to 33.5 percent in 1960.

Since the Revolution of 1910, industrial productivity has tripled and agricultural production has almost tripled. The production of crude oil in 1938, the year of the expropriation of the oil companies, was 38,800,000 barrels. Since then it has increased almost uninterruptedly, until in 1962 it reached a peak of more than 121 million barrels. Finally, national investments increased more than thirty-fold from 1939 to 1961. As these figures show, not only has there been an increase in production and in the national wealth, but there has also been a more equitable distribution of the wealth, and this is the main characteristic of industrial development.

The Five Towers at the Satellite City, Mexico D.F. Designed by Mathias Goeritz. Photo by Marianne Goeritz.

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No country can develop without an increase in per capita production and a better distribution of wealth.

Furthermore, Mexico is succeeding with its development and integration as a nation, and it has a political stability which is rare in the contemporary world and particularly rare in Latin America. The country is on the threshold of a presidential-election campaign, and there is a surprising calm. The candidate of the party in power will in all probability win the election, but what is more curious, the opposition parties, both on the right and on the left, are in general agreement on the development program. The leader of the opposition on the right — champion of private enterprise and enemy of state intervention — publicly has declared that he is in agreement with a planned economy; and the opposition on the left proposes for the present stage of development in Mexico more or less the same program as the party in power, except that the leftists want the country to go socialist. But the majority of the people appear to believe that the opposition does not offer better alternatives or more honest solutions.

All this is not to say that Mexico is the best of all possible worlds; nor the most conformist of all countries. But there is general stability, and dissenters are in the minority. These observations are incomplete and can easily be called half truths, but the fact remains that Mexico has achieved a curious unanimity and a sustained development which contrast with the unrest and stagnation of the rest of Latin America.

In order to achieve its development Mexico had to commit a number of sins. Perhaps every developing country commits sins, but Mexico's biggest sins consisted in violating the classic theory of democracy and the classic theory of economics.

After the middle of the nineteenth century, when Mexico became independent, all its liberal constitutions were inspired by Montesquieu's ideas of the balance of power, by Madison's ideas of a system of checks and balances, by Tocqueville's notions of local government. Those who drafted the current federal constitution, which was promulgated in 1917, preserved these ideas and added others, recognizing the rights of the workers to organize and to strike, characteristic of an industrial society and of democracy as it evolved in Europe and America.

But the classic theory of democracy was not applicable in Mexico, and the multiparty system gave way to the system of a predominant party, unique and inevitably victorious. The concentration of power in the hands of the chief executive was initiated in 1917. The head of the central government began then to exercise control over the leaders, the political bosses, and the military chiefs. The process continued with the Chamber of Deputies and the revolutionary army, the unions, the farmers' organizations, and the bureaucrats and civil servants. The only recalcitrants were the rural property owners, who were beginning to feel the effects of the agrarian reform, and the clergy. The latter remained opposed to the government.

The process of concentration of power reached its peak about 1934 with the accession to the presidency of General Lázaro Cárdenas. After that the concentration of the presidential power and of the central government diminished somewhat, but the state maintained its strength and its unity.

There are statistics that confirm this hypothesis. Since the founding of the National Revolutionary Party in 1929, the PRI has never lost a presidential election, any election for governor, or any senatorial election. During this period the party has brought to power 6 presidents, nearly 200 governors, and 282 senators. From the presidential election of 1910 until the last election in 1958, the government candidate won more than 90 percent of the votes. The strength of the opposition parties is insignificant. The federal government gained the support of more than 90 percent of organized labor.

The power of the executive against the Congress reached its peak under Cárdenas and Ávila Camacho. All the proposed legislation which the President submitted to Congress was approved unanimously. The Supreme Court of Justice favored the President in all major decisions without exception. Governors could be deposed constitutionally; they were subjected to a very effective system of political control in that they depended for their finances on the federal government, which controlled an average of 90 percent of the state revenues.

The Mexican state thus violated the basic principles of the classic theory of democracy. But this sin permitted its development; it put faith in an extraordinarily useful instrument for the development of a nation-state far different in concept from middle-class Europe or the United States.

The presidential regime served to defeat the connivance of the legislature, the army, and the clergy. The central regime in fact ended the regional feuds and the intervention of local governments by controlling the local political bosses. And in general the unity of decision of the government served to combat instability; the government met the assaults against the state which the large foreign companies encouraged for their own advantage; it was able to cope with the differences between governors and presidents which elsewhere led to anarchy and bloodshed; and, finally, it served to keep the military in check.

By 1960 the great political bosses who had dom-

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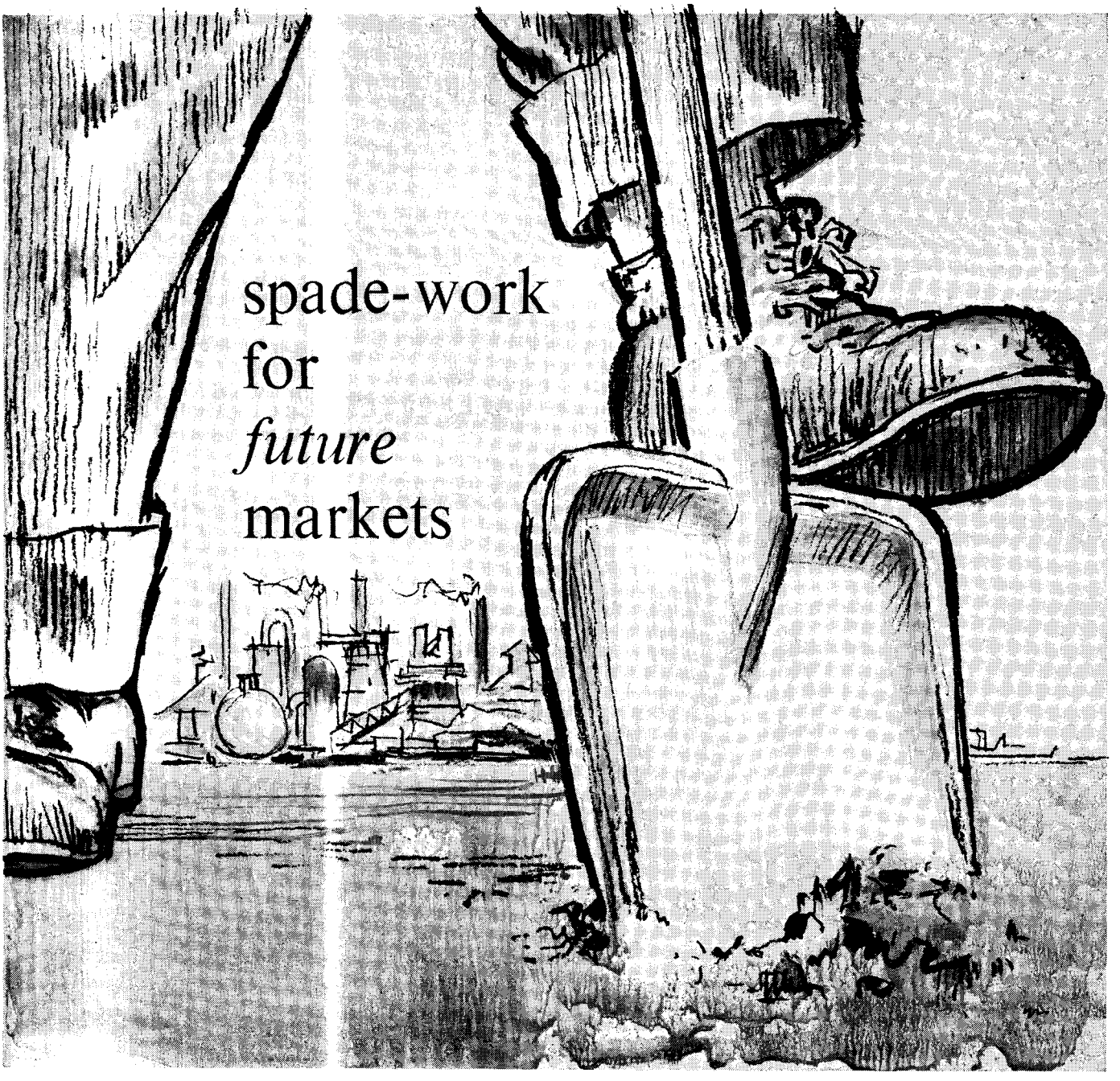

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inated the country had disappeared, except for two or three who hold much reduced power. The army represents a steadily decreasing strength in proportion to that of labor and is absorbing only 8 to 10 percent of the total federal expenditure, less than in any other Latin-American country with the exception of Costa Rica. The clergy can no longer pretend to be a state within a state, having been deprived of its great wealth in the nineteenth century. Divided between traditionalists and progressives, the clergy encounters a country in which political-religious affiliation is not only constitutionally prohibited but except in a few areas does not operate.

Mexico's second sin is that it has violated classic economic theory. Applying a legal concept which does not recognize the unlimited right of private ownership, Mexico expropriated large landholdings and instituted agrarian reform without compensation, distributing land already under cultivation without payment. And Mexico expropriated the large oil companies without worrying that at one given moment in time capital and foreign currency disappeared, without worrying about foreign investments. And the state has intervened more and more in the economy. It has protected national industry with high tariffs, and invested in ownership and management until it has reached the point of being the biggest owner in Mexico.

The state produces and controls nearly all of the disposable energy in Mexico: 100 percent of the production of petroleum and nearly 90 percent of electrical energy. In communications and transportation, state organizations account for 48 percent of the national total, and own all the railroads; in manufacturing, state enterprises contribute only 3 percent of the total, but they concentrate their activity in industries basic to development, excelling in the production of iron and steel, the production of fertilizers, railroad cars, armed motor vehicles, sugar-refining machinery, textile commodities, especially cotton, and paper products. And though in the extractive industries the production of the state is steadily decreasing (3 percent of the national total in 1960), its activity is concentrated in the mining of iron and coal. The state has a similar power in its control over finance. It controlled 30 percent of the total in 1942 and now controls half. The governmental institutions of credit, banks, agriculture, transportation, small business, and the like, employ large numbers of people.

So many violations of classic economic theory! What would Adam Smith and David Ricardo say if they were to come to Mexico and see what the Mexicans have done? But the industrialization of Mexico could not have occurred without state ownership, since no one would have been able to compete in the free market with the huge enterprises of a mature Europe and a gigantic United States; and for the state not to intervene would have opened the door to intervention by other nations. State ownership was the basis of our national policy of economic and industrial development, and our government has made large investments in roads, dams, factories, and other essential businesses in which private initiative, both Mexican and foreign, was too timid or too indifferent to invest. The limitations on private ownership served to achieve agrarian reform, and the expropriation of the oil fields established the basis for domestic trade and national capitalization.

In spite of the progress that has been made, Mexico continues to be a heterogeneous society. Differences exist not only between those who have little and those who have much, but also between those who have something and those who have nothing at all. The rural population makes up 49 percent of the total and without doubt is the poorest; 38 percent of the people are still illiterate; 37 percent of the children of school age are not in school; 38 percent of the people still go barefoot; 24 percent eat no meat, no fish, no eggs, and never drink milk. The number of Mexicans who live on a bare-subsistence level today is at least equal to the number in the past. The rate of development has been insufficient to counteract numerically the high rate of increase of the population as a whole. The rural population, which numbered 11 million in 1910, totaled 17 million in 1960.

Mexico's underdevelopment shows in many other indexes. Only one quarter of the population has access to electricity; there are five million acres which are not suitable for irrigation; the number of small towns that do not have roads is considerable. In an area of 760,000 square miles (about one fourth the size of continental United States) the dispersion of Mexico's 35 million people among some 145,000 towns and villages creates a serious problem in planning for roads, schools, and other services. Underdevelopment continues to be a major problem for Mexico. No one doubts or disputes that fact.

Under these conditions it is dangerous from the economic point of view whenever the rate of development decreases. Certainly, the margin of economic and political security which Mexico enjoys is greater than that in other Latin-American countries; but it is not enough compared with the standards in countries under the capitalist system of free enterprise. Except for the period during the war and right after it, 1941 to 1947, when the annual growth of the gross national product was 8.7 percent, the increase has averaged 5 percent or less; and since its rate of population increase is one of the

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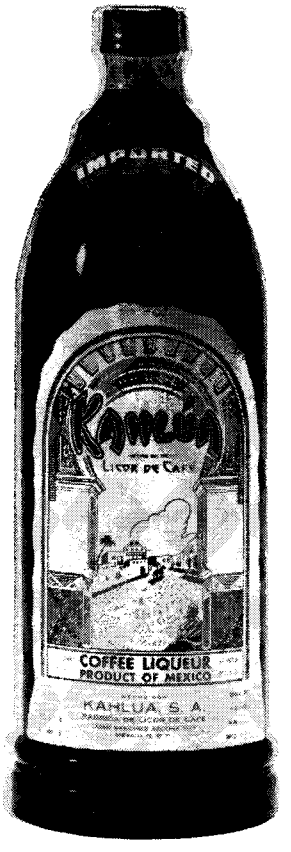

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highest in the world (3.5 percent in recent years), Mexico has been able to achieve annual increases of only 2 or 3 percent in its per capita income. This is not enough. Furthermore, there have been difficult times when Mexico suffered from waves of recession which affected world economy and, in particular, Latin-American economies. One of these occurred in 1961 when the gross national product increased only 3.4 percent, and it meant stagnation. In the last five years, as the Mexican economist Flores de la Peña has observed, the real increase in per capita income has been only 1.3 percent per year, because the population increase averaged 3.4 percent per year. A sane economic policy must move ahead with higher margins of security. For Mexico there is no alternative; it must either lower the birthrate or increase production.

Many Anglo-Saxon writers consider that the solution is to lower the birthrate. But this idea requires an Anglo-Saxon orientation. In Mexico this view is held by only a few, and it is not possible that it would ever become the prevailing view. Mexican culture, from its Catholic origins and its current progressiveness as well, rejects this solution almost unanimously. It is a solution without a future; and from the scientific point of view the consequences are arguable: historically the birthrate drops *after* countries are developed, and nowhere has it dropped in order for countries to develop. And although it is not impossible that this may happen sometime, surely Mexico does not want to become a laboratory for the neo-Malthusian wizards.

Fortunately, there is another solution, and that is to increase production. And for this solution there are more than enough men, and what is perhaps stranger, more than enough capital! Mexico, like many other countries in a similar situation, has a serious problem of concealed unemployment, and its rural areas suffer from cyclical unemployment. On the other hand, Mexico has a relatively high degree of capitalization. In actual fact it is one of the most attractive markets in the world for capital. Thus there is no problem about new capital. But its industries are now working at 50 percent of capacity, and there are some that are working at only 20 percent of capacity — on occasion without loss to the companies on account of their high rate of profits.

In economic terms the solution appears relatively simple: it is necessary to coordinate production better and to enlarge domestic and foreign markets so that industry can produce to full capacity. Mexico must plan its economy within the system of free enterprise; it must redistribute income to create new buyers at home at the same time that it expands foreign markets. This requires not only great technical skill but also courageous policy decisions.

From the technical point of view the problem is relatively easy. Mexico today can count on an extraordinary team of specialists in all the branches of development and can improve their education and strengthen their quality in the years ahead. From the political point of view, the problem is certainly more difficult, because Mexico will need to enter a new stage of its political life. But no industrialized society has moved ahead without some stumbling and without making adjustments in its institutions, its traditions, and its political system.

To coordinate the economic life of the country — its centers of production and distribution — to plan its investments according to more rigorous criteria, to redistribute its wealth until per capita income reaches a point comparable with that in France or England or the United States, to create domestic markets, Mexico needs to take the step that all industrialized societies have taken: it must organize a solid political and economic entity within the capitalist system. This advance requires the democratization of trade unions, farm organizations, political parties, and corporations. In the midst of its cultural and political difficulties, Mexico must realize that it has no other course but to create greater participation of the people in the government, in the culture, and in the economy.

Translated by Emily Flint.

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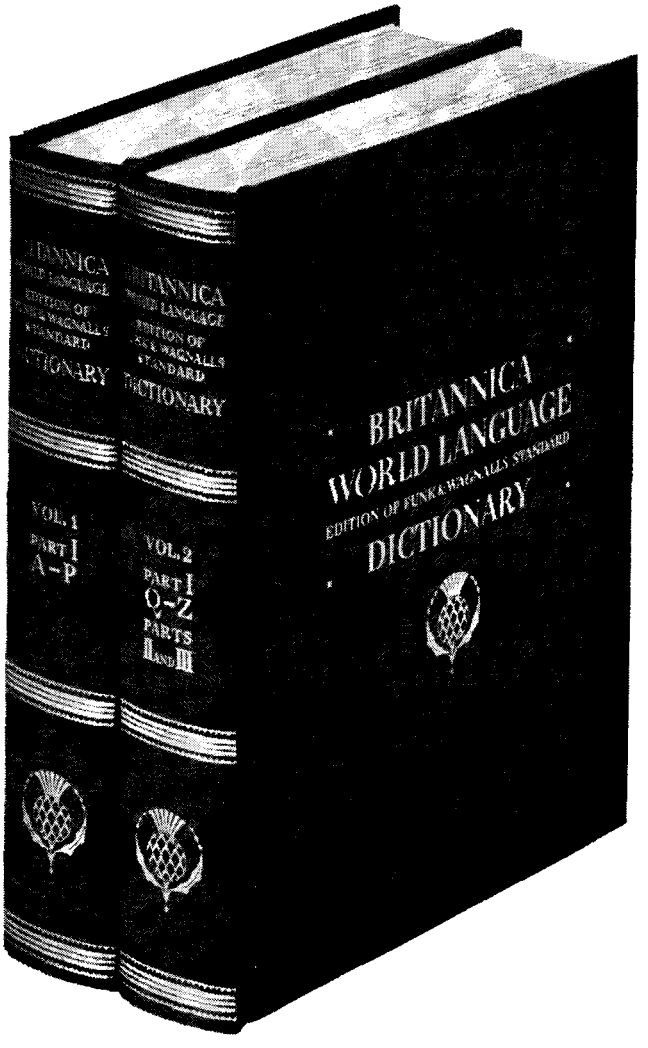

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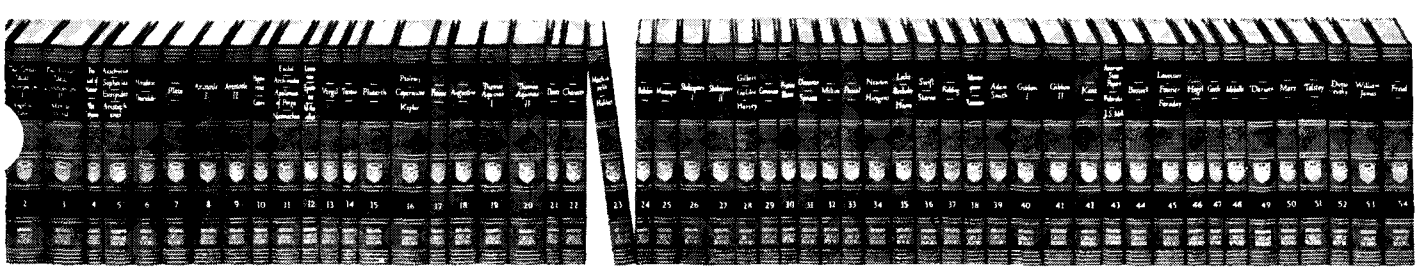

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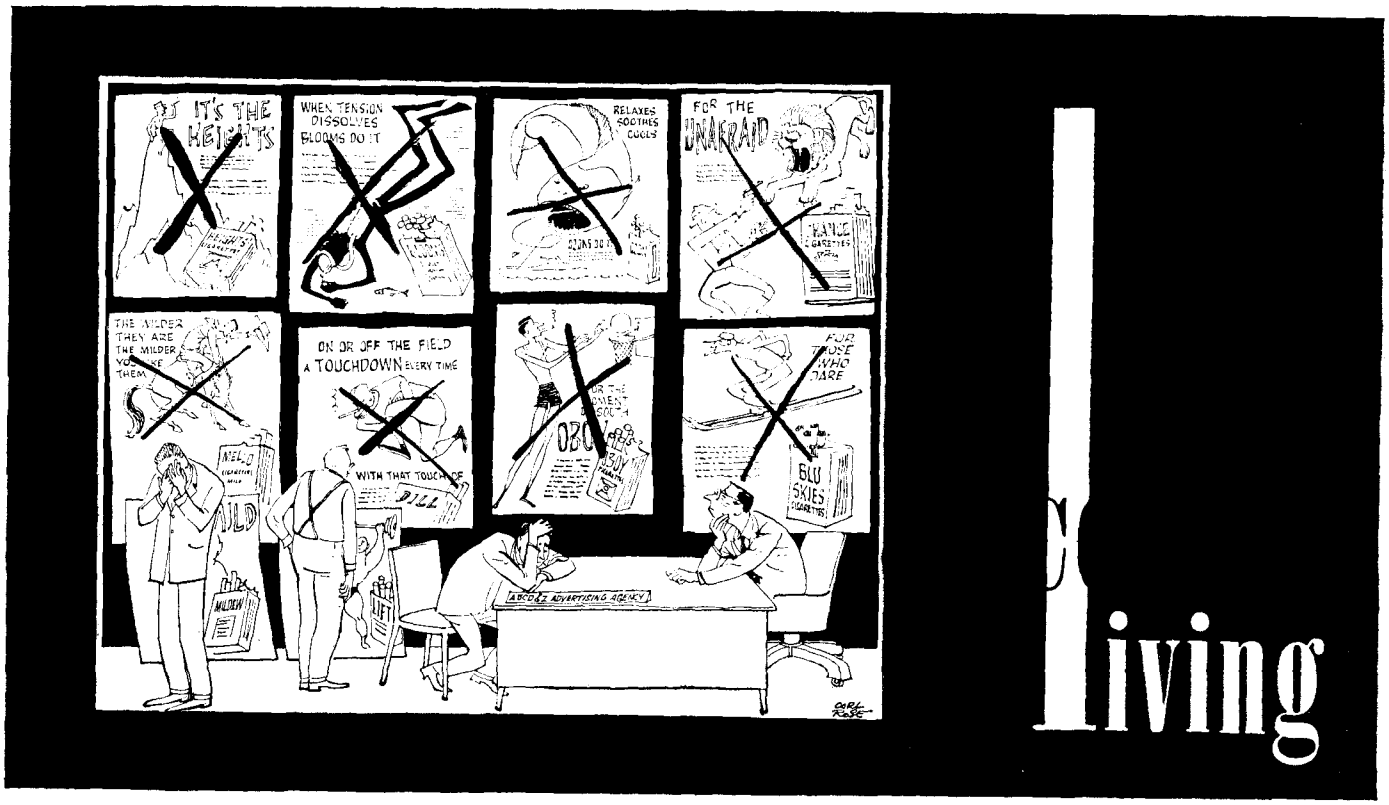

SMOKING WITHOUT COMMERCIALS . . .

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

As a longtime reader of the medical men published by the Tobacco Institute, I felt somewhat let down by the government's report that smoking is bad for the health and so on. Not that I believed everything the Institute was sending me, for I am insufficiently the expert to endorse or contradict the findings of doctors, but I did get the broad impression from their writings that there was nothing like a tobacco addiction to brighten the eye and quicken the step and maintain the smoker in a state of chronic good health. Tobacco was not yet accepted as a specific for various diseases, I gathered, but it would be erroneous to think that it caused or contributed to any of them.

Other authorities argued the contrary, so that the views expressed in the government's report were not altogether new. But the advance publicity preceding their publication had been so fancy that one had expected something more than a reiteration of what most British and American experts had found against tobacco in recent years. I realize now that was foolish of me, but I did allow the advance ballyhoo to make me think that something smashing was impending. On mulling it over, I began to wonder if some wide prohibition of tobacco advertising might be recommended.

The possibility of no tobacco advertising was fascinating. What would follow? How could the public be informed of the ceaseless triumphs of research so conscientiously disclosed by the cigarette makers in their television commercials?

Without the cigarette commercials, what is perhaps a major area of American life will go into eclipse. No more shall we see the doughty rock-climbers, the speedboat drivers, skin divers, athletes, motor racers, bronc riders rewarding their exertions with lungfuls of cooling, healing, relaxing, stimulating, rich-mild smoke. Blacked out from us, also, will be the whole world of filter research and discovery, the great long-term drive by advertising scientists, which makes the space and moon-shot programs seem a paltry show by comparison.

The torch will pass from the grasp of advertising, but it will still be carried by the free and competitive press. Events of this magnitude cannot go long unnoticed, and news gatherers will be quick to accept the challenge. A major wire service will boast that it has beaten all competition in first flashing the discovery of the new filter that automatically includes two puffs of air with every puff of smoke. "Cooler! Richer! Milder!" the report will go, "and Berserk News International was first with it by nineteen and a half minutes!"

But perhaps there will be the reporter who telephones his desk in a rare state of excitement: "I'm on something big!"

"Yeah? What is it?"

"Get this, Chief: a cigarette filter that *spins* the smoke."

"We don't want it."

"*You don't want it?*"

"Forget it. Hop over right away to the Kiwanis lunch."

All these musings, I realize, may prove premature, for the last word has by no means been heard in the controversy. The cigarette people want to look into it all a bit further, and only a few weeks before the government's report, came a real earth-shaker from the dear old AMA. It was the lead story in the AMA *News*, and it may well put the whole subject in the cooler for some years to come. "The American Medical Association will undertake," so the story went, "a comprehensive program of research on tobacco and health."

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A Problem in Architecture

BY ALFRED BENDINER

ALFRED BENDINER is a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects who lives in Philadelphia. He is widely known also for his caricatures of personalities in the world of music.

One of the first things an architect should learn is how to deal with wives. A good solid Bryn Mawr or Vassar A.B. with hockey muscles bounds off her marriage couch and starts clipping the magazines which advise her where to hang the guest towels. She makes up glue-smelling, five-and-ten-cent-store manila paper loose-leaf albums filled with little paste-ups and photographs of every detail of a house — snitched or copied from her friends and hostat teas and bridge parties, showers and receptions — blueprints, magazine cuttings, scribbled notes, razor-cut swatches of draperies, bed linens, towels, and napery. Like a savage little wren cluttering the nest with pinfeathers, dried grass, and breastbones, the bride keeps adding to her little hoard, awaiting the day when she needs more room, a house, and an architect.

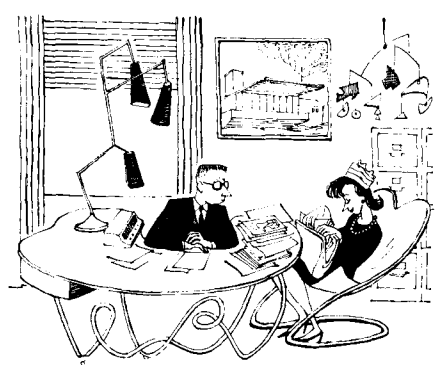
She is the worst type and usually is a menace to the young architect who needs a show-off job and has been existing on toilet alterations, factory additions, and changing the big family house into a cozy one for the grandparents, with just enough room to dump the grandchildren for the summer.

The young client is usually a half hour late for her appointment. She is dressed in that cocktail-hour, all-purpose black and the right jewelry for 5:00 P.M., even though it is only 10:00 A.M., and smells to high heaven of expensive behind-the-ear stuff. She sniffs at the cute secretary borrowed for the morning to make the office look prosperous. The secretary gives the boss an immodest wink and swishes out, banging the door. Well, this is it. The hardened, money-grubbing lady of the house versus the airy, aesthetic, cultured spendthrift, the architect.

As expected, the client sits down, hoists her skirt to courtroom length, and puts her book of cutouts and swatches alongside her chair. She exhales, deflating her low-cut dress, and takes on a baby-talk voice. This patter is supposed to convince the savage architect that she is a poor motherly thing trying to shelter her brood, despite lack of appreciation on the part of her husband and family, and also insufficient money to build the minimum of her needs. The immediate implication is that the architect can handle the job and still save enough money to get his full fee.

To begin with, she has always wanted a small house which could be enlarged to take care of everybody until the children went to college. At that point there would be no need for a large house. The whole thing should be planned so that it could later be reduced to grandparents size.

The client reaches into her bag and starts fumbling around and comes up with a crumpled plan on a



cutout from the Sunday newspaper real-estate page.

She and her husband had been to the Home Show and had seen that house. It was almost exactly — but not quite exactly — what she had dreamed of. Of course, they had been looking for years and couldn't decide whether it would be a ranch house in Lonely Hills, a rose-covered colonial in one of those quaint villages an hour from the city by train, or whether they should build their very own house. Her parents finally got tired of being needled and gave them a piece of ground right off Nutts Road and told them to get an architect.

The place had a tree, it was only an hour from her husband's office, and it was free. The Homebuilder

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There's one man who can give you all the information you need about this plan for deferring compensation. He's appropriately called New England Life's "man of opportunity"—one of a select group of our agents who qualify for the title through exceptional knowledge, experience and initiative.

This is the man to advise you on setting up a plan that will give both employer and employee valuable tax advantages. He knows his way around in business and tax legislation, and is ready to work closely with your lawyer and trust officer. He's a well-informed financial advisor —a successful man who is used to doing business with other successful men.

Many of the uses of insurance that the man of opportunity can relate to your circumstances are covered in our PORTFOLIO OF OPPORTUNITY. It's a collection of timely reports, including "Tomorrow's Security from Today's Postponed Pay". The PORTFOLIO is free and we'll mail it to you directly. Address: Dept. AB, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02117.

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house had seemed fine, but the tree would come right in the middle of the living room unless the plans were altered.

They knew lots of architects, and she had already seen them. Her husband was the twelfth vice president of the Fidelity in charge of real-estate appraisal; he was also the famous dancing quarterback from Cornell and a member of both the Racquet and Tennis Club and the Union Republican Club. The American Institute of Architects had given her a list of small-house architects, and he was fifth on the list. She had seen the first four, and they had told her that number five was her boy.

She had gone even further and inquired around, learning that he told stories well and could sit up at the dinner table. Her husband had inquired at the bank, and they had said OK, which really meant something, because most architects' credit ratings were about on a par with artists'.

There is no adequate school training to get the architect over this moment, and only brutal hardening by experience can teach him to push the hidden button which will bring in the secretary with a letter to sign, or the card of a cinder-block salesman who must see him on an important matter. This gives the architect a breather, clears the heady, perfumed atmosphere, and gives him a chance to reason that, since the banker had said his credit was good, he might be able to make up his losses on her house in some future alteration for the bank, or maybe even on a house for the president's daughter.

While the architect has been pulling himself together and giving his secretary instructions on when to interrupt again, the client has been making a quick estimate of him.

This being 1963, his office is completely glazed on one side and looks across the street to another completely glazed office. Japanese lanterns hang from the ceiling, which has light filtering through egg crates. The walls are of exotic plywood, and the window is covered with fishnets and flanked by a couple of rubber plants. The chairs are plastic, delicately balanced, and uncomfortable, and the oversized desk is a slab of black Micarta resting on a pretzel twist of polished aluminum. The walls are covered with his diplomas, perspective renderings for a job much too large for the little office, a drawing of a small house, a signed photograph from his professor, and a plaque of recognition from the local Homebuilders Association.

The next move is the architect's, and he leads with his chin. "What is your problem, madame?"

Madame has been waiting through four A.I.A. architects, all of her husband's friends, her parents' friends, and her friends for somebody to ask her this pertinent question, and all have skillfully avoided it. At last her moment has arrived.

About five aeons later she finishes the basics of her problems. They are as old as the second house built in the world — families. Any girl, with the very small exception of orphans or refugees, comes to her husband with a family which just simply adore her. They have been awaiting the day when they can unload on her all the antiques, pictures, paintings, and *objets d'art* which had been unloaded on them. Most of these are not worthy of thrift-shop salvage, but they have become heirlooms just by lasting this long.

In the good old days people had attics. Today the little spot on the plan marked "storage" is about large enough to hold a vacuum cleaner and a whisk broom.

This architect's client has "things" and parents. She has a grand piano on which Paderewski played just before he taught Truman the "Missouri Waltz." She has to keep it because Mother played Chopin every night and is going to give them not only the piano but her dining room suite and the bedroom suite, which were carried across the plains in a covered wagon and buried in the Rockies in buffalo skins against the cold of winter. In the spring they were uncovered and taken to Denver. That's how important they were. Then there is the rug which Great-grandpa had bought in a bazaar in Baghdad when he was an attaché. The dealer had to smuggle it across the desert to Beirut because it was sacred and should not have been moved from the mosque — Mohammed's horse had ridden across it and left a mark which is visible to this day. On and on went Milady, and finally paused.

The secretary is back from lunch, the architect is hungry and needs a martini, the client is sitting quietly, waiting to be invited for a bourbon on the rocks and a big meal.

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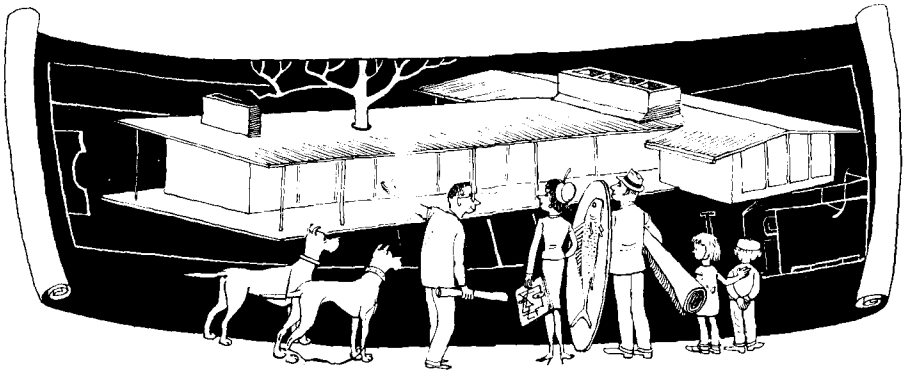


"Why don't we continue this after a bit of lunch, madame?" says the architect, signaling to his secretary to please lend him ten bucks.

"And now, madame, we are ready for the details." He knows that small house — he designed it. It has three bedrooms and a sliding couch in the all-purpose room for Mother, if she wants to be uncomfortable instead of going to a hotel. The living room cannot take the Baghdad rug or the piano; the bedroom cannot take two three-quarter beds with testers, a chest-on-chest, and a lowboy. The ceiling is much too low for a grandfather clock with a gallery, and there isn't a wall which will take Grandaunt's portrait by Sargent.

It's a new day, and all those things should be in a museum or sent to auction, unless madame wants to pay much more for the house. And a house which bends around a tree costs more than a box. Pushing up the ceiling a teentsy couple of feet and making the living room a trifle larger run up the cost because of more expensive beams and joist size. The client wants all these things incorporated. And now, what does her husband want?

Again the architect sits back and checks it off. He has heard it all before. Her husband wants an indoor-outdoor one-story house, a patio with an outdoor grill for cooking steaks, a swimming pool, a television and radio in every room, air conditioning, and a small room for his home movies and bridge games, with a fireplace and a mantel for his golf trophies and a space for the tarpon he caught off Miami. He thinks her parents would be happier in a city apartment; his parents should live in Florida and fish; and it is time the children were in boarding school. Old Katie, the family retainer, should be pensioned and sent home; and a modern house could easily have a couple of Great Danes wandering in and out.

Well, I got tired of listening and built the house. It was twice as large as the Homebuilder ranch and cost twice as much, but everybody was happy, and the client gave me a camera and a light meter and a champagne party, and I gave them one of my lithographs of Rachmaninoff, which sits just above the grand piano but is lost in the big living room. The place represents my overhang, sliding-glass-wall period, with a slanted blond-wood living room wall, a two-way fireplace, and a dining table which is set up in the kitchen and pushes into the living room. The grandparents moved to California, but the children each got an outside bedroom suite so that they could come in and out, like the Great Danes, without disturbing Mama, who was lying in a fishbowl bedroom, looking out at the expensive garden.

The tree around which we built the house died a year after they moved in, and what with Great Danes you can't tell where Mohammed's horse crossed the Mesopotamian rug. Sargent's painting of Grandaunt is over the entrance wall, and Pop has his tarpon rotting bluely over the free-form mantel, which is littered with golf trophies, a picture of Eisenhower, and hole-in-one golf balls. The place is rigged for sound in every room. There are bedside televisions, outdoor grills, double-acting doors for the dogs, and a big kidney-shaped pool.

The contractor was the old-school craftsman Scotsman with a wonderful burr and a smelly pipe, and although he thought the whole thing goofy, he built it as if he loved it. When we finished, he said that he would be embarrassed in that all-glass bedroom.

It was a successful job, and it solved everybody's problems. The owners are so pleased they won't let any of my prospective clients look at it, and maybe that is good.

Opportunity

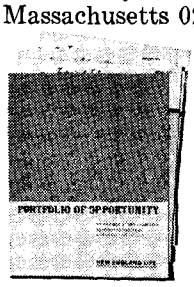
Benefit from the "magic" of the marital tax deduction

Are you sure your family won't end up paying more estate tax than necessary? The Federal estate tax is progressive, so the bigger your estate, the bigger the possible reduction of what goes to your beneficiaries.

If you are married, however, you can cut back the size of your estate so that it won't be taxed in the highest applicable bracket. The proper disposition of your life insurance is an important step in accomplishing this end. And, the savings possible are so startling that the marital deduction seems to be "magic" once the opportunity is explained.

Highly-trained, business-oriented New England Life agents (we call them "men of opportunity") are ready to sit down and, without obligation, work out the details with your own attorney and trust officers. Because your man of opportunity is particularly well-qualified to show you all the latest opportunities in life insurance (over and above your normal insurance "obligations"), his advice could well mean the difference between a working, cost-saving program and an expensive failure.

Many of the uses of insurance that the man of opportunity can relate to your circumstances are covered in our PORTFOLIO OF OPPORTUNITY. It's a collection of timely, penetrating reports, including "The 'Magic' of the Marital Deduction." The PORTFOLIO is free and we'll mail it to you directly. Address: Dept. AC, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02117.



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Opportunity

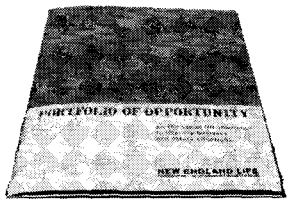
Double the value of your self-employed pension plan

"I'm self-employed—what does the latest tax law mean to me?" "What tax deductions can I get now?" "How can life insurance fit into my pension plan?" . . . Those are questions you'll want answered if you're a professional man or own an unincorporated business. You'll definitely want to check what life insurance can do: it's the only way, for example, you can get big death benefits for your family and pile up retirement money at the same time.

There's one person particularly well suited to help you—New England Life's "man of opportunity." He is one of a select group of our agents who have earned this designation through knowledge, experience and initiative.

Increasing the value of a pension plan is just one of the opportunities available through the judicious use of life insurance. Exploring this opportunity and others for men like you is the full-time job of the man of opportunity. And, with his broad understanding of business and tax legislation, he's ready to work closely with your lawyer or trust officer.

Many of the uses of insurance that can be related to your circumstances are covered in our PORTFOLIO OF OPPORTUNITY. It's a collection of timely reports, including "Double the Value of Your Self-Employed Pension Plan." The PORTFOLIO is free and we'll mail it to you. Address: Department AD, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02117.



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Ask a Foolish Question

BY ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

ELINOR GOULDING SMITH *has written many books and light articles and has been a contributor to the* ATLANTIC *since 1943.*

What makes the rain?
When airplanes fly very high, water collects on the wings and roofs. When the plane banks, this water slides off and falls on the earth in the form of rain. The next time it rains, if you listen, you will probably hear the airplane.

What is wind?
There is no such thing as wind. The next time you're out on a windy day, if you look sharply, you will observe for yourself that you can see absolutely nothing. However, all things have periods of quiet and activity, exactly as you do when you sleep and when you play. On the days when the trees and flowers and grass are very active and excited, we call it "windy." It is interesting to observe that usually when the trees and flowers are moving around a lot, your hair and clothing do the same thing.

How can a bird fly?
A bird flies by taking a very deep breath and flapping his wings *very hard*. His body is covered with feathers, and as you know, feathers are *very light*. This helps him, too.

Where does coal come from?
Coal comes out of factory chimneys in the form of soot. This is because factories burn coal, but not all of it is burned, and the hot gases from the flame carry the particles of soot up the chimneys and out into the air. There the soot floats around until it rains. The rain washes it down onto the earth, where it collects. When a whole lot of it has collected in one place, and got sort of tamped down, we call that a "seam of coal." Sometimes when it has been there a long time, dirt forms over it, and grass starts to grow, and the seam of coal gets covered up, and then, to get it out, miners have to dig a hole in the ground.

Why does the ocean have waves?
The ocean is full of very big fish, like whales and sharks and dolphins, and they thrash around a whole lot when they swim. This stirs up the water and causes waves. You can observe this same phenomenon when you take a bath and thrash your hands and feet around.

What makes rocks?
Rocks are formed in two ways. One kind of rock is made of real hard clumps of dirt that got stuck together and just got hard. The other kind is chunks that break off mountaintops and fall down.

Why does a thunderstorm turn milk sour?
The air is full of particles of poison, and most of these poisons have a bad, or sour, taste. During a thunderstorm the air gets very heavy and pushes these particles of poison down from the upper atmosphere, and consequently there are more of them around at earth level. When a carton of milk is opened, these bad-tasting particles fall in in greater quantities than usual, and this sours the milk.

Where does wood come from?
Wood is a form of plastic that is made in factories. It is rolled out in big flat sheets and then cut lengthwise into planks. Before the plastic is fully hardened, the planks are rolled between two enormous rollers that are grooved in special designs, which are thus imprinted on the plastic planks. This is called graining. The finished planks are stained with dyes made in the colors of the autumn leaves of certain trees, which is why the woods are called maple, cherry, birch, and so forth. The finished planks are sent to carpenters, joiners, and other craftsmen to be made into houses, furniture, salad bowls, and so forth.

Why do people live in houses?
People didn't always live in houses. During the golden age of man, long, long ago, people lived in caves, which they found simply everywhere. These caves were absolutely free. In those days nobody had to

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Opportunity

Trim your taxes while putting human objectives first

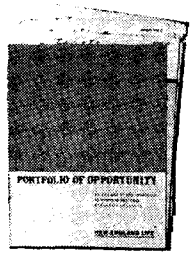
The important thing is to put and keep first things first. In any estate planning, human objectives must predominate over all other considerations, including tax savings.

But this does not mean that such savings and other economies need to be inconsistent with your primary objectives. Frequently, an *insurance trust* can be set up with provisions flexible enough to accomplish many of your objectives simultaneously. The result can be complete fulfillment of family objectives, plus a sizable trimming of taxes.

There's one man who can tell you about the possibilities which exist in insurance trusts and settlement options. He's New England Life's "man of opportunity"—one of a select group of our agents who qualify for the title through exceptional knowledge, experience and initiative.

With his broad understanding of insurance, its uses and tax treatment, he's ready to work closely with your trust officer and lawyer. You'll find him a remarkably well-informed financial advisor—a successful man who's used to doing business with other successful men.

Many of the uses of insurance that the man of opportunity can relate to your circumstances are covered in our PORTFOLIO OF OPPORTUNITY. It's a collection of timely reports, including "Trusts and Testamentary Tactics." The PORTFOLIO is free and we'll mail it to you directly. Address: Dept. AE, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02117.



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pay rent, or pay off mortgages, or pay any taxes, and therefore they didn't have to work as hard as people today. Unfortunately, as the earth got older, most of these caves were sealed up by accumulated soot and dirt and dead leaves, and today there simply aren't enough caves to go around. For this reason, people are forced to build houses to live in. The few caves that are left are now so rare that people actually pay admission just to go in and look at them.

What makes the snow fall?
Snow doesn't fall. In the winter, when the ground gets very cold, moisture trapped under the earth freezes, and in freezing it expands. These frozen crystals are forced up through the earth and appear on the surface of the ground as snow. When it is so cold that these snow

crystals are light and powdery, the wind blows them around until it seems as though the air is literally filled with whirling snowflakes, which gives rise to the old belief that snow "falls."

What exactly are stalactites?
Stalactites are very long, thin, pointed conical rocks which, because of their shape, force their way through the ground and down into the roofs of caves, where they hang suspended.

What exactly are stalagmites?
Stalagmites are stalactites which have finally loosened from their precarious place in the roof of the cave and fallen down to the floor of the cave, where they remain with one end plunged into the dirt and the rest sticking straight up. Too many stalagmites can eventually make a cave practically uninhabitable, or at least very difficult to walk in.

Opportunity doesn't end here...

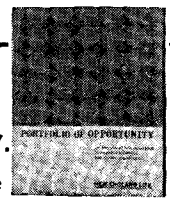
On preceding pages we have talked about some of the uses of life insurance that may represent opportunity to you—opportunity for strengthening your financial situation.

Opportunity, as it applies to you, may lie in one of these uses or in several. Or it may require a use not touched on here.

We had to start somewhere. So we've given you five examples on preceding pages. If they whet your interest, fine. But we realize that you can fully appreciate the real "opportunity" in life insurance only in terms of your own particular needs.

We have "men of opportunity" ready to help. They are a select number of agents in our company with that designation, men whose names we periodically list in the *Wall Street Journal*. Their experience, special skills and broad understanding of business and tax legislation are offered to you without obligation.

Several important subjects that a man of opportunity can relate to your circumstances are covered in our free PORTFOLIO OF OPPORTUNITY. It's a collection of timely, penetrating reports. We'll mail it to you directly. Fill out this coupon now.



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THE BALLAD OF GREGORY'S LEG

BY C. S. JENNISON

There's an opal light on the sea at night.
And day is a polished tourmaline,
With a diamond dawn and a dusk soon gone
Slipped quietly somewhere in between.
When the comets swish through the sky like fish,
And pale in the dark, the running lights flicker,
The world is as wide as a sailor's pride,
And everything's free except drinking liquor.

A sailor named Greg had a wooden leg,
A fact he accepted with great good humor.
He'd oftentimes say that fate has a way
Of handing out goods to suit the consumer.
Though others might drown if the ship went down
Or snatch at a floating spar in the rumpus,
The spar that Greg snatched would be all attached,
And he'd steer for shore with a pocket compass.

In any old region, his friends were legion.
Besides, he could always collect a crowd
Playing mumblety-peg in his wooden leg
And comforting women who shrieked aloud.
O life was a song, but the trips were long,
And a flask was little more than a trinket.
The air was like wine which, of course, was fine,
But you couldn't expect a man to drink it.

As earth spun around, and Gregory found
The problem was one that would always rankle,
He whittled a leg like a hollow keg
And fitted a spigot above the ankle.
He'd fill up his leg with Haig and Haig,
To last him — for instance — from Boston Bay,
Till gin in Savannah would last to Havana,
Where maybe some rum would last to Marseilles.

He'd soften the pain of partings in Spain
By sipping so much of the wine he harbored.
He thought that the rats were the sailors' hats
And confused the rare old port with the starboard.
The captain — though kind — once had him confined
For drinking vermouth with some dockside Latins,
But down in the brig, Greg started to jig
And shook up some passable warm manhattans.

There's an opal light on the sea at night,
And day is a polished tourmaline
With the open sky and a shot of rye
Slipped quietly somewhere in between.
A sailor named Greg had a wooden leg,
A fact that allowed him to scorn embargo
By getting well stocked wherever he docked
And putting to sea with his tax-free cargo.

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Why generals have always had a tent of their own.

Thoughts on first class travel—a series by American Airlines.

Gen. John J. Pershing, in Mexico, 1916.

It is not because rank hath its privileges. The reason is much simpler.

The man who's supposed to be thinking about the battle needs a place to do it in.

It's the same with the extra service that a general gets. The idea is to free him from the usual annoyances so he can concentrate on getting the war won.

These are also the reasons a man with business on his mind flies first class.

The privacy, roominess, comfort and overall atmosphere ease the burden of travel for men under pressure.

Fully 86% of all air trips are for business. That's why American is especially concerned with the problems travelling businessmen face. And it's why we recently reduced first class fares. For example, first class coast-to-coast is now only $15.80 more than coach.

It is not an investment in luxury.

It's an investment in the man who gets off the plane.

For more about business travellers, write: Director, Bureau of Travel Analysis, American Airlines, Inc., 633 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y., 10017.

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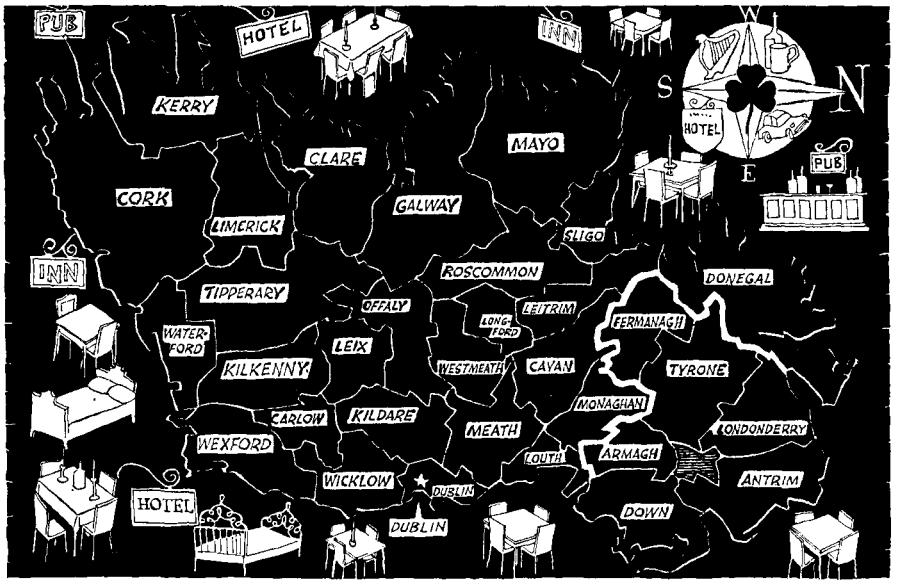
pleasures *and* places



OASES OUTSIDE DUBLIN

BY WILLIAM BITTNER

Few countries are as pleasant and interesting for the traveler as Ireland, yet few places are so exasperating for anyone who likes to travel in comfort and ease, without wasting time or blindly rushing about in search of palatable food and restful lodging. For one thing, no Irishman is in a hurry about anything, and most travelers are limited in time if not in money. For another, the guidebooks offer hardly any help at all. Oh, there are some lovely books about Ireland. Take *The Shell Guide to Ireland* by Lord Killanin and Michael V. Duignan, published by the Ebury Press in London in 1962: 478 large octavo pages, 17 color-plates, more than 200 pictures in the text, 6 maps — all for 45 shillings ($6.30). It has almost every archaeological, historical, scenic, and just plain interesting fact; but the arrangement is alphabetical by place, and by the time anyone but a native Irishman well versed in his country has worked out an itinerary from it, his holidays for the next three years will be over. And never a mention does it make of food or drink, roads or hotels, or of Ireland's greatest product — the charming, confusing, irritating, and delightful people of Ireland themselves.

As my wife and I grew travel-wise in Ireland, we found that the best procedure was to use all the guides together, and I am afraid she missed as much scenery working cross-references through all the guidebooks as I did dodging cattle, sheep, bicyclists, and artificially elated pedestrians on the roads. But with long experience we found delightful driving, eating, drinking, and hotel-staying in every corner of the country. It would have been cheaper, and it certainly would have taken less time, had we simply booked ourselves on all the train and bus excursion trips organized by Córas Iompair Éireann (C.I.E.), the Irish transit company. Their trips are well organized and cheap, and accommodations are usually provided in the company-owned Great Southern Hotels, which are satisfactory imitations of the modern, impersonal American-type accommodations. We do not like being organized, however, but we do in Ireland like encountering the Irish, who, like their leprechauns, are elusive when strangers are about in large groups. In Connemara in August the cars all seem to carry "temporary importation" stickers; Killarney, like Bunratty Castle, seems exclusively occupied by Americans; and the lower Shannon gurgles in many tongues but never in Gaelic.

Ireland begins at Dublin, but it only begins there. That dear old dirty city is full of people from somewhere else, mainly civil servants and would-be civil servants up from the country to separate the jackeen from his money, and they are charmers all. But even more charming is a visit to the land from which these "culchies" came, the bogs and hills and people they left behind, whose charm is not edged with the hone of greed, the beautiful countryside they think of nostalgically when not adding up the receipts from the till. It is only 161 miles from Dublin to Cork, but to keep from passing from one city to another with only a good road in between, I like to start late, as the Irish always do, and spend the night in Roscrea, a little town in Tipperary. That way I have leisure the next morning to visit the Rock of Cashel, Ireland's Mont-Saint-Michel, now, like most ancient Irish monuments, a ruin. The Earl of Kildare burned the cathedral in 1495, excusing himself later to Henry VII by saying that he would not have done it but he thought the archbishop was inside. Roscrea has ruins too — Ormonde Castle of the thirteenth century now houses the fire station — and it also has the Central Hotel, rated only B/C by Bord Fáilte but abounding in homely comfort and courtesy, where for two dollars I had a delicious full-course dinner, the *pièce de résistance* of which was two filet mignons. They also serve the best Irish coffee I have had anywhere.

For all the nostalgia of Cork men in Dublin and New York, their city is simply one of the more favored of Irish provincial capitals: population 80,000, good hotels, even a restaurant — the Oyster Tavern — down a tiny lane just off the main street. For the few people in it, Ireland has more and better hotels than anyone has the right to expect, but some of the highest-rated ones are so "international," the guest might as well not be in Ireland at all. There are seventeen hotels in Cork City, rated by Bord Fáilte right through the spectrum, but I would pass them all by to drive sixty miles further down the southwest foot of Ireland, past Bantry Bay, to Ardnagashel House, near Ballylickey. Robert Gibbings once went to West Cork for a fortnight and stayed seven months.

I might not have stopped there

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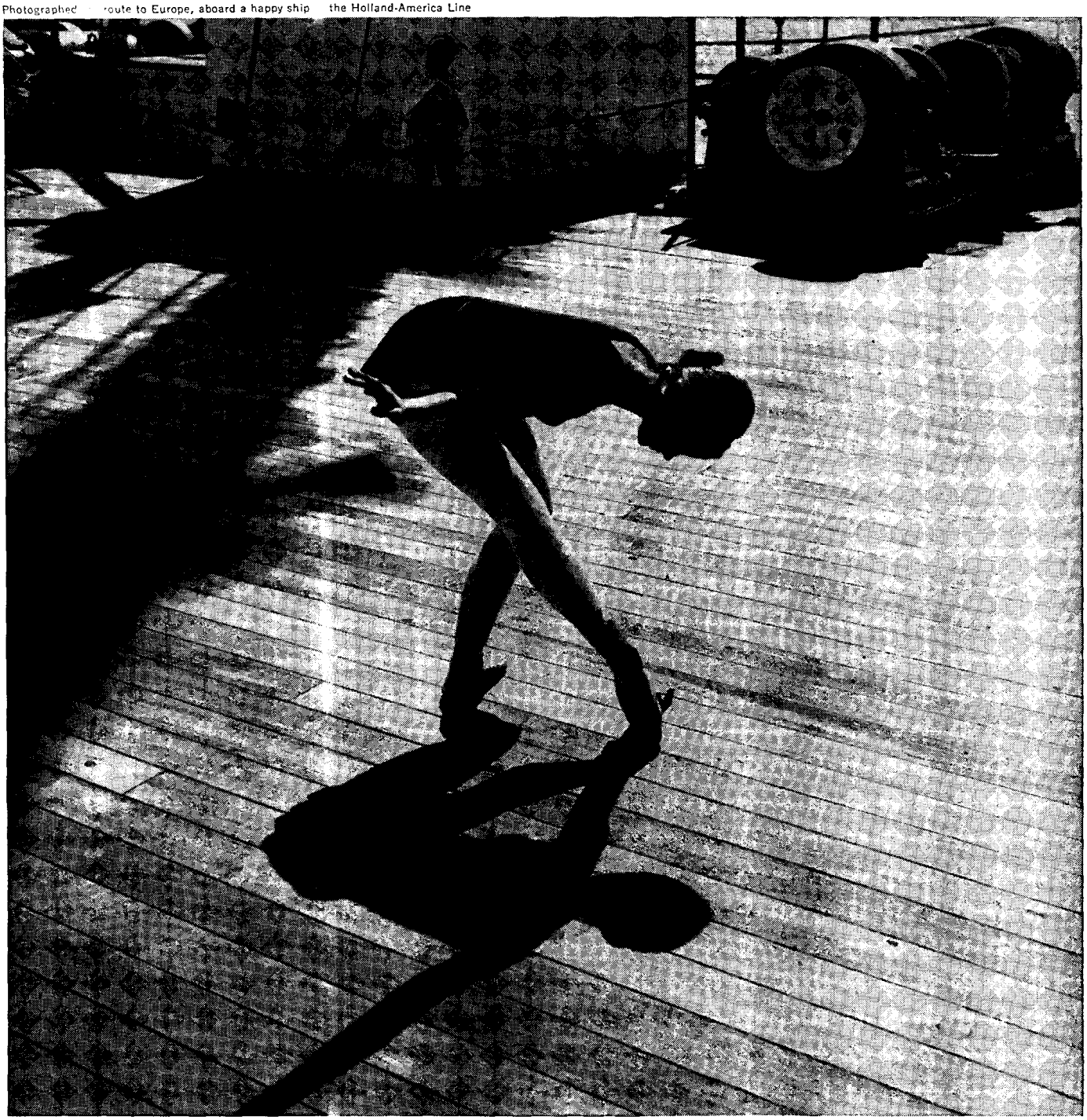
Photographed [illegible] route to Europe, aboard a happy ship [illegible] the Holland-America Line



Can you do as you please aboard Holland-America? Ask Sheila Folstein.

Among the many lovely sights on a recent Atlantic crossing were the ballet exercises of Miss Sheila Folstein of Washington, D.C., a dancer on her way to London.

We talked to Miss Folstein, and this is what she said: "This is my first trip on the Holland-America Line, and it's a wonderful experience. Everyone is so gay and friendly—crew and passengers alike. The ship is beautiful and so spacious. There are dozens of secluded spots where I can exercise without collecting a crowd. I've had a perfectly marvelous trip, and I'm looking forward to a repeat performance."

If you'd like to know about Holland-America's many sailings to Europe, ask your travel agent. But if you want to know how much fun a voyage can be, ask the people.

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at all were the roads of Ireland not as tiring as they are fascinating. There is little traffic except in the towns and cities, but the roads are narrow and winding and open to grazing animals. The sheep and the goats and the cows and the dogs have the right-of-way, according to Irish law, and the bicyclists and pedestrians act as if *they* did. Moreover, there is no examination for a driving license in Ireland; I am entitled to drive anything up to and including a steam locomotive, all for the spending of a pound. I never saw a highway patrolman. The theory of motor-code enforcement is that after there is an accident the one found at fault, if surviving, pays. In a few months such conditions are easy to get used to, but near lunchtime of my second day on these strenuous roads, after climbing to the top of Blarney Castle and steering anxiously through the mountains of West Cork, with the Ring of Kerry, where the road is often above the clouds, before me, I was willing to take my chances on following a sign down a little side lane to Ardnagashel House.

The narrow dirt road bumped and twisted deep into the woods, in the direction of the cliffs over the sea, and at last came out by a pleasant big house overlooking a cove. Two boats were moored down there — the property of the hotel, I later learned — and the girl who came to answer my wife's query if we could have lunch was barefoot. This, I soon saw, was the way of the proprietor's family; I almost took my shoes off myself. We waited in the bar until lunch was ready, and not wanting strong drink that time of day I asked if they had a light, dry wine, something like a muscadet. They would have had anything I wanted; Ardnagashel House keeps a stock of 176 bins, and the prices are the lowest I have seen in the British Isles. I ordered a bottle so that I could have the rest with lunch. Audray Kaulback, the proprietor's wife, stirred around and put salmon on the menu, and that and the rest of the meal were up to the best country French standards. Lunch for two was $2.80, the wine something like another dollar. Rooms run about $3.00 a person. There are only three with private bath, but Bantry Bay is just out the front door.

Killarney is purely for tourists, and anyone who goes there had better accept the classification and enjoy himself just as he would at Rockefeller Center or the Grand Canyon. Ride a jaunting car and then a pony over the Gap of Dunloe, and be rowed back over the lakes. Buy postcards and souvenirs, including the toy leprechauns marked in Gaelic "made in Japan." There is good food in Upper East Side French style at the Grill Room of the Great Southern Hotel, but the dining room there, as at all the other hotels, is geared to guided tours. I was a Killarney tourist until I got tired of it (that did not take long), and then I went around the Ring of Kerry, seeing little but fog and sheep, through Tralee and up to Listowel in County Kerry, where there is a pub worth visiting for the sake of the owner, John B. Keane.

Keane is one of the best-known playwrights in Ireland. In 1959 his play *Sive* was produced by the dramatic society of this little town of 3000-odd population and proved such a success it became the first play ever to be given by an amateur group in the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. Since then he has been turning out a play a year — in addition to keeping bar — and they are getting better and better. He is no Brendan Behan, although in the work *All the Young Men of Twenty* he is nearly as critical of contemporary Ireland and sometimes funnier. He seems mainly to be swaying the Irish folk play away from its former nationalistic purpose. He also runs a good pub and is an interesting and accessible man. Literary figures are yours for the price of a drink in Dublin, but Keane seems more deeply rooted than they. Besides, he sells the stuff.

Limerick is worth a visit, if only to see the walls still scarred by the cannon of the seventeenth-century siege. Twenty-three miles farther along the wide waters where the Fergus enters the Shannon is Ennis, County Clare, an old town of narrow streets, one of which leads to the Old Ground Hotel. This, like many of the private hotels of Ireland, had been one of the "big houses" of the landlords before Irish independence. Many of these, for all their beauty, were destroyed during the "Troubles," when the motto was "burn everything English except the coal"; and that ire was sometimes well deserved. At the nearby Cliffs of Moher is a monument raised to one of the landlords by his tenantry at his request, and in the central square of Westport, up in County Mayo, is another such monument, now surely the most defaced this side of the former Stalinallee. But the Old Ground stands, its name supposedly derived from the retainer's welcoming his absentee master, a century or more ago, back to the "old ground," and it is well managed by a very personable young man, Jack Donnelly, who, unlike most hotel and restaurant managers, was around when I wanted him and out of sight the rest of the time. I encountered him one day showing some clients the sights of Clare in his own car — so far as I could see, just because he enjoyed it.

Galway, particularly the western part that is called Connemara, is one of the most famous wild-beauty spots of the world. The roads, although not up to the standard of the French *routes nationales*, are much less trying than those of Kerry and Donegal, and the drive over the mountains by a chain of lakes, from Galway City to Clifden, is full of fascination, natives tell me, in seeming never twice the same. My second trip I kept wondering if I were not on the wrong road, but the first time was on a gloriously sunny day in July, while the second was in an autumn storm. The trouble with Connemara, in addition to the nearly constant influx of not always congenial tourists, is its lack of accommodation for the reasonably exacting traveler. Clifden has a few country hotels not adequate to the demand. At Cashel Bay, down a side road some fifteen rough miles away, is the Zetland; and five absolutely beastly miles beyond Clifden is Renvyle House. Both are in the wilds, and when I was there they were geared to the needs of large families — filled with squalling brats. I stayed in Clifden at the motel and had a sandwich in Eddy King's, a pub run by Frank Kelly and his wife, daughter of the late Mr. King. Frank and his wife close the public bar at nightfall and conduct the festivities in the lounge as if every night were worthy of a special celebration.

The finest hospitality I have experienced anywhere in the world was at the Yeats Country Hotel, at Rosses Point just above Sligo, but the manager, Dan Gannon, whose collection of Yeatsiana and whose

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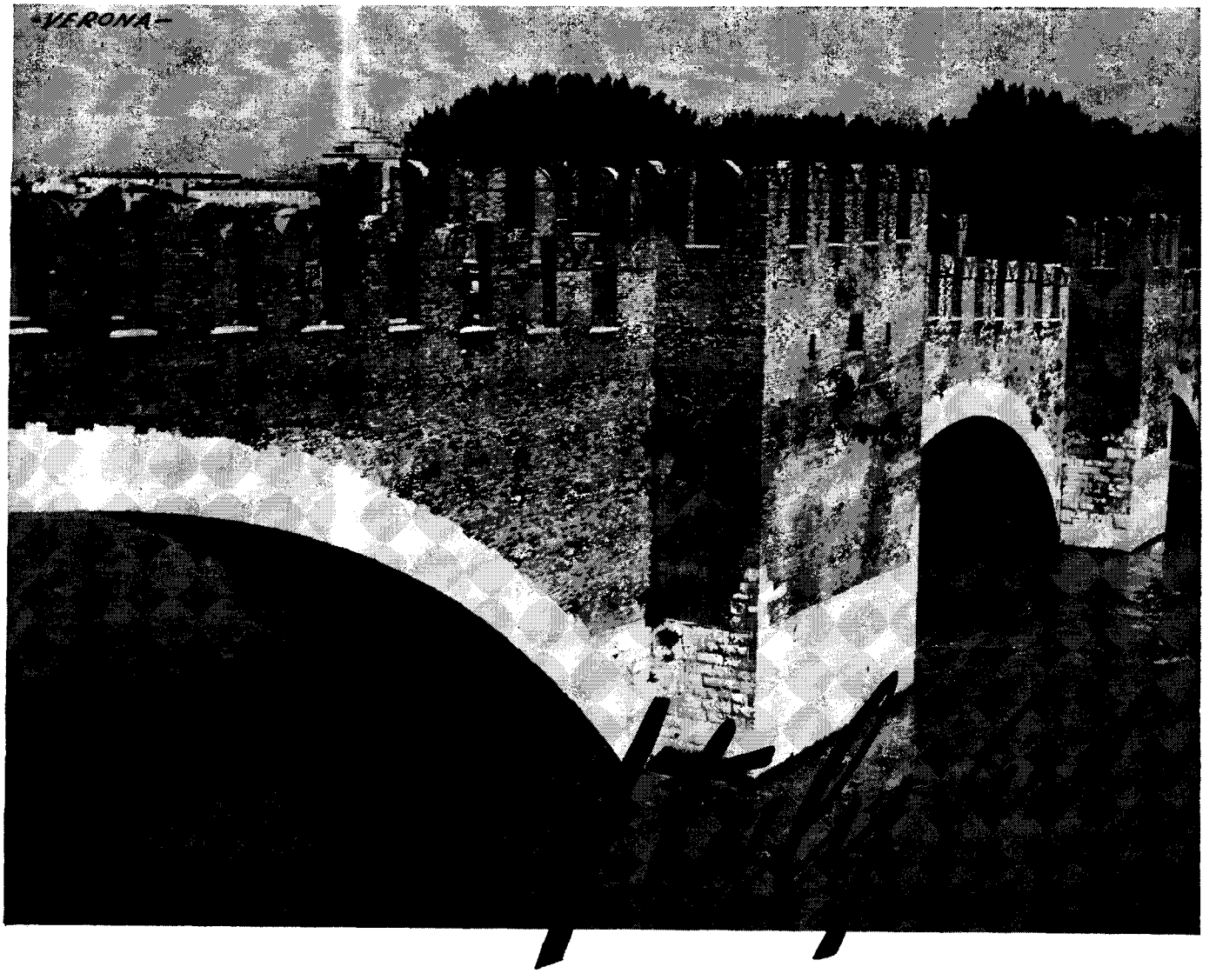

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charm and generosity will never be equalled, is no longer there, so I haven't the heart to return. Instead, on my last trip to Sligo I stayed in great comfort at the Imperial, the Garavogue flowing beneath my window from Lough Gill, where you can visit Rat Island, William Butler Yeats's Lake Isle of Innisfree.

It is astonishing what a few hotelkeepers in Ireland accomplish by careful and knowledgeable supervision. There is no tradition of hotel and restaurant apprenticeship in Ireland to compare with that on the Continent, and trained people tend to leave the country rather than be attracted to it. Therefore the management must get good work from ignorant and unambitious girls, who, as they have often been the first to tell me, "couldn't care less"; thus the manager must watch every step of as many of the workers as possible while making the rest feel they are being watched even when they are not. A good indication of what a customer can expect in a hotel dining room (there are virtually no real restaurants outside Dublin, and one each in Cork and Belfast) is if he can order dinner, including wine, before entering the dining room. If not, things tend to fall into a routine convenient for the waitress, with the soup on the table before he gets a good look at the menu, and the wine, the red cold and the white lukewarm, served with dessert. At the Imperial the girls must think Mrs. Moyles and her dining room manager have eyes all around their heads.

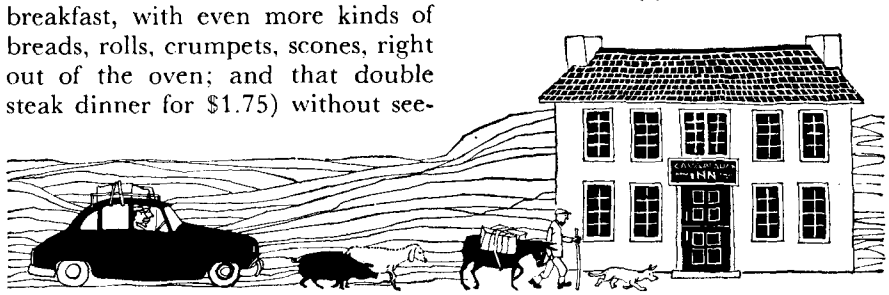
North of Sligo travel becomes very trickly. With a triptyque you can wander back and forth across the border between the Republic and Northern Ireland, but the first time I went over that route my car was not bonded, and I am glad of it, for otherwise I would have gone from Donegal Town to Derry (or Londonderry, as you call it if you are loyal to the Crown) and missed one of the most interesting tours and one of the friendliest hostelries of all Ireland. The roads of the Donegal coast are unspeakable; they are hardly roads at all. So from Donegal Town I headed off across the mountains to Letterkenny, population 4178. The first hotel I came to was Gallagher's, and I parked under the No Parking sign while my wife went in to inquire after rooms. In a moment out came a man the size of Derryveagh, who took the bags and told me to leave the car right where it was. "Sure if the sergeant comes along he'll know where you are." Chewing on that logic, I went in, and in an hour or so found myself in the bar in the front of the house, where this man-mountain, with the improbable name of Hugo, was presiding. I hadn't been there long when he said, "There, sir, there's a grand place for you." What he meant was, he had been keeping an eye on my car, and he had just noticed an opening among the parking spaces by the municipal building across the road — not just *an* opening; one that left only one side of my car vulnerable for when the pubs closed.

The proprietress had been a Gallagher; her husband's name I have unfortunately forgotten, but they have no mind to change the name of the place, so there's no harm done. On meeting her I opened my mouth and put my foot in it: in explaining my pleasure at Hugo's courtesy I compared the place with Roscrea, and at a loss to exemplify the intangible feeling of being welcome, mentioned the two steaks a serving. A bit later, going out for a walk, I put the other foot in my mouth. "Would you be having dinner at the hotel?" she asked me, and when I said yes, she wanted to know what I'd like. "Fish," I said, but there was no fish to be had. "Well, then, filet steak," and I was halfway up the street before I realized what I had done. Sure enough, at each of our plates that night were two filet mignons; but good as the steak was, it did not come near the bread, rolls, and the other baked goods of the house — so many I could not put names to them all.

We had not intended to stay in Letterkenny at all, but we spent two nights at Gallagher's, and we would probably be there yet had I not had urgent business in Dublin. At breakfast we were told that it would not be fair for us to stay and pay their exorbitant prices ($3.15 apiece for double room and bath with superb breakfast, with even more kinds of breads, rolls, crumpets, scones, right out of the oven; and that double steak dinner for $1.75) without seeing Malin Head. With such a recommendation we spent the next day touring the Inishowen Peninsula, the northernmost point of Ireland, and totally pleased, we drove back, disturbed only by the car that hooted impatiently at us along Lough Swilly. But as we learned at dinner that night, the hoot was not impatient but triumphant, for we were served the Lough Swilly salmon only a few hours out of the water — the proprietor had driven to Moneyhaughly to get it for us.

The six counties of Northern Ireland can be very dismal, with everything, it seems, a shilling dearer; a smaller measure for a drink; and on Sundays no drink at all, and little else. Of all the places I do not mention in this article, because I would not go back to them again — places where food is served at restricted hours and where, if I was not present for the first dash into the dining room, I had to argue for my victuals; where the soup came before I was given my choice between the ubiquitous "lamb, or chicken and ham" (euphemism for rank mutton or a scrawny joint of fowl in bacon grease); and where they didn't have any red wine but had dinner wine or port, served in time for the "genuine process cheese" — the greatest proportion were in Her Majesty's loyal province of Ulster. But I must confess I was guided while there by a native, and the one place I chose by myself is almost up to Letterkenny or Roscrea, even though it could never be an Ardnagashel House.

Political considerations, I understand, prevented President Kennedy from crossing the border to visit the Giant's Causeway during his visit to Ireland in the summer of 1963. And the Giant's Causeway is a pretty strenuous visit. But he should have stopped at the Causeway Hotel, run by Colin and Noreen Kane, the fifth generation of Kanes at that spot. The hotel overlooks the sea just at the entrance to the Causeway walk, and its appearance and com-



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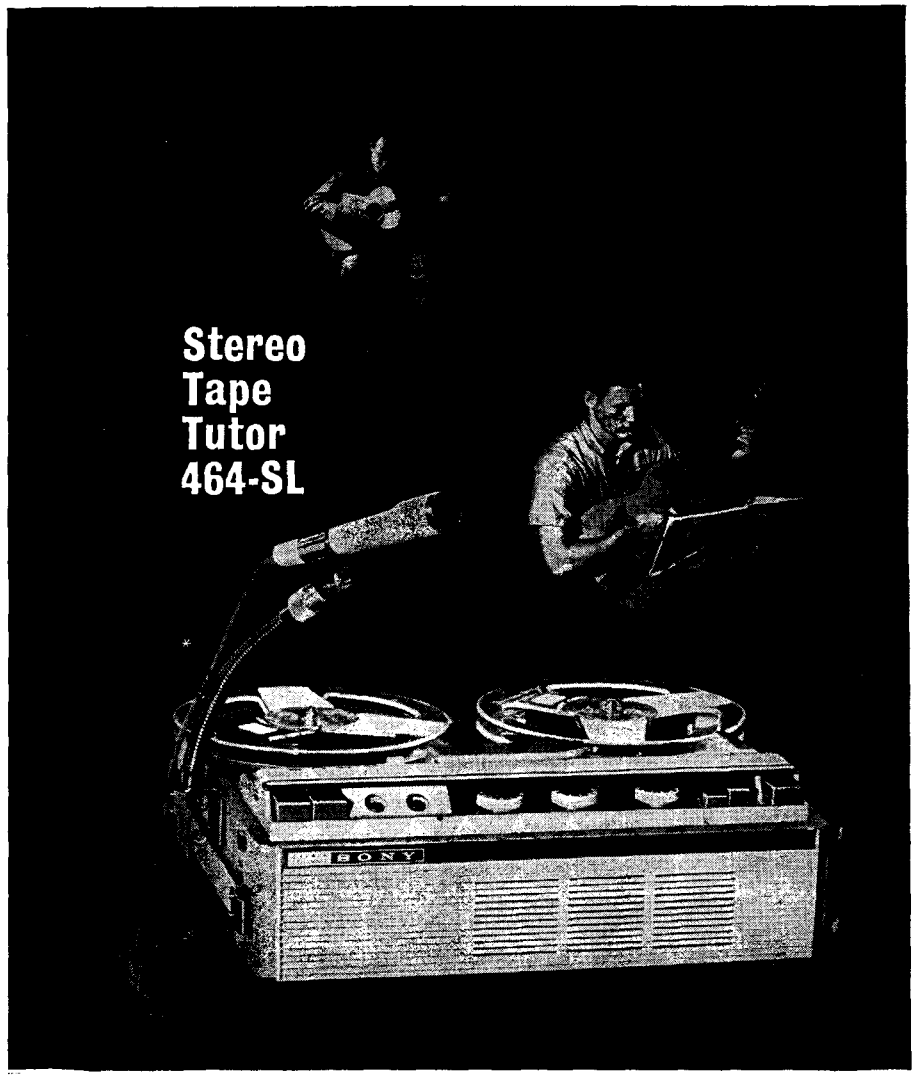
forts are fitting to its beautiful location. But the Kanes' aptitude at their work is truly remarkable. Every day they handle, with courtesy and excellent service, a multitude of visitors, most of whom simply go into the bar, some of whom stay, without reservations, for meals and a few of whom are residents. They also cater weddings and the like. The only thing to be said is they know how to do it. Far more even than at Letterkenny or Sligo, good service comes only from the management's exercise of will, for the nearest town is the distilling village of Bushmills, and the metropolis of the region, eight miles away, is Portrush, just the same size as Letterkenny. Having any servants at all in such a remote spot, let alone having good ones, is little short of a miracle in a land where nearly all a girl can do is emigrate or find a husband.

There are many fine places yet to be found in Ireland. A solid drinking commercial traveler I know always stays, when he is in Belfast, at a temperance hotel, the Kensington, in College Square, because he is well treated there. Experienced Irish travelers can tell you, as I have, their favorite spots, but the only one I have found up to the reports about it is Reynolds' in Rooskie, a place where Mrs. Reynolds' spontaneous cry, "You're welcome," is as warm as the turf fire on the hearth. It is a place you would not look at twice from the road, except perhaps the time the road crew put up a large direction sign backwards near it on the Dublin-Sligo road. By the side of the Shannon, right up against the highway, it is a low stone building, partly bar (no lounge or snug here) and partly living quarters. Reynolds' of Rooskie is a simple pub, not a hotel or restaurant, but you can count on it: if you were hungry they would feed you, and if you were tired they would find you a bed. The simple places of Ireland are the best, but it must be said that if they are bad, they are bad beyond understanding. It is easy, for those preferring not to take chances, to find American-style hotels in Ireland; the government is subsidizing them! In such places your money is more welcome than you. But the Central of Roscrea, the Ardnagashel House, Gallagher's of Letterkenny, Kane's Causeway Hotel — long may they thrive!



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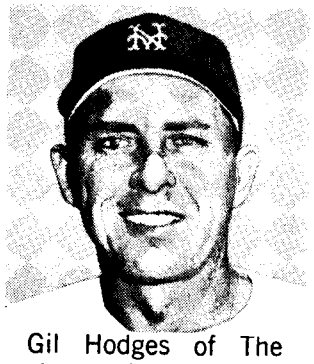

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they shall have music

"DROP THY PIPE . . ."

BY J. G. MITCHELL

It is high time that the truth about the recorder was faced. I hate to be a balloon-buster, but someone at last has to be honest about this musical pip-squeak, whose importance is bloated out of all proportion at the present time. Since no one else has the courage, therefore, I shall risk excommunication from the recorder societies (there are such, and they are legion) of North America and Europe and hereby declare that the recorder-playing movement is composed of self-deceiving con men (and especially women) and that the pipe itself is a musical fraud.

I don't make this confession lightly or easily. I have played — or played on — the recorder for something over fifteen years, a time which surely makes me, if not an authority, at least an initiate. But in the last two or three years I have become first worried and now horrified by the spectacle of a mass recorder-playing movement that takes itself and its pipes ever more seriously.

What triggered this attack was a statement by the leader of a Canadian recorder society, who declared that he would not rest happy until he had arranged a concert by a thousand recorder players in his city's civic auditorium. When even two pipes have difficulty in achieving a common intonation, he wanted to have one thousand of them!

It is hard to believe that the man was serious. After fifteen years of associating with recorder players and proselytizers, however, one is faced with the fact that he *was* serious. Recorder players *are* serious. What I take to be good, clean, social fun is something of a religion to the others. They are serious about their music and about their instrument, and they spread the gospel according to Dolmetsch with the fervor of a nineteenth-century missionary society.

But what they preach is apocryphal; a religion based on falsehoods. Number one falsehood is that the recorder is easy to play, so easy that any child can pick up the pipe and toot out a melody. This simple untruth has been knocking about at least since that afternoon of July 26, 1602, when "The Revenge of Hamlett, Prince Denmarke as yt was latelie Acted by the Lord Chamberlyne his servantes" was entered in the Stationers' Register by James Roberts. "It is as easy as lying," said Shakespeare through Hamlet. "Govern these vantages with your fingers and thumbs, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music." Will, it is not as easy as lying, and unless one makes a considerable effort and spends a great deal more time in practice than most recorder players are willing to spend, the pipe will discourse highly ineloquent music.

The recorder is not easy to play, and it cannot be "picked up" quickly — a term one often encounters. One can blow into it and produce some kind of note without great difficulty, true. But one can also blow into an oboe or draw a bow across the strings of a violin and produce a note. The difficulty lies in producing the proper note and the proper tone. With its extreme sensitivity to breath pressure and its clumsy and complex system of cross-fingering, the recorder is surely one of the most difficult of wind instruments to play well.

If it is not easy to play the recorder, it is harder still to listen to it. Indeed, listening to the recorder demands such patience and forbearance on the part of an audience that one is tempted to question whether the recorder is a serious musical instrument at all.

For a time the recorder was taken reasonably seriously by composers, at least to the extent that they wrote music especially for it. But what recorder enthusiasts either forget, do not know, or conceal is that there is an extremely small amount of music composed expressly for the recorder, and that what there is was composed almost wholly in the hundred-year period 1650 to 1750. The pipe is historically outdistanced by the trumpet, the oboe, the flute, the trombone, even the organ, for according to Mr. Edgar Hunt in his recent book about it, the recorder cannot be traced historically much earlier than the fifteenth century. It was used by minstrels for court music and at fairs, but the idea of a performance by a consort of recorders is more probably a modern concept than a legitimate historical one. Certainly there was little music designed especially for the recorder before the middle of the seventeenth century. As far as the Elizabethan period in England is concerned — and we know how common the recorder, the lute, and "Greensleeves" are for atmosphere in modern pro-

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ductions of Shakespeare — the best that Mr. Hunt can do is the following:

> We search in vain for any specific items [in Elizabethan England] for the recorders, and in our disappointment realize that if we make our own arrangements of other instrumental music, we are probably doing exactly what Elizabethan recorder players did.

Even the references to the recorder in Pepys's diary, which are often cited as evidence of the popularity of the instrument in the second half of the seventeenth century, tend rather to suggest that it was not widely used, at least not in 1659, when the diary entries were made. Had the recorder been in common use, Pepys would hardly have described it as the novelty that he obviously found it.

The number of composers of any standing who wrote music intended for performance on the recorder is very small, and their names crop up with predictable frequency in recorder circles: Purcell, Handel, J. S. Bach, and Telemann. Purcell, certainly, used the English flute and used it as well as any composer used any instrument. In his writings alone can the recorder perhaps best be accepted as a musical instrument, genuinely irreplaceable by the transverse or orchestral flute. But Purcell also had an unfortunate tendency to write for the male alto voice, and we know how that falls on the modern ear.

Handel and Bach wrote considerably less music for recorder than publishers of recorder music would have us believe, and most of what Handel composed appears to have been written for performance on either the transverse flute or the recorder, as the player wished. As far as Bach is concerned, I defy anyone to tell me that he wrote those works that are supposed to be for recorders with the pipe in mind and not the tongue in cheek. Herr Johann Sebastian was having a good laugh at all Blockflöteneers when he indicated the use of recorders (or their German equivalents) in the second and fourth Brandenburgs — as any honest player who has taken a running jump at either of them will admit.

The same thing is true of Telemann's writing for the recorder — his pieces are incredibly difficult to master, and they have the added burden, like most of his music, of being almost unbearably dull to listen to; the current Telemann revival, unfortunately, has been insufficiently delayed. Pepusch, Sammartini, Paisible, Loeillet, Fux, and other little-known composers dabbled in music for the recorder, but even by the time that Bach's sons were writing, the recorder had ceased to be taken seriously; neither J. C. nor K. P. E. Bach wrote for the *Blockflöte*, as far as is known, nor did any later composer until the revival of the pipe in the present century.

There is, of course, a valid reason for this neglect: the recorder is an instrument that should be played and not heard. It can be fun (although it is not necessarily so) to sit down with a group of friends to tootle for an evening, playing music that in Elizabethan England would have been sung but that now, with the decline in the ability to read music for vocal purposes, has become unapproachable except through some more mechanical means than singing. But it is not fun, as an auditor, to have to sit through such an evening. The best ensembles in the world — Krainis', the Trapp family, Dolmetsch's group — cannot provide a really interesting concert because the recorder simply does not have what it takes to be a performing instrument. Its tone color is pure to the point of virginity, and its dynamic range is almost nonexistent. After twenty minutes the most accomplished group begins to sound like nothing so much as an overly discreet, genteel, and undernourished steam calliope.

And yet the recorder, scarcely a musical instrument at all, difficult to play, is currently the fastest-selling musical item other than phonograph recordings in the world. According to Carl Dolmetsch, "the manufacture, export, and distribution of recorders has become one of the major musical-instrument industries of the day. They are produced by the hundred thousand yearly and find their way into every corner of the globe." Why the tremendous popularity? Two reasons, I think.

In the first place, the recorder's brief period of use by serious composers happens to be the one that is currently receiving a great deal of attention from critics, musicologists, small recording companies, and the upper-monaural classes — the Purcell-Bach-Handel age is "in," and with it an exaggerated interest in the historical instruments of the period. Purists insist not only on the ur-text but on the ur-instruments as well, and so we have been subjected to a whole range of aural-hardship survival courses, involving the return, for example, of the viol family, an outrage surpassing even that of the recorder. A consort of viols, wailing in vibratoless agony, always brings to my mind the picture of a fat lady in galoshes wading through a slough of hot marshmallows. There has been, too, an increased, if relatively inaudible, use of the harpsichord and the even more inaudible clavichord, which has to be believed to be heard. Of the others — the serpent, the cittern, the shawm, the Handelian oboe — the less said the better. Fortunately, most of the instruments are relatively expensive and, thus, relatively inaccessible.

Most, but not all. And herein lies the second and probably the main reason for the popularity of the recorder: it is cheap. You can buy a soprano recorder for as little as a second-rate kazoo, and the most expensive recorders rarely cost over a hundred dollars, a small price compared to that of oboes, flutes, sousaphones, and other legitimate instruments.

In the very cheapness of the recorder, however, lies my hope for the early death of the recorder movement. I say this not just because the low-priced pipes inevitably are badly made and hopelessly out of tune, but also because the low prices have brought the recorder within the reach of virtually anybody, especially the anybody who feels he wants to or, worse, ought to "make music": first, the arty-crafty types, who in my youth were wont to dip pencils in assorted vats of colored wax and to affix long silk tassels to the technicolored and vaguely phallic results; then, those amateur and misguided musicologists who insist upon the ur-performance of music and who proceed to "ur" the recorder into every historical period possible; and the do-it-yourself fanatics, who in their extreme form (usually feminine) even *make* their recorders, complete with intonation difficulties that would stagger a classical Chinese flute player; and, finally, the guilt-assuagers, those who have been lining the walls of their apartments with LPs, who now find an inexpensive and reportedly easy

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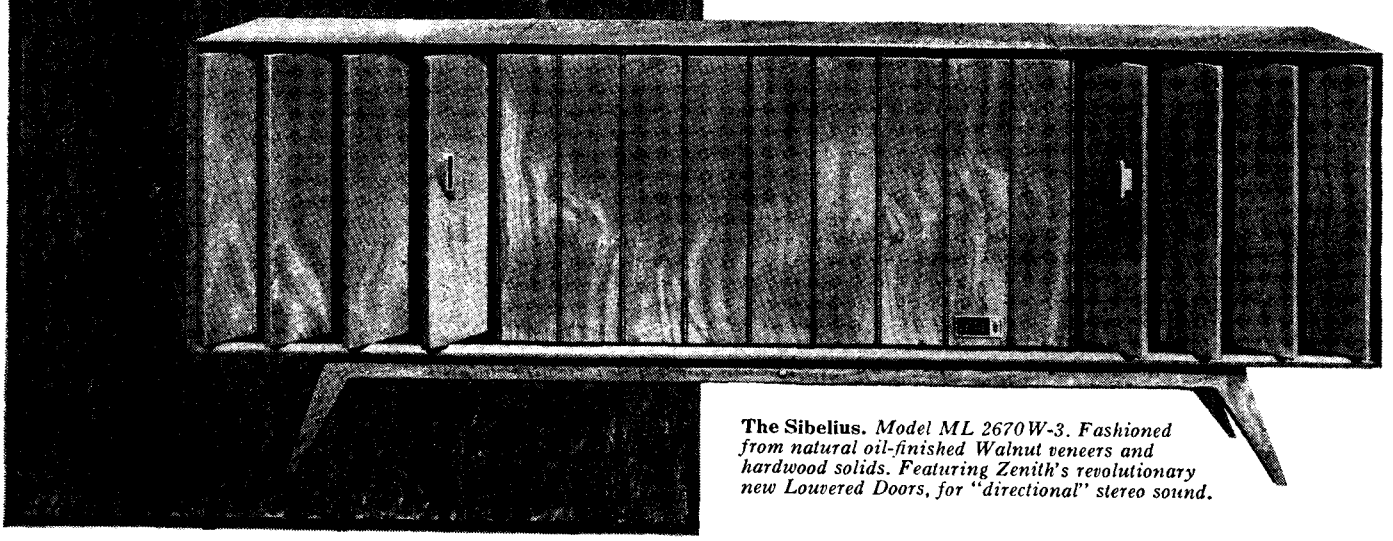

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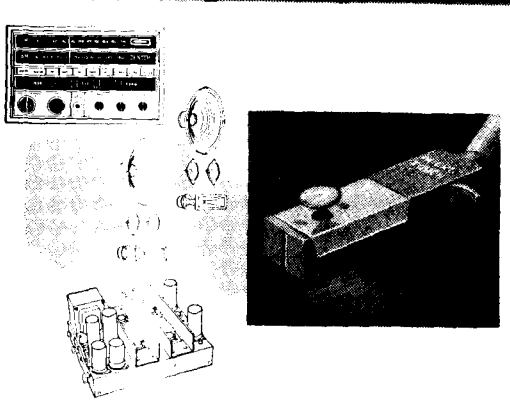

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way of relieving the guilt complex of the spectator sportsman.

Of these forces is the recorder movement, in all its horrid fury, zeal, and plain noise, composed. For here in the recorder, for a mere $3.95, give or take, is the means whereby the arty-crafty, the musical primitivist, the guilt-ridden auditor — all of them — can make music.

But, alas, music is just what they cannot, or certainly do not, make.

Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Verdi: Il Trovatore

Tullio Serafin conducting La Scala Orchestra and Chorus, with Antonietta Stella, soprano; Fiorenza Cossotto, mezzo-soprano; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; Ettore Bastianini, baritone; and Ivo Vinco, bass; Deutsche Grammophon SLPM 138835/37 (stereo) and 18835/37: three records

Il Trovatore is an indestructible opera, and a strong performance can make it as exciting as anything in all musical theater. This recording depends for its success on the raw power and vitality of Verdi's score rather than on any special strength or polish on the part of its individual participants. Even though none of the leading singers manages to impose his personality on the music, there is a brilliant sense of style and ensemble, not to mention enthusiasm, and plenty of dramatic fire. Aside from Verdi's music, the strongest positive factor is undoubtedly the eighty-five-year-old conductor, Tulio Serafin, who directs with a snap and decisiveness that have been lacking from his recordings in recent years.

The Civil War: Its Music and Its Sounds, Volume 2

Frederick Fennell conducting Eastman Wind Ensemble; Battery B, 2nd New Jersey Light Artillery; Gerald C. Stowe, Military Adviser; Martin Gabel, narrator; Mercury LPS 2-902 (stereo) and LPS 2-502: two records

This is the most varied, informative, and listenable of Civil War albums, surpassing Mercury's own Volume 1. Its appeal is, first and foremost, musical, with the Eastman Wind Ensemble performing marches and songs of the time upon instruments of the time. Among the fascinating numbers are a quickstep fashioned by Claudio Grafulla (the Sousa of his day) from Verdi's opera *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and an arrangement of "The Star-Spangled Banner," which omits the customary repeat of the first eight bars and which introduces a delightful cornet flourish at the word "wave" in the line "O say does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave." Using actual marching instruments of the epoch, including over-the-shoulder horns, Frederick Fennell's musicians perform with tremendous verve and brilliance; Sherman's men could not have played "Marching Through Georgia" with such *élan*. Of less musical interest, but stirring in their own way, are Union and Confederate bugle signals and drum calls. The fourth side of the album is devoted to a spoken summary of the last years of the war and to the sounds of Civil War firearms, recorded at special sessions at Gettysburg and West Point. The accompanying brochure supplements the music with pictures and an unusually well-written text.

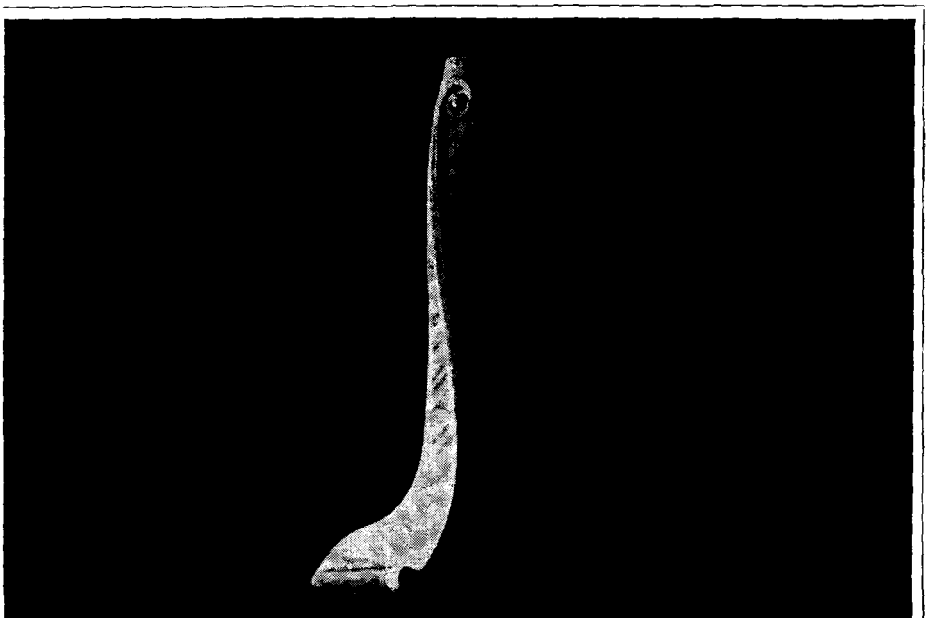
The Dream Duet

Anna Moffo, soprano, and Sergio Franchi, tenor, with orchestra conducted by Henri René; RCA Victor LSC-2675 (stereo) and LM-2675

Any recording that flatly announces it seeks to emulate the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy repertoire of the 1930s is bound to risk the resistance of (a) those who feel that *nobody* will ever replace Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy and (b) those who feel that a first-rate opera singer has no business getting mixed up with lesser music. The fears of both factions can be allayed. To the Friml-Romberg-Victor Herbert repertoire Anna Moffo and Sergio Franchi bring musical balance and interpretive warmth. Listening to their voices intertwining in Romberg's "One Alone" or alternating in Lehar's "Yours Is My Heart Alone," one senses a rare pleasure in, as well as understanding of, the art of duet singing. And the songs, set forth without undue sentimentality, are as smooth and graceful as ever. Miss MacDonald, Mr. Eddy, move over.

Edgar Lee Masters: Spoon River Anthology

Charles Aidman, director, with Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten, Hal Lynch, and Naomi Caryl



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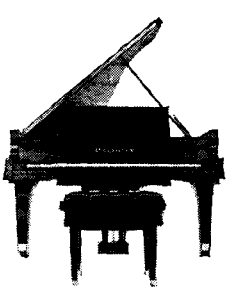

Baldwin

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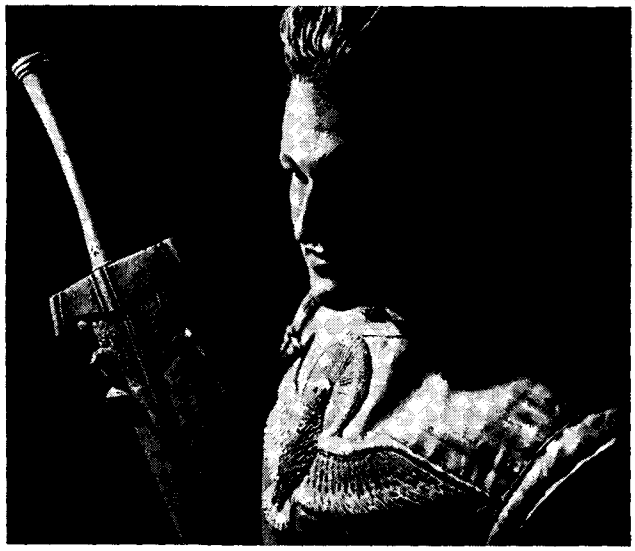
Hirshhorn: Columbia OS-2410 (stereo) and OL-5010

Hardly anyone now reads *Spoon River Anthology*, Edgar Lee Masters' collection of poetic epitaphs summing up the tragedies and ironies of life in a small Illinois village. But it created a literary sensation in 1915 and for a while set a literary fashion. Now it has reappeared in the form of a theatrical version, produced first on the U.C.L.A. campus and later on Broadway. This is a recording of that production, with the poems of Minerva Jones, Doc Meyers, Lucinda Matlock, Anne Rutledge, the Village Atheist, and the rest spoken against a background of evocative songs written by Naomi Caryl Hirshhorn and Charles Aidman. The actors of the cast do a remarkable job of creating with their voices the characters they portray, in effect turning Masters' poems into people. At times the production, which includes 40 of the original 240 poems, verges on the self-consciously homespun, but its cumulative impact is powerful. Through this recording, *Spoon River*, once as dead and buried as its characters, seems likely to gain a new life and a new audience.

The Sea at Castle Hill; The Alexander Hamilton of the Hudson River Day Line

Droll Yankees DY-15 (monaural)

Droll Yankees Inc. is the name of a record company in Providence, Rhode Island (P.O. Box 2355), whose owner, Peter Kilham, puts out such records as please him. In "The Sea at Castle Hill" it has pleased him to record the sound of the rollers breaking upon the Rhode Island shore along with the mewing of seagulls and the tolling of bell buoys. Then, after twenty minutes or so, a human voice is heard — a basso in an old recording singing a snatch of that ancient sea ballad "When the bell in the lighthouse rings, ding-dong." The other side is devoted to sounds of the clanking machinery and hooting whistles of a Hudson River Day Line side-wheeler on a journey to Bear Mountain, New York. Collectors of nostalgia may treasure the trip up the Hudson, just as they cherish recordings of steam locomotives. As for the Castle Hill recording, it at least enables one to ponder in comfort the poet's question: "What are the wild waves saying Sister, the whole day long?"



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Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

IVY COMPTON-BURNETT'S formula for the novel has been so highly personal and effective that she has been able to go on turning out book after book, each cut to the same pattern but never exactly duplicating one another, to the surprise and delight of her readers. In A GOD AND HIS GIFTS (Simon & Schuster, $4.50) she is not at the top of her form: the wit is less sparkling, the invention more mechanical, than in her previous works. Yet, though not up to her best level, any novel by this indomitable lady is bound to be quite a notch beyond most fiction now being written.

As usual, this book is nearly all dialogue, and a kind of dialogue that is her own patent. Her characters speak a formal and precise English, but they talk about themselves and others with the most outrageous candor. Always composed and well-bred, they are nevertheless in their own way as wildly outspoken as the characters in Dostoevski, with whom in other respects they would seem the last people on earth to be compared.

Miss Compton-Burnett's plots are frequently as preposterous, and as universal, as Greek tragedy. Her present hero, a novelist named Hereward Edgerton, takes us back to the Greek myths, being cast after the model of Zeus. Like the god, Hereward gives life but also exacts some gifts in return. He has an immense appetite for life, which he cannot restrain himself from indulging. He needs his wife, children, parents, and sister, his land, and his work; but he cannot stop there, and proceeds to beget children by his son's fiancée and his wife's sister. How the identity of the two children is discovered provides some scenes of exquisite melodrama. In the end, though, Hereward is forgiven, for he cannot be bound by the codes of ordinary men.

The setting, as always, is a late Victorian country house, where the most awful cataclysms are met without disturbing the ritual of tea. Perhaps it is just this unconquerable composure of her characters in the face of all the bizarre twists and turns of life that makes Miss Compton-Burnett's novels so exhilarating an experience.

COMEDY, SWEET AND SOUR

PETER DE VRIES began as a *New Yorker* writer, a superior gagman whose comedy had an ambling and self-deprecating resemblance to the novel. His development has been steady and continuous; and in REUBEN, REUBEN (Little, Brown, $5.95) he is not only a very funny writer, but a serious novelist with very troubling themes behind all the laughter.

Mr. De Vries's special terrain is the Connecticut country around Woodsmoke (Westport?), of which he has made himself as much the literary proprietor as Faulkner was of Yoknapatawpha County. The exurbanite locale provides a good view of some bewildering predicaments of modern life. We see it first through the eyes of a native, an old Yankee chicken farmer named Spofford, who observes the sophisticated commuters with a hard and curious irony. These are the people, he remarks, who will not buy a house unless it has a Revolutionary bullet hole in the doorway, yet who are so very modern that it is rumored the local church may make divorce one of the sacraments.

What chiefly plagues this exurbia is the relationship between men and women. Mr. De Vries's title is taken from the old ballad in which Reuben and Rachel consider the prospect of transporting men and women as far from each other as they can get. Though sex is rampant all over the local landscape, men and women are unable to come to terms with each other. One character, Gowan McGland, a Scottish poet who chases anything in skirts, sums up matters sardonically: Why should Americans expect that if one person alone is unhappy, two of them put together will be happy?

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The Peripatetic Advertiser

In the folklore of publishing, winter is the time for solid nonfiction, thereby adding one more insidious and perilous pleasure to the season. For as fiction holds the reader spellbound far into the night, so nonfiction exercises a subtler hypnosis — it leads to reading related books far into the spring.

The most acute form of this contagion emanates from books of literary criticism. Consider Arthur Mizener's **The Sense of Life in the Modern Novel** ($5.00). Suppose the unwary lunch-hour browser turns to page 150, for instance, and happens on the provocative parallelism of situation and protagonist in a Dos Passos novel and in one by Fitzgerald.

Each writer is describing a moment of arrival, but the areas of sensitivity are very different indeed. So what happens to the browser — not only must he have the exegesis but he will be back again another day for the original texts that Mizener had impelled him to survey.

Two other titles give fair warning of a similar involvement, **Notes on Some Figures Behind T. S. Eliot** ($5.50) by Herbert Howarth, and **The Selected Letters of Bernard Berenson** ($5.00), edited by A. K. McComb. The first of these is a literary excursion through St. Louis in the 90's, Boston in the 'teens, Paris in the 20's, London in the 30's. The second will send the browser off to the art galleries. Then, if he has not yet chosen sides in the latest and hottest Jacobite engagement, let him, at his peril, pick up Maxwell Geismar's **Henry James and the Jacobites** ($7.00). Neutrality is thereafter impossible.

And the bestseller list yields one of the liveliest of such literary temptations, **Dorothy & Red** ($6.95) by Vincent Sheean. One cannot read what those two extraordinary people wrote to each other in private without determining to reread something of what they were writing for the public eye.

Sometimes a newspaper headline triggers this reaction. Dozens of the most incendiary of late 1963 might lead to **Birds' Nests in Their Beards** ($4.50) by that liveliest of foreign correspondents, William Stevenson, whose offbeat adventures in the far East make exotic reporting.

Or for political adventures in England, **The Fight for the Tory Leadership: A Contemporary Chronicle** by Randolph S. Churchill (paperbound, $2.65), a report on that almost incredible maneuver from a ringside seat. Half a dozen cartoons by Osbert Lancaster add such piquant footnotes as this —

> 'Every now and again I'm overwhelmed by a terrible feeling that life has passed me by — 40 years in the Foreign Service and not a single indecent proposal!'
>
> OSBERT LANCASTER — *Daily Express*, April 26, 1963

Mr. Churchill's English publishers call him "one of Britain's most fearless publicists today" and they do not overstate the case.

Some years ago a statistician in a sardonic mood came up with a foolproof composite for the number one bestseller. The reverse of his Lincoln's-doctor's-dog formula might be a collection of short stories by an unknown foreign writer. When such a book triumphs, therefore, it is good reason for rejoicing. Yuri Kazakov has made this breakthrough with **Going to Town** ($4.95). *Esquire* started a critical landslide by featuring four Kazakov stories, noting the author as one of the "brightest literary lights." A trade magazine made him their cover story, *Time* called him "outstanding," and the *New York Times Book Review* considers him "the most promising exponent" of the new Soviet fiction. The excellent translation is by an *Atlantic* contributor, Gay Azrael. But the trap here for our browser — "these stories will stand up with the better work of our own writers," *Chicago Tribune*.

There are a lot of hours in these books, hours of literary detection and discovery and delight. So let the March winds howl and rage — and read.

Houghton Mifflin Company, *Publishers*

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After many adventures with women, McGland comes upon a most unhappy death. His trail is resumed by a young Englishman, Mopworth, a television actor turned author, who is writing a memoir on McGland's life in America. The line of mistresses leads him eventually to McGland's last flame, Geneva, with whom Mopworth, too, falls in love. They marry, and Mopworth seems comfortably settled down, his philandering career far behind him. But here Mr. De Vries's comedy, though as effervescent as ever, becomes deadly serious. The marriage breaks up through the small blundering inanities of man and woman as they go about the business of systematically misunderstanding each other.

Mr. De Vries may have created a new genre of fiction, which could be labeled tragifarce. While he amuses us with his clowning, throwing away gags that a lesser writer would have to hoard, he is a disturbing moralist with a sharp and uncomfortable perception of things as they are.

What happens on those lovely island resorts off the New England coast after the summer visitors depart and the long gray winter settles in? Life does not exactly come to a halt, as we learn from NATHANIEL BENCHLEY in A WINTER'S TALE (McGraw-Hill, $4.50), a brisk and witty novel about the shenanigans of an amateur theatrical group on one such, unidentified island.

Dennis Pastor, a young director between jobs, accepts an invitation from a rather formidable Miss Warren to come to the island to put on some plays, with the islanders themselves as actors and audience. The island has summer stock, but the natives are then too busy making money to get to the theater. Now in the long-winter doldrums they have time on their hands, and what better way to get a little exposure to culture than to put on some plays?

But the enthusiasm which the project arouses is not undiluted. In this tight little community a pin cannot drop without being heard from one end of the island to the other. Dennis, as a newcomer innocent of all the tangled relationships around him, stirs up a hornet's nest of troubles. In the end, through muddling faith and incredible good luck, he actually puts on the play with his strangely assorted cast, and it is a great success. Mr. Benchley knows his theater and his islanders, but though he sees the foibles of the latter clearly, he also nurses a soft spot in his heart for them. By the time this engaging tale has run its course, the island does not look like such a bad place to spend a winter.

A very zany and ebullient comedy, ELLIOTT BAKER'S A FINE MADNESS (Putnam, $4.95) is so well done that it is hard to believe it is the author's first novel. Mr. Baker, winner of a $10,000 Putnam award, is a genuine and original talent, whose advent is a cause for rejoicing.

Samson Shillitoe is a rebellious poet whose life is a continual comedy of errors. His literary talent may be in question, but he has a positive genius for turning any situation into a shambles. Working as a rug cleaner, he lets the lather machine go untended while he courts a receptionist, and the office becomes so flooded with frothy suds that junior executives and secretaries fall all over each other like kids on an ice pond. He also runs afoul of the law in a highly original way. A former girl friend is in love with a married man; Samson decides to help her by photographing the errant husband in a compromising pose and forwarding the picture to the wife to use in securing a divorce. Unfortunately he does not arrange things beforehand with the girl, and the fellow on the bed whom he photographs *in flagrante delicto* is not only the wrong man, but a policeman to boot. There follows a wild chase through the Holland Tunnel, the like of which has not been seen since the Keystone Kops.

With all these goings-on, Shillitoe's poetry is not getting written, and his wife, who is scarcely literate but infatuated with her husband's way with words, is worried. By devious means she gets him to see a psychiatrist, and Shillitoe has his most dangerous encounter with reality. It is no lark for the psychiatrist either.

Samson manages to get out of all these scrapes alive, or just about. Last seen, he is heading back to his native Indiana, part of a manuscript under his arm, apparently ready to dig in and finish that long poem. It looks like smoother sailing now, but don't bet on it; wherever Shillitoe goes there are bound to be rough waves and choppy water, and he, like a crazy cork, will be bobbing along at the top.

DAUGHTER OF HAGAR

Many years ago, EDWARD DAHLBERG appeared as a definitely talented novelist with the promise of even greater gifts. As time went on, however, the books came at rarer intervals, and then a curtain of silence descended. In old age he has broken this silence with an autobiography, BECAUSE I WAS FLESH (New Directions, $5.00), a deeply moving remembrance of things past.

In fact, the book is less an autobiography than a memoir to the author's mother, truly an unforgettable character. Mr. Dahlberg's tone is biblical and Jewish, and his portrait of his mother is reminiscent of one of Jacob Epstein's sculptures, with rough, furrowed face and body suggesting the poignant, earthbound life of the flesh.

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THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL, John Cheever's first novel since *The Wapshot Chronicle,* "should be on everybody's list for the best novel of the year." — CHARLES POORE, *N. Y. Times.* "Deceptive, shimmering, full of mischief . . . rich and tricky and full of surprises."— ELIZABETH JANEWAY, *N. Y. Times Book Review.* "Exceptionally rich in incident . . .[with]extraordinary depth of character. . . . Chilling and hilarious." — *Newsweek.* 3RD LARGE PRINTING. $4.95

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: A Biography **by A. L. Rowse** is "the liveliest and most elaborate account of Shakespeare in his age that has yet been written." — G. B. HARRISON, *Book Week.* "An altogether fascinating book, unlike any ever written about William Shakespeare." — CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN. "The single most important book on the great English poet and playwright to appear in the twentieth century."—ROBERT R. KIRSCH, *Los Angeles Times.* Illustrated. 2ND LARGE PRINTING. $6.95

In **COOPER'S CREEK, Alan Moorehead** — author of *The White Nile* and *The Blue Nile* — tells the story of the expedition that one hundred years ago led to the opening up of the remote Australian interior — a strange drama set in a vast, improbable landscape. "The narrative and comments display all the brilliance and wisdom we expect." —RAYMOND MORTIMER, *Sunday Times.* With full-color jacket and insert by SIDNEY NOLAN, photographs, maps. $5.95

A master of narrative and one of Europe's best-selling authors, **Hans Hellmut Kirst** tells in **THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS** a spellbinding story of crime and long-delayed punishment. "Spine-chilling, absorbing." — *Times Literary Supplement.* "General Tanz is the most blood-curdling literary portrait since the captain of the *Caine.*" — *Manchester Guardian.* "A fine rich mix . . . a very funny, a very serious book." — *New Statesman.* $4.95

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(*Advertisement*)

About two years ago, a small, paper-covered book burst on the political scene and caused the kind of explosion usually observed only in the closing moments of Presidential campaigns. It was called *The Liberal Papers*, and it was a compendium of articles on various aspects of this nation and our world, today and tomorrow.

All the pieces in that volume were written from positions of marked political and economic liberalism. And now a contrasting book has been published, giving the other side in the most important debate of our time. It's called, reasonably enough, *The Conservative Papers*, and its editor is Congressman Melvin Laird of Wisconsin.

Representative Laird is, however, the only professional politician writing in *The Conservative Papers*. The other 14 contributors could fairly describe themselves as working intellectuals: they are scholars and educators whose professional credentials are of the highest, which may discomfit those unfortunate Americans who feel that no conservative can be intellectually respectable.

It seems to me a very satisfying thing that this year's voter will be able to look over — besides the countless pieces of standard campaign literature — two books as straightforward, as intelligent and as important as *The Liberal Papers* and *The Conservative Papers*. One final suggestion: first purchase the book written by your political adversaries, and save the one you'll agree with anyway for later.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Both *The Conservative Papers* ($1.45) and *The Liberal Papers* ($1.25) are Anchor Books, published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Hagar, in the Bible, was cast out into the wilderness, fated to breed descendants who would be outcasts like herself. Surely, Lizzie Dahlberg was a true child of Hagar. She grew up in the New York ghetto, and was already married and the mother of several children when she met flashy Saul the Barber. She abandoned her family, and came to Boston alone to have her illegitimate child (the author). Later she and Saul were reunited, but he was too restless to stay with her long. Lizzie had to shift for herself, and she went to work as a lady barber in Kansas City, which in the early 1900s was still a raw frontier town.

Mr. Dahlberg captures much of the raucous vigor of that period. In time, Lizzie owned her own shop, staffed with lady barbers, whom she had to protect against the wiles of cattlemen and drummers, her clients. In private life, however, she was forever succumbing to the deceits of men. And she had to have a man, competent businesswoman though she was. Even near the end of her career, she sought a mate through the matrimonial correspondence columns. The eventual meeting of these two aged suitors is one of the funny episodes in the book, but it, too, is tinged with sadness.

The style throughout is remarkably simple, passionate, poetical — like a voice speaking directly to the reader. If Mr. Dahlberg occasionally embarrasses us by not holding back anything about his mother, the affection in his remembrance of her is so clear that he makes us, too, forgive Lizzie Dahlberg every one of her lapses.

NONHEROES OF THE SOVIET

Among the new Soviet writers, YURI KAZAKOV seems to occupy the place in prose that Yevtushenko does in poetry. Both are young, both wish to express the truth as they see it, and both have been in trouble with the authorities. GOING TO TOWN (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95) is a collection of very solid stories which tells more about the humdrum realities of life in the Soviet Union than any recent Russian work that I have seen in English.

Kazakov's people, unlike those "positive" characters of official Soviet literature who are always overfulfilling their quotas, are hardly heroes at all. Mostly they are drunk-

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ards. Bums, outcasts, the lovelorn and the lonely, who would probably be that way in any society. The stories are in the realistic vein of Chekhov but also strike a lyrical and evocative note that invites comparison with Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio.*

Kazakov shuttles between satire and compassion for his unlikely protagonists, perhaps to protect himself from the censors. In the title story, a man and his wife on a collective farm want, like Chekhov's three sisters, to get to Moscow but are perpetually frustrated by the farm's chairman. Evidently, all is not paradise on the collective farms in Russia. If questioned by the authorities, however, the author could maintain that the man and wife are a wretched pair, and that his purpose was to satirize them, not the system of collective farming. "Adam and Eve," which deals with a dissident painter, Ageev, comes closer to Kazakov's own plight. Ageev rails against the Philistines, seeks to paint the truth as he sees it, and has been accused, like Kazakov, of "bolshevism." Yet he is presented as a whining, self-pitying, and unattractive personality. Is Kazakov protecting himself, or is he merely a writer recording the truth that a heroically dissident artist might otherwise be a fairly contemptible human being? Perhaps both.

And perhaps, too, we would do better not to read these younger writers from a purely political angle. They need to be judged by literary standards that they themselves are seeking to restore to Soviet letters.

By such standards, Kazakov is clearly a gifted writer. How far his talent reaches, however, is hard to say, since stories like these, in the style of flat realism, depend a great deal on revealing turns of phrase and rhythms of speech that are frequently lost in translation.

LATIN-AMERICAN TURMOIL

DR. JUAN JOSÉ AREVALO, former president of Guatemala, stirred up a great storm of controversy two years ago with *The Shark and the Sardines*, an attack upon the exploitation of Latin America by the United States. ANTI-KOMMUNISM IN LATIN AMERICA (Lyle Stuart, $4.95) extends this arraignment to other "reactionary forces" like the police officials and the Catholic

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A world safe for bureaucracy? This may be the alternative to its ending "with a bang of hydrogen nuclei and a whimper of irradiated humanity."

In *The Rise of the West* William H. McNeill completes his superb survey of the whole sweep of human history with a look into the Western-dominated world of the foreseeable future.

"A really massive bureaucracy, such as those which now constitute every major modern government, becomes a vested interest greater and more strategically placed than any 'private' interest of the past . . . within a comparatively short time, the unutterable but far from impracticable slogan: 'Bureaucrats of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your jobs,' could be counted upon to set powerful brakes upon the dizzy pace of change which gives men vertigo today."

Perhaps people are reading *The Rise of the West,* in our disturbing times, because McNeill's unexcelled grasp of the past is reassuring in its confidence in "the unexampled plasticity of human affairs." Perhaps they are reading it because of review comment such as H. R. Trevor-Roper's: "the most stimulating and the most fascinating book that has ever set out to recount and explain the whole history of mankind."

Reading it they are, for this rare book of scholarship —which makes no concessions to popular taste or price—was in its fourth printing within four months of publication and had even reached a national best seller list. $12.50

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Church in the Latin countries. Dr. Arevalo contends that these forces have banded together to resist social reform by the pretension of fighting a bogus thing called "Kommunism" — which he deliberately spells with a "K" to indicate that it is not to be confused with the Communism of the Soviet or Cuban variety.

The tone of his indictment is passionate and angry. Possibly some of his language is intemperate, and his impressions of life in the United States at times show him the victim of Communist clichés. But factual inaccuracies should not make us forget the one overriding fact behind his protest: the continued experience of poverty and dictatorship that has been the Latin American's lot.

United States companies in Latin America did not create that poverty, but neither have they been too concerned about removing it. When Dr. Arevalo became president of Guatemala in 1945, the *mozos* ("farmhands") earned about four cents a day. He claims that the United Fruit Company resisted all his efforts to improve the lot of these workers.

This blistering attack was written in 1957, a year before Castro came to power in Cuba and three years before a new Administration in Washington sought to improve our relations with the countries to our south. What this book reveals is that we have a very long way to go to wipe out the past.

How fearful the experience of dictatorship has been for Latin Americans is portrayed with overwhelming force in a remarkable novel, EL SENOR PRESIDENTE (Atheneum, $4.50), by MIGUEL ANGEL ASTURIAS, which, although written in Paris during the years 1925 to 1932, has only now come into English, in an excellent translation by Frances Partridge.

Sr. Asturias of Guatemala, now living in Argentina, has been called the Latin-American Faulkner, and he does write with a Faulknerian violence and power, though the unity of his story gets dissipated into a kaleidoscopic nightmare. When one of his generals is killed, the dictator, identified only as El Presidente, seizes upon the slaying as an occasion for unleashing a brutal wave of police reprisal that reaches into all strata of the population: beggars, clerks, and petty officials. Though the scenes of terror are strung together like so many beads on a wire, the novel nevertheless lives through the merciless vividness of each one of its hallucinatory episodes.

If the book seems overdone, it is because life in Latin America, below the superficially charming surface we know, has a nightmarish quality unimaginable to us Northerners.

DOUBLE DOUBLE CROSS

No less a person than Graham Greene, who should certainly be the person to know, has called THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD by JOHN LE CARRÉ (Coward-McCann, $4.50) "the best spy story I have ever read." This absolute superlative may not hold for every reader, but there should be little doubt that this extraordinary book will have to be rated close to the top in its field. Not only is it spellbinding as a thriller; it also has the power and depth of a serious novel because it explores the conflict of individual motives and organizational habits among the men who are doing the dirtiest and riskiest jobs of the cold war. John le Carré is a pseudonym for David Cornwell, a British novelist now in the Foreign Service. In his book, he reveals espionage as a grim business which strains a man's moral fiber to its uttermost.

The hero, Alec Leamas, a tough and competent spy who is pushing fifty, is beginning to be worn down a little too fine by his trade. In the lingo of espionage, "to come in from the cold" means to retire to a desk from dangerous missions in the field. Leamas is just about ready for this retirement, but he has one last job in the field: to destroy the intelligence chief in the East zone of Berlin. Pretending to be a defector, he is smuggled beyond the Berlin Wall by enemy agents. Here, however, his carefully plotted double cross gets trumped by a hidden card played by his own British chiefs and the German head of intelligence. Leamas himself turns out to be a pawn in a much bigger game than he had imagined. The mechanisms of this complicated plot are geared so smoothly that we never lose track of what is happening as each link in the chain snaps briskly into place.

The Peripatetic Reviewer, who is on holiday, will resume his column in the April ATLANTIC.

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"Good Mr. Sewall" presided at the Salem witch-trials (later publicly to confess his guilt); tried to convert the Indian and free the Negro; and wouldn't wear a wig.

A Colonial Bostonian, he was a Harvard man, a Puritan, founder of a family; merchant, magistrate, and finally, Chief Justice. Sewall grew, in his 78 years, from Puritan into Yankee—and left behind a diary that provided the background of this remarkable biography by the author of *Jonathan Edwards* and *Master Roger Williams*. Illustrated. $5.95

MACMILLAN

POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

PÄR LAGERKVIST'S PILGRIM AT SEA (Random House, $3.95) continues the adventures of Tobias, who was left at the end of *The Death of Ahasuerus* taking ship for the Holy Land with what appeared to be a crew of ruffians. They prove to be plain pirates, which introduces into *Pilgrim at Sea* a certain amount of bloody and even melodramatic action. The center of the novel is the pirate Giovanni, of whom one of the freebooters says, "He's a terrible sinner . . . but a *good* man." Giovanni is surprised to find a fellow like Tobias on pilgrimage "like a true Christian. Though you don't look like one: you look like an honest man." This is a point to interest Giovanni, who is a quondam priest, unfrocked for a love affair with a lady who attracted him through the grille of the confessional. This love affair and Giovanni's account of it are, like everything else in the novel, superbly unrealistic. Mr. Lagerkvist has no more interest in petty plausibility than Kazantzakis did. *Pilgrim at Sea* takes place in a limbo where every aspect of plot and character has been formalized and converted into steel framework for a tight, hard, clear-cut intellectual structure. The novel can easily be taken as a repudiation of Christianity, which sets men impossible standards and offers them mythical rewards. But since Tobias and his colleagues, stripped down to the bald essentials of character, are Everyman, is Christianity to be taken any more specifically? It seems more reasonable to assume that *Pilgrim at Sea* repudiates all safe certainties and ready-made answers, all human attempts to compress the monstrous wonders of life into neat string-tied packages.

THE LITTLE GIRLS (Knopf, $4.95), ELIZABETH BOWEN'S latest novel, tells an oblique story in highly individualistic language, a prose in which every paragraph carries a delicate snap of wit. The story itself concerns a handsome, sixtyish Englishwoman who is suddenly moved to hunt up two childhood friends whom she hasn't seen or heard of since the Archduke was shot at Sarajevo. This is not a random reference; the upheaval of 1914

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—JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, *Book Week*

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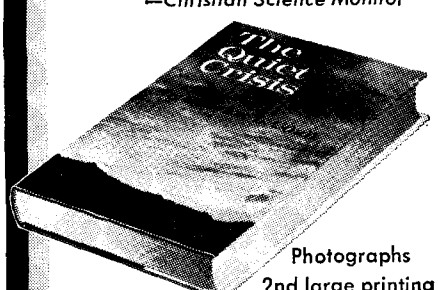

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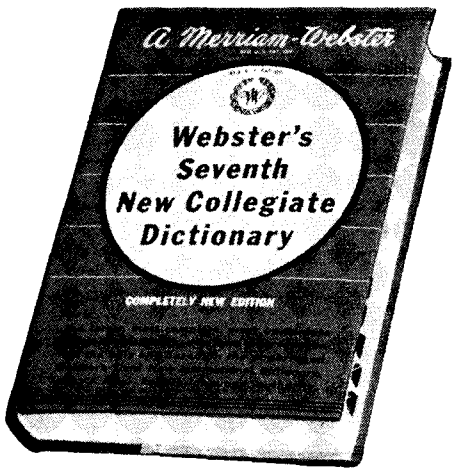

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swept two of the girls away from the town and school where they had met and ended the acquaintance. Fifty years later, Diana is whimsically set on finding her old friends and finishing off a romantic semiprank that they had undertaken just before they parted. The old friends are suspicious, alarmed, and finally as thoroughly engaged in the nonsense as Diana herself, and the result of it all is highly disconcerting. The friendship of the children, full of jealousy, bickering, bullying, and dire but fleeting conspiracies, is most convincing, and the unpredictable echoes of it in the association of the grown women are funny and sad at the same time. As a warning against nostalgia and the idealization of childhood, the novel is sufficiently amusing and successful for any book. It is probably an impertinence to grab at 1914 as a clue to some more complicated comment on British society, since, practically speaking, Mrs. Bowen had to get her little girls out of that channel town somehow. And yet the date nags. Mrs. Bowen's girls present a small but effective cross section of upper-middle-class England (Army, money, arts, and even the church, although the bishop is securely offstage), and emotional archaeology reveals that they all, in effect, stopped dead in 1914.

THE ELOQUENT LIGHT (Sierra Club, $15.00) is a biography of the wilderness photographer Ansel Adams by NANCY NEWHALL, wife of Beaumont Newhall, who established the photographic department at the Museum of Modern Art. As an old friend, Mrs. Newhall knows her subject and has had access to letters, family papers, and unpublished jottings by Adams. She also shares his interest in photography, conservation, music, and good loud public rows about the place and purpose of the camera. These qualities make for a cheerfully biased portrait; in his biographer's eyes, Adams neither could nor can, nor ever will, do wrong. The book is pleasant reading, with flashes of smoke and fire when photographic controversy arises and a great deal of quotation from Adams, who has a gingery, irreverent wit and is, with all respect to Mrs. Newhall, a better writer than his biographer. There are a great many Adams photographs as illustration, large and splendid.

ANDREAS FEININGER, whose photographs have frequently dazzled the observer in the pages of *Life*, has written THE WORLD THROUGH MY EYES (Crown, $12.50), illustrating it with what he considers his best pictures out of twenty-five years of photography. They range from close-ups of minute insects to panoramic views of New York City, and include, by the way, studies of machinery in motion and examples of various methods of refinement by which photographs can be printed to look like something else entirely. Not that Mr. Feininger tinkers with patching and retouching; he is a stickler for legitimate methods. He is also an inventor of new techniques, a builder of equipment when necessary, an experimenter with the whole photographic process. His comments on the folly of imitation, on personal style, and on the basic nonrealism of photography are interesting, and the whole book is full of odd and stimulating information.

COOPER'S CREEK (Harper & Row, $5.95) is another of ALAN MOOREHEAD'S fine histories of exploration, this time the story of the first expedition to cross the desert of east central Australia. Assembled in some haste and led by Robert Burke, whose main claim to the post seems to have been that he was a good police officer and generally liked, the party left Melbourne in 1860, enormously expensive and heavily provisioned, and marched north to total disaster. Without actually putting the opinion into words, Mr. Moorehead makes it plain that the Burke expedition is an almost perfect example of how not to do it. Even so, there is a theatrical quality to the affair — vital meetings missed by a few hours, rescue abandoned because nobody thought to mark a tree — that makes the catastrophe seem a matter of fate. Despite his mistakes, Burke did get through to the north coast and very nearly made it back. His near-miss, based on pure bad luck, gives the story a shimmer of glamour that neater explorations often lack. As to the telling, Mr. Moorehead is an expert at this sort of thing, conjuring up time, style, landscape, and people like a wizard.

IN LILLIAN WHITE DEER (Norton, $4.50) CARL JONAS has written a savage denunciation of modern American society in the form of a well-plotted ruckus about love and money in a rich Middle Western family. Mr. Jonas sees this country as a conglomeration of splinter

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groups, each bent on its private advantage without regard to any general good, although brief, uncomfortable alliances are sometimes contrived between the artist and the intellectual, the intellectual and the socialite, the socialite and the financier. The practical detail with which Mr. Jonas adorns his tale is quite wonderful, making the imaginary Gateway City both a general image of American society and a specific town. Unfortunately, Mr. Jonas' hero (or, at least, narrator) is writing a scholarly book, which is quoted at length and to no advantage.

FOUR DAYS (United Press International and American Heritage — Simon & Schuster, $2.00 and $2.95) is a restrained, well-designed very moving record of the death of President Kennedy and the events, tragic, formal, and bizarre, that followed it. The book has an introduction by Bruce Catton, a large number of pictures (some in color), and the texts of news stories as they came out of Dallas on the wire, cleared of all other traffic by furious orders from UPI headquarters. What the book lacks is any intimation of the wit and charm of Kennedy in life but presumably such a portrait was no part of the compilers' intention.

THE ART OF EGYPT (Crown, $5.95) by IMGARD WOLDERING is another sound, thorough, well-illustrated volume in the *Art of the World* series. It not only covers Egyptian sculpture, architecture, and painting from Neolithic times to the establishment of Roman rule but also undertakes to relate the Egyptian aesthetic to the geography, history, and religion of the country. All one could ask beyond the text is that the author give more specific sources for some of the spiritual and philosophical concepts attributed to people who lived four thousand years ago, particularly since the few translations quoted have real poetic power.

HAROLD BOND'S RETURN TO CASSINO (Doubleday, $3.95) is an unusual war memoir, unpretentious and unheroic. Mr. Bond was a recent civilian and the most junior of officers when he was hustled up to Cassino. He nurtured a brief dream, not concerning himself but the Army as a whole, of the noble, honorable, selfless military professional — the last flicker, I suppose, of the old chivalric halo that probably never was real. Then Mr. Bond, more knowledgeable and with a veteran's view of

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LEADING CONTENDERS

National Book Awards

The judges for the 1964 National Book Awards are reading widely to find the books that they will choose in March as the most distinguished books by American authors published in the United States during 1963. Some of the books they find most outstanding are listed below:

POETRY

At the End of the Open Road LOUIS SIMPSON Wesleyan
Collected and New Poems: 1924-1963 MARK VAN DOREN Hill and Wang
Moving Target W. S. MERWIN Atheneum
Selected Poems JOHN CROWE RANSOM Knopf
To Mix With Time MAY SWENSON Scribners

Judges: Jean Garrigue, Anthony Hecht, John Hall Wheelock

FICTION

The Centaur JOHN UPDIKE Knopf
The Group MARY McCARTHY Harcourt, Brace and World
Idiots First BERNARD MALAMUD Farrar, Straus
V THOMAS PYNCHON Lippincott
The Will HARVEY SWADOS World

Judges: John Cheever, Robie Macauley, Philip Rahv

OTHER

Anti-Intellectualism in American Life RICHARD HOFSTADTER Knopf
Apolinaire: Poet Among the Painters FRANCIS STEEGMULLER Farrar, Straus
Beyond the Melting Pot NATHAN GLAZER and DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN M.I.T.
Change, Hope and the Bomb DAVID E. LILIENTHAL Princeton
The Civil War SHELBY FOOTE Random
The Fabulous Life of Diego Rivera BERTRAM D. WOLFE Stein and Day
The Fire Next Time JAMES BALDWIN Dial
The First New Nation SEYMOUR M. LIPSET Basic Books
John Keats: The Making of a Poet AILEEN WARD Viking
John Keats WALTER JACKSON BATE Harvard
The Last Horizon R. F. DASMANN Macmillan
Man-Made America: Chaos or Control? CHRISTOPHER TUNNARD and BORIS PUSHKAREV Yale
The Quiet Crisis STUART UDALL Holt, Rinehart and Winston
The South and the Southerner RALPH McGILL Atlantic Monthly Press
Success Story: The Life and Times of S. S. McClure PETER LYONS Scribners
Wasp Farm HOWARD ENSIGN EVANS Natural History Press—Doubleday

Judges: *Arts and Letters*—Charles Rolo, John K. Sherman, Wylie Sypher
Science, Philosophy and Religion—Houston Peterson, Paul B. Sears, George Shuster
History and Biography—Benjamin DeMott, James Thomas Flexner, C. Vann Woodward

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of $1000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers Institute.

Watch for announcement of the winners—Tuesday, March 10

things, woke up and perceived that officers fight for their own advancement as well as against the enemy, and that the dash into Rome, which made such spectacular headlines in the papers at home, incidentally permitted the escape of a large number of Germans who turned up, rearmed and still feisty, north of Rome, where they had to be beaten all over again.

On the chance that I am not the world's only admirer of bobcats, and because these animals are hard to find on the loose and tend to be sulkily somnolent in zoos, I mention THE WORLD OF THE BOBCAT (Lippincott, $4.95) by JOE VAN WORMER. Mr. Van Wormer is an enthusiastic photographer of wild animals, and while his text is a flat assemblage of facts, his pictures are first-class and cover all aspects of bobcats — stalking, playing, swimming, lurking, fighting dogs, and even stoically domesticated on a sofa. They do not, Mr. Van Wormer warns, make affectionate pets; anybody who wants an animal to cuddle had better stick to house cats.

THE LOST SHORE (Pantheon, $4.95), which won the Prix Goncourt in 1962, is the second novel by ANNA LANGFUS, author of *The Whole Land Brimstone*. Like the previous book, *The Lost Shore* has some autobiographical basis in that the heroine is Polish, lives in Paris, and lost her husband and parents when the Nazis invaded her country. But Miss Langfus has turned her tragedy into art while her fictional counterpart remains so paralyzed, mentally and emotionally, by grief that one cannot imagine she will ever recover even an approximation of normality. This vague, indifferent, half-starved, rather dirty oddity, who cares for nothing but memories of her dead family (they actually appear to her as hallucinations), nevertheless becomes, as she tells her own story of an excursion with an elderly but amorous mathematician, a most likable girl. She is not totally incompetent. She is even aware, dimly and intermittently, that her creaky gallant is trying to cure her with doses of sunlight and good food. The poor man isn't equal to the job he has taken on, but he tries valiantly. Miss Langfus' skill in revealing his actual character without openly violating her narrator's limited point of view is only one of the merits of this painful, brilliant study of grief.

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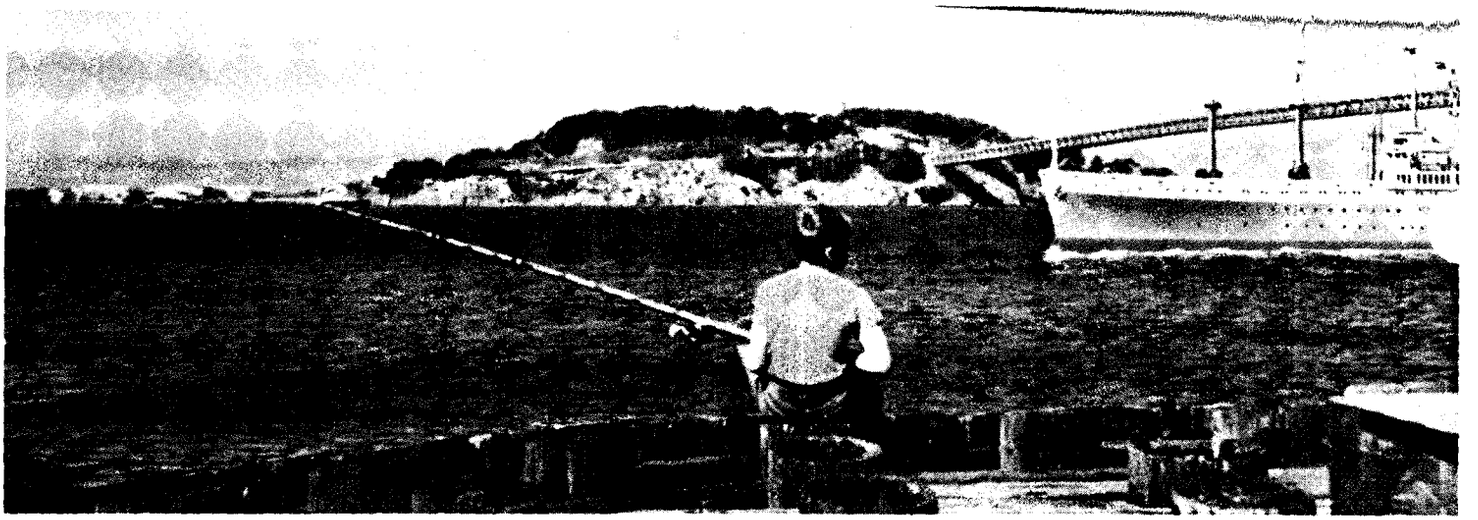

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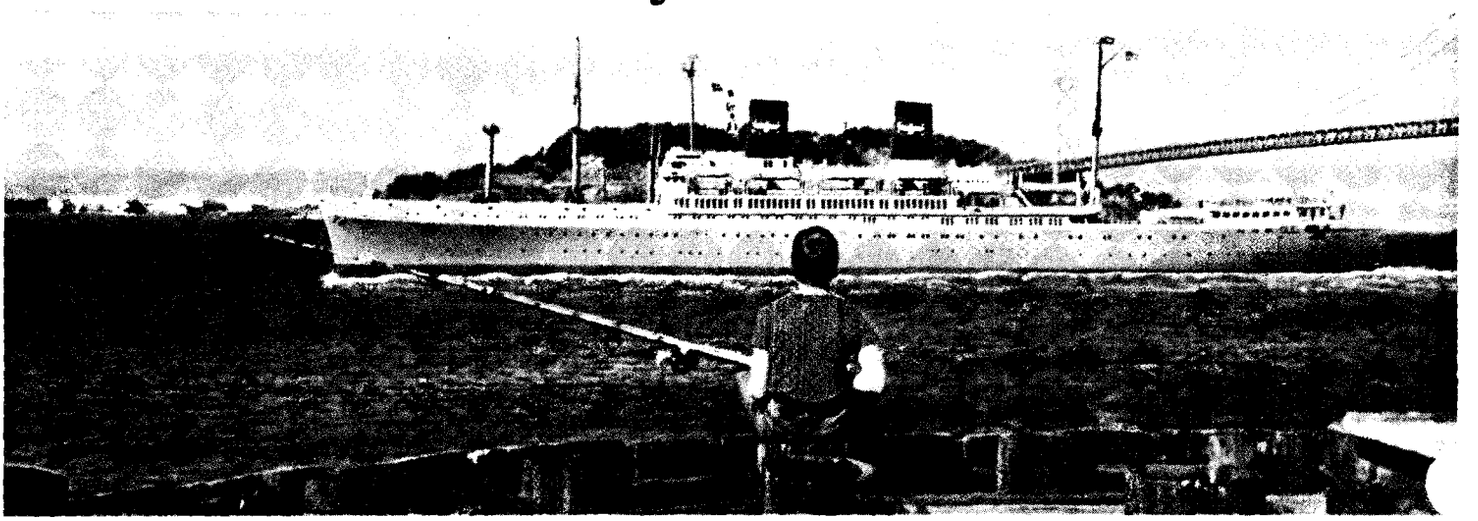

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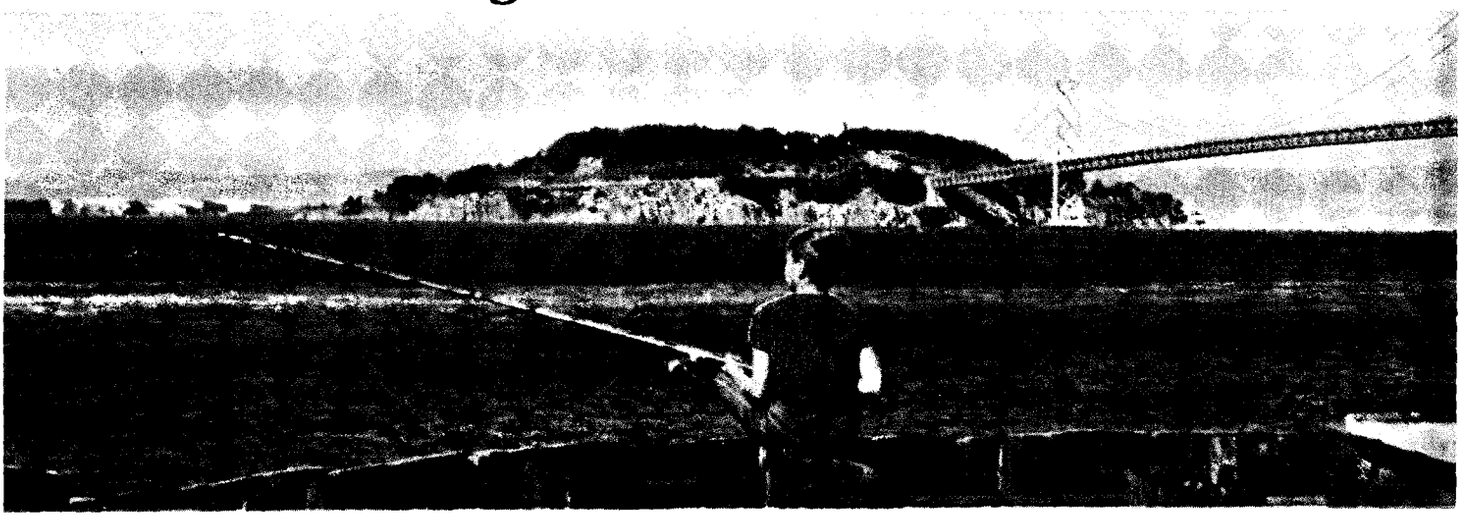

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